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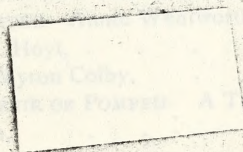
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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY:

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS.



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VOLUME IX.

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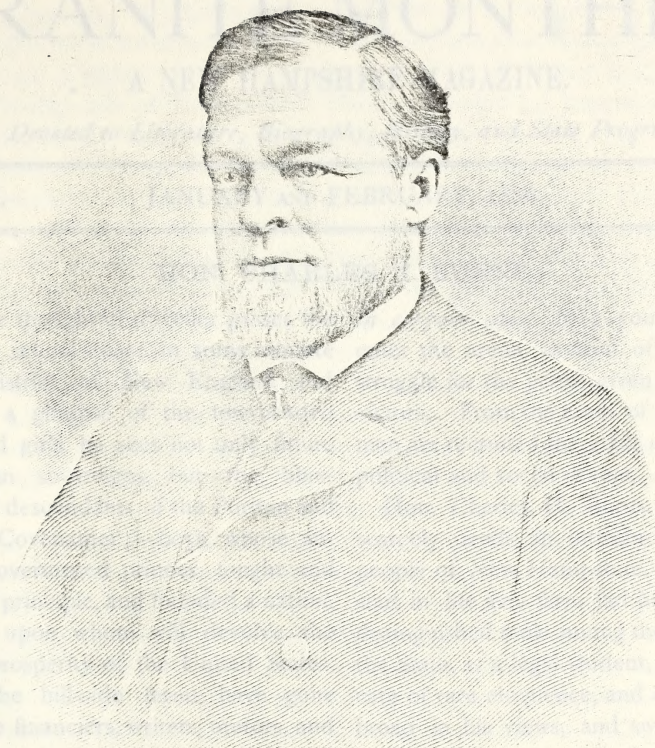
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HON. CHARLES H. BURNS.

As the thoughtful traveller passes the wayside school-house in some remote rural district of New England and catches a glimpse of the tow-headed boys and girls, he sees not only future American sovereigns, but the blue-blooded descendants of the Puritan and Scotch Covenanter;—boys, whose ancestors overturned princes, fought and died for principle, and founded a nation,—boys upon whom will devolve the future prosperity of the United States. From the hill-side farms have gone forth the financiers, writers, orators, and statesmen who have so far guided and directed the destinies of this country; while the wisdom exercised in conducting the affairs of each township, or miniature commonwealth, is a school in statescraft of the highest order.

New England weather, with its extremes of heat and cold and sudden changes, illustrates the theory of the survival of the fittest. The hardy constitution inherited from stalwart sires and noble mothers, a boyhood and youth passed amid the health-giving and invigorating occupations of farm life among the hills of New Hampshire, a character, partly inherited, partly formed by precept upon precept and the most loving and tender guidance, *mens sana*

in corpore sano, fit a young man to enter the arena, assured of success, to struggle for the prizes given only to the victors. From the ranks of such young men are recruited the great actors in the political and social drama.

Hon. Charles H. Burns, of Wilton, scarcely needs an introduction to the people of New Hampshire. From his start in life as a farm lad he has won a distinguished rank among the lawyers of the State, as a legal student, as an advocate of rare eloquence, and as an orator broad in his views, and swaying great audiences by his well chosen words. Mr. Burns is a representative of the two peoples, or races, who have made a marked impression not only on New Hampshire and New England, but on American history; the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the Scotch Irish clans who migrated later were his forefathers.

For many generations his ancestors have been sturdy, liberty-loving, God-fearing, upright, and honorable citizens, yeomen ready to do service for their country and for their faith. The Burns family is of Scotch origin, whose annals are lost in the oblivion of border warfare and antiquity. The pioneer ancestor, John Burns, was born in 1700,

came to this country in 1736 from the north of Ireland, and settled in Milford in 1746, where he died in 1782. Thomas Burns, the son of John Burns, married Elizabeth Hartness, of Lunenburg, Mass., and settled in Milford, where he died at the age of eighty.

Samuel Burns, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Hartness) Burns, and grandfather of Charles H. Burns, was born in Milford, September 17, 1779; married February 12, 1801, Abigail Jones, a woman of great strength of mind, and of most excellent character, and settled in Milford. He was a strong man, frequently elected to responsible offices, serving the town ten years as one of the selectmen, and died of brain fever in the prime of life, September 20, 1817. His funeral was the largest ever held in Milford.

Charles A. Burns, son of Samuel and Abigail (Jones) Burns, was born in Milford, January 19, 1809; married December 31, 1833, Elizabeth Hutchinson, of Milford, and settled in his native town. They were both people of the highest character, and well known for their intelligence and worth. They were the parents of Charles H. Burns. The father died of fever January 25, 1857. The mother, Elizabeth (Hutchinson) Burns, born in Milford, June 18, 1816, and now living, traces her descent from Barnard Hutchinson, who in 1282 was living in Cowlan, in the county of York. He was an esquire, and married at daughter of John Bagville, of one of the oldest families of Yorkshire. From their oldest son, John Hutchinson, (1) Richard Hutchinson, the pioneer ancestor of Mrs. Burns, traced his descent. He was born in England; married December 7, 1627, Alice Bosworth; resided in North Markham, and in 1635 migrated to America. The following

year he was in Salem, Mass. He died about the year 1662.

2. Joseph Hutchinson was born in England in 1633, and was brought to this country in his infancy.

3. Benjamin Hutchinson married (1) Jane, daughter of Walter and Margaret Phillips; married (2) January 26, 1714, Abigail Foster; died in 1733.

4. Benjamin Hutchinson, son of Benjamin and Jane (Phillips) Hutchinson, was born in Salem, Mass., January 27, 1693, and married February 7, 1715, Sarah, daughter of John and Mary (Nurse) Tarbell. He was a man of large wealth.

5. Nathan Hutchinson, son of Benjamin and Sarah (Tarbell) Hutchinson, was baptized February 10, 1717; married Rachel Sterns, and was one of the first settlers on the territory within the present limits of Milford. He died January 12, 1795.

6. Nathan Hutchinson, son of Nathan and Rachel (Sterns) Hutchinson, was born in Milford, which was then a part of the town of Amherst, in February, 1752; married, in 1778, Rebecca, daughter of William and Rebecca (Smith) Peabody; was a farmer, and died December 26, 1831. She was born January 2, 1752; died February 25, 1826.

7. Abel Hutchinson, son of Nathan and Rebecca (Peabody) Hutchinson, father of Mrs. Elizabeth (Hutchinson) Burns, and grandfather of Charles H. Burns, was born in Milford, August 8, 1795, and married January 22, 1815, Betsey, daughter of Isaac and Elizabeth Bartlett. She was born October 26, 1796, and died August 23, 1873, in Milford. He died February 19, 1846. Of this union was born, June 18, 1816, Elizabeth (Hutchinson) Burns.

CHARLES HENRY BURNS was born in Milford, January 19, 1835. On his father's farm he spent his early years, improving a naturally good constitution, gaining strength of muscle and habits of industry and endurance. His desire for an education was fostered, and he took advantage of all the scholastic facilities afforded by the common schools of his native town. These were of a high order. His academic education was acquired at the Appleton Academy, in the neighboring town of New Ipswich, of which at the time Professor E. T. Quimby was principal. From this institution Mr. Burns graduated in 1854. He read law with Col. O. W. Lull, in Milford, and graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1858. In May of the same year he was admitted to the Suffolk bar, and in the following October he was admitted to the practice of law in the New Hampshire courts.

In January, 1859, he commenced the practice of his chosen profession in the town of Wilton, where he has ever since resided, although his extensive and steadily increasing business has necessitated his opening an office of late years in the city of Nashua.

"He commenced his professional labors, as every young man must who has no one to rely upon but himself, with the smaller and more ordinary kinds of legal work, but by slow degrees he has risen, until to-day he is one of the most successful lawyers in New Hampshire, and his practice includes the highest order of cases. Mr. Burns, although a good lawyer in all the branches of his profession, especially excels as an advocate. His advocacy is of a high order. He is what most of our lawyers, and public speakers even, are not, a natural orator. The whole bent and inclination of his mind has, from his earliest years, always been in this direction. He has given himself a thorough training and practice at the

bar, on the stump, and on all those varied occasions when a public speaker is called upon to address the people. This natural talent, thus trained, has made him a clear-cut, incisive, and polished orator, who never fails to hold and impress his audience.

"It can be said of him, what can be said of very few men, he excels in advocacy and general oratory. His arguments before juries best illustrate his power as a speaker, while his public addresses exhibit his peculiar charm as an orator. As an advocate he ranks among the first in the New Hampshire bar. As an orator he compares favorably with our best public speakers." *

Mr. Burns has been a Republican since the formation of the party. His father was an active and prominent worker in that little band of anti-slavery agitators which existed in Milford before the great Rebellion, and as a boy young Burns was deeply impressed with the teachings of Parker Pillsbury, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and Fred Douglass. When quite young his interest in the Republican cause, together with his aptitude for public speaking, led him to take the stump for his party. For years he has performed in this way the most efficient service for the Republican party, and, to-day, is one of its ablest and most eloquent stump speakers. In 1864 and 1865 he was elected county treasurer of Hillsborough County. In 1873, and again in 1879, he was a member of the New Hampshire State Senate, serving during both terms as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and taking a prominent part in directing and shaping the legislation of those years.

In 1876 he was appointed by Governor Cheney county solicitor for Hillsborough County, and subsequently was twice re-elected to that office by the

* R. M. Wallace in History of Hillsborough County.

people, in all serving seven years. He discharged the difficult and delicate duties of a prosecuting officer in an able and satisfactory manner.

He was a delegate-at-large to the National Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1876, and represented the New Hampshire delegation on the Committee on Resolutions.

At the Republican State Convention in 1878, Mr. Burns presided and delivered one of his strong and characteristic speeches which created a deep impression throughout the State. It was everywhere commended as an able and forcible presentation of the issues of the hour. In 1879 he was appointed judge advocate-general, with the rank of brigadier-general, on the staff of Governor Head. In February, 1881, he was appointed United States district attorney for New Hampshire, and in February, 1885, he was reappointed, carrying to the performance of the duties of that office the same zeal and fidelity displayed in all his professional labors.

In the exciting senatorial contest of 1883, Mr. Burns was the recipient of testimonials of the highest respect and confidence from party leaders throughout the State; and the enthusiasm with which his name was greeted, and the ardent support accorded by his many friends, was very flattering, especially as he had not entered the field as a candidate.

Mr. Burns is a man of scholarly tastes and habits. He has a fine law library, one of the best in the State, and a choice and valuable collection of miscellaneous books. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. In 1874 he re-

ceived from Dartmouth College the honorary degree of A. M. In Masonic circles Mr. Burns is very prominent, having taken thirty-two degrees in that order.

Mr. Burns was united in marriage, January 19, 1856, his twenty-first birthday, with Sarah N. Mills, of Milford. They have been the parents of eight children, four of whom are living. Their oldest son, Arthur H. Burns, a young man of fine character and great promise, died at the early age of twenty,—a serious loss to his parents and to the community in which he lived. He was universally loved and respected. Mr. Burns has a fine homestead in Wilton, in which and all its surroundings he very properly takes great pride and pleasure. To his wife, his family, and his home he is very loyally and devotedly attached.

In Mr. Burns are developed many traits of character which have distinguished the two races from which he traces his descent. He is conscientious and firm in his allegiance to a principle. His political faith is not a garment to be donned at pleasure, but a part of his being. He is frank and hospitable. The occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage was celebrated at his home in Wilton by the presence of a large concourse of friends and guests, who expressed their appreciation of their host by many appropriate presents.

Mr. Burns is sincere in his friendship and loyal to his friends. Their trust in him is never misplaced. As a consequence he has many warm personal friends. He is genial and affable. The portrait accompanying this sketch was engraved from a photograph taken on his fiftieth birthday.

FREDERICK G. STARK AND THE MERRIMACK RIVER CANALS.

GENERAL GEORGE STARK.

The canals of the Merrimack river had their day and active existence in the first half of the present century. They have been referred to as the earliest step towards solution of the problem of cheap transportation between Boston and the northern country; but perhaps they may more properly be classed as the second step in that direction, the turnpikes having been first in the field. James Sullivan and his associates, the original projectors of this canal system, undoubtedly had in mind not only to connect Boston with the Merrimack river country, but also to extend their canals from the Merrimack to the Connecticut river, and from the Connecticut to Lake Champlain and through its outlet to the St. Lawrence, thus bringing Boston into inland water communication with Montreal and the Lower Canadas. The project was too vast and the physical obstacles too formidable to admit of full consummation, and their labors resulted only in uniting by navigable waters the capitals of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, covering a distance by river and canal of about eighty-five miles.

The Middlesex canal, twenty-seven miles in length from Boston to the Merrimack river, at what is now known as Middlesex Village, about two miles above Lowell, was the first constructed. The work on this canal was commenced in 1794, and the canal was completed and opened for public use in 1803. A very complete history of the Middlesex canal, by Lorin L.

Dame, A. M., was published in the February (1885) number of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

Following the construction of the Middlesex canal came the requisite works to render the Merrimack river navigable from the head of the Middlesex to Concord, N. H., being a series of dams, locks, and short canals to overcome the natural rapids and falls of the river. The first of these works was a lock and short canal at Wicasee falls, three miles above the head of the Middlesex, at what is now known as Tyng's island. No fall is now perceptible at that point, the Lowell dam having flowed it out. The second work, fifteen miles further up the river, at Cromwell's falls, consisted of a dam and single lock. Then came dams and single locks at Moor's, Coos, Goff's, Griffin's, and Merrill's falls. About a mile above Merrill's falls were the lower locks of the Amoskeag—a canal next in importance to the Middlesex. It was only about one mile in length, but surmounted by works of very considerable magnitude, the great fall of between fifty and sixty feet, that now furnishes the water power for the manufacturing of Manchester. Its construction was first undertaken by Samuel Blodgett early as 1794, but it was not completed until 1807.

Eight miles above Amoskeag the locks and short canal of Hooksett overcame a fall of some seventeen feet; and six miles further on the Bow locks and canal afforded the final lift of twenty-seven feet, to the level of the

navigable water of the Merrimack river at Concord.

Short side canals with locks were subsequently built at the junctions of the Nashua and Piscataquog rivers with the Merrimack to facilitate the passage of boats from the Merrimack to the storehouses in Nashua and Piscataquog villages.

iron, glass, grindstones, cordage, paints, oils, and all that infinite variety of merchandise required by country merchants, formerly classed under the general terms of "dry and West India goods." The original bills of lading, many of which are now in the writer's possession, also show that they brought up from Boston for consumption in the



The old Blodgett Mansion at Amoskeag Canal. Erected in 1795. Pulled down in 1870.

For forty years this line of canals formed the principal channel of heavy transportation between the two capitals, and, except that the canals did not effectually compete with the stages for carrying passengers, they held the same position to transportation as is now held by their successor and destroyer—the railroad.

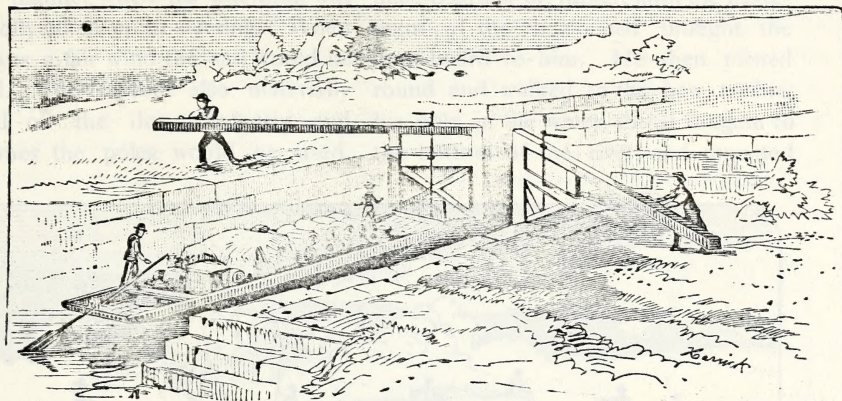
During the entire season of open river, from the time that the spring break-up of winter ice permitted navigation to commence, until the frosts of fall again closed it, this eighty-five miles of water was thronged with boats, taking the products of the country to a market at the New England metropolis, and returning loaded with salt, lime, cement, plaster, hardware, leather, liquors,

country, flour, corn, butter, and cheese, which plainly indicates that the people of the Merrimack river valley gave more attention in those days to lumbering and river navigation than to agriculture.

These boats, of which there are probably none now in existence, were peculiarly constructed, to answer the requirements of the river and canal navigation, and their mode of propulsion was as peculiar as their model. They were about seventy-five feet long and nine feet wide in the middle; a little narrower at the ends; flat bottomed across their full width, but the bottom sloped or rounded up from near the mid-length of the boat, both towards stem and stern, so that while

the sides were level on top and about three feet deep at mid-length, they were only a foot or less in depth at either end. A load of about twenty tons would make the boat draw two feet or more, near the middle, while the bottom would be out of water at each

A cross yard, with a square sail attached, which could be hoisted or lowered at pleasure by a rope working over a single block in the top of the mast, completed the sailing outfit. It was only used upon the river, the mast being struck and stowed in the boat



BOAT ENTERING LOCKS.

end. When the river was low in mid-summer, only about half a full load could be carried to Concord.

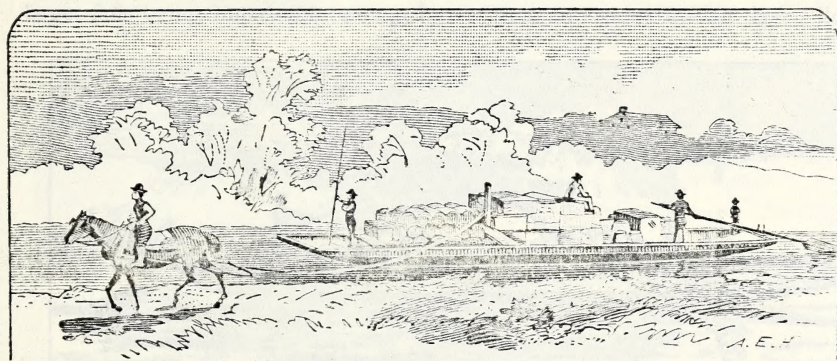
The boats were built of two-inch pine plank, spiked on small oak cross-joists and side-knees, and had heavy oak horizontal timbers at either end. The sides were vertical and without cross thwarts, except what was called the mast-board; a thick oak plank, securely fastened across on top, from side to side, a little forward of the centre of the boat. The seams between planks were calked with oakum and pitched. The mast was a spar about twenty-five feet long and six inches in its largest diameter. A foothold or step was fixed in the bottom of the boat under the cross-plank to receive it, and it was further steadied by the cross-plank, which was slotted to admit it when set up, and had a wedge and staple arrangement to hold it in place.

when passing the larger canals. The rudder was a long steering oar, pivoted on the centre of the cross-frame of the stern, the blade, about eighteen inches wide and ten feet long, trailing in the water behind the boat, and the handle or tiller extending about the same distance over the boat, so as to afford a good leverage for guiding the unwieldy craft. Three large scull oars, about sixteen feet long with six-inch blades, and three setting poles, or pike poles as they were sometimes called, stout, straight, round poles, wrought out of tough and springy ash, about fifteen feet long, nearly two inches in diameter and shod at one end with a long iron point, completed the propelling outfit. The crew consisted of a skipper and two bowmen.

In going down the river between canals the usual mode of propulsion was by use of the scull-cars. The bow-

men took position close to either side of the boat, facing the bow and about six feet from it, and each worked his oar against a thole-pin placed in the opposite gunwale, the oar handles crossing, so that they were necessarily worked simultaneously. The skipper also had his oar, which he worked in a similar manner when his attention was not wholly taken up in steering. When there was a fair wind the sail would be hoisted. The current also materially assisted on the downward trip, and sometimes the poles would be used.

and, with his feet firmly braced against the cross-timbers in the bottom of the boat, he exerted the strength of his body and legs to push the boat forward. As it moved, he stepped along the bottom of the boat still bracing his shoulder firmly against the pole until he had walked in this manner to the mast-board,—or, rather, until the movement of the boat had brought the mast-board to him. He then turned round and walked to the bow, trailing his pole in the water, thrust it again to the bottom of the river, and repeated



THE TOW-PATH ON THE CANAL.

On the return trip against the current, the setting poles were the chief reliance, but sometimes aided by the sail. The cargo was so piled in the boat as to leave a narrow passage next each gunwale from the bow to the mast-board. There was also a clear space of six to ten feet left at the bow, and enough at the stern to allow the tiller to be moved freely across the boat. To propel the boat by poling, a bowman stood on either side of the bow, with his face towards the stern, and thrusting the pike end of his pole down beside the boat in a slanting direction towards the stern until it struck the bottom of the river, he placed his shoulder against the top of the pole,

the pushing movement. The skipper also had his pole, but having very limited space to work in, and being obliged to mind the helm pretty closely in moving against the current, he could do comparatively little to aid the progress. These modes of propulsion applied only to the river and the river canals. The boats were towed through the Middlesex canal by horses. A trip from Concord to Boston and return usually took from seven to ten days.

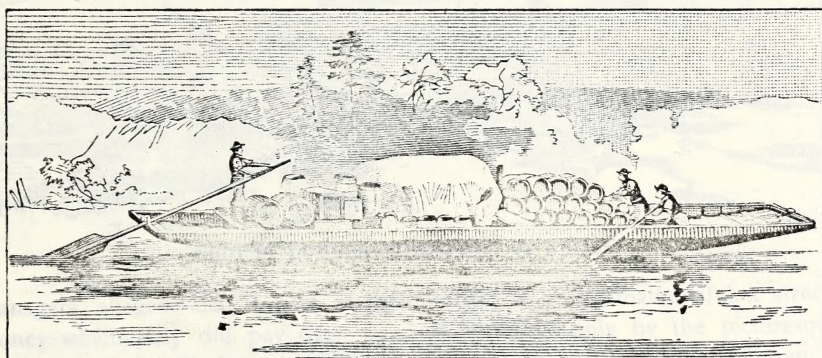
Concord, Piscataquog, Litchfield, and Nashua each had its line of boats, making in the aggregate quite a little fleet. The broad reaches of the river below Nashua were at times rendered especially picturesque by the belling

sails as the boats drove before the wind.

This part of the river had also upon it, for three or four years subsequent to 1834, a fair-sized steamboat, plying for passengers and freight between Nashua and Lowell. She was commanded one season by Capt. Jacob Vanderbilt of Staten Island, New York, brother to the late Commodore Vanderbilt. In the early part of the season, while the water of the river was at its highest stages, it was also thronged with logs and lumber being taken down for market. The larger falls being impassable except by

constructed for navigation purposes about the same time as the other Merrimack river canals but by different parties, who subsequently (in 1821) sold out to the Lowell manufacturing companies. Newburyport rafts usually consisted of ship-timber, masts, lumber, and wood; and, if starting from any place below Amoskeag falls, could be made into larger shots than those destined to pass through the Middlesex canal, because the Pawtucket canal locks were much larger.

The construction of these canals was a great enterprise in that day. Boston



PUSHING AGAINST THE CURRENT.

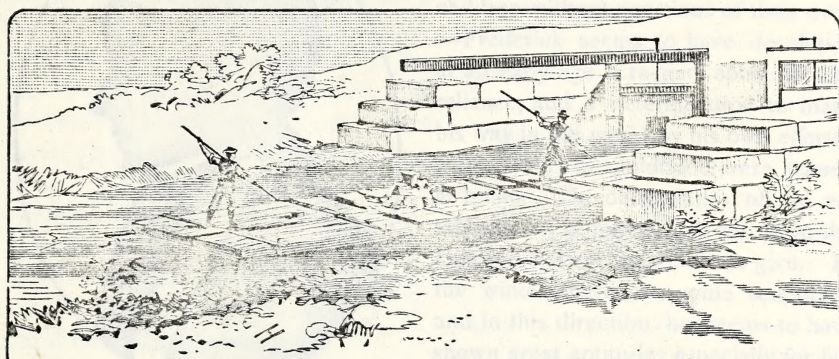
their canals the logs and lumber had necessarily to be bound into rafts of such dimensions as would pass through the locks. And at the larger canals, such as the Amoskeag and Middlesex, the labor of locking down and towing these rafts — called shots — was very considerable and consumed much time. Between canals these shots were bound together into large rafts of eight or ten shots, called bands, and floated down with the current, generally at high water, avoiding the locks at the smaller canals by running the falls. Many of these rafts continued down the river to Newburyport, passing the Pawtucket falls through a canal and locks con-

was a town of only about twenty thousand inhabitants when the Middlesex canal was opened; neither Lowell nor Manchester had been commenced; Nashua was a small place, without manufacturing, and Concord was a country village.

Massachusetts granted in aid of the Middlesex canal two townships in Maine, of small value at that time, and but little was realized from them. Curiously enough, a very considerable portion of the money for the enterprise was raised by lotteries. Notably so in the case of the Amoskeag canal, the projectors of which were at several different times authorized by the legis-

latures of New Hampshire and Massachusetts to establish lotteries for raising funds to carry on the work. In a quarrel which arose between the lottery managers and Judge Blodgett, the leading projector of the Amoskeag canal, it was alleged on one hand that the lottery drawings were unfairly managed, and that the money paid over to the canal company was only a part of the proceeds. On the other hand, the lottery

make way for new improvements. The writer hereof was born in this house, and, having spent his childhood and early boyhood on the place, has vivid recollections of all its surroundings. "Mansion" it has been styled, but as a matter of fact it was simply one of those large houses so much affected in New England in the last century. Somewhat more ornate in its external finish than the average of such houses,



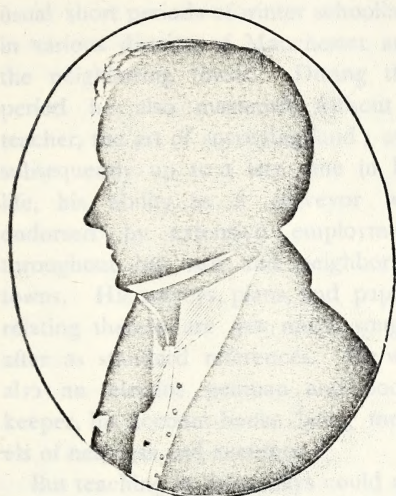
SHOT OF LUMBER COMING OUT OF A LOCK.

managers alleged that a part of the money which they did pay over was illegally used by Blodgett in building "a splendid mansion" for his own residence. The "mansion" in question was certainly built (about 1795) and occupied by Blodgett until his death in 1807; but it was asserted by him, and seems wholly probable, that the cost of its construction came entirely from his private purse. The engraving at the head of this article gives a good representation of the house and its surroundings about forty years after its erection, at which time sketches were taken from which the present drawing was made. It stood between the river and the old boating canal, below the upper locks, and a little north of the present site of the Hoyt paper mills. In 1870, or about that time, it was torn down to

but still a heavy, matter-of-fact structure, relieved only by the picturesque row of tall, lombardy poplars, then in fashion at houses of any pretension, and by the soft yellow and red colors in which the buildings were painted. Internally it had its large square rooms, its tall clock, its brass fire-irons in open fireplaces, its wide kitchen chimney and its great chambers and attic, common to all its class. But the attaching out-buildings were uncommonly numerous, and included a little red store, containing that indescribable and innumerable assortment of goods required by a rural community.

The owner and master of this mansion, from 1820 to 1837, was Frederick G. Stark; a man of the times; in the meridian of life contemporaneously with the canal; superintendent of all

the navigation works upon the river above Middlesex canal; merchant, politician, trial justice, surveyor, and among the foremost in all the business activities of the time and place. A short sketch of his life may appropriately be given in this connection.



Silhouette profile of Frederick G. Stark.

Frederick Gilman Stark was born in the house of his grandfather, General John Stark, at Derryfield, now Manchester, August 6, 1792. The place of his birth was upon land in the northern part of Manchester, now owned by the state of New Hampshire, and occupied for the Reform School. The house was destroyed by accidental fire in 1866.

Of the five sons of General John Stark, the third one, John, Jr., known in his day as the "justice," inherited the family mansion and home farm, where he had lived with and assisted his distinguished father during the last forty years of the life of the old patriot, and where he spent the remainder of his own long life engaged mostly in agricultural pursuits. His

third son, Frederick, the subject of this memoir, was one of a family of twelve children, all of whom lived to advanced age and raised families of their own. Starting in life with the advantage of a good physical constitution, as indicated by the remarkable longevity of the family, and what may perhaps be considered a further advantage of comparative poverty,—the family property being inadequate to the support of so many children without exertions of their own,—Frederick seems to have developed at an early age a rugged spirit of self-reliance, and a determination to make his way in the world by his own efforts.

The years of childhood were passed at home. The daily duties of the establishment required such aid from the children as they were able to give. In the winter there was some schooling, and in this direction he seems to have shown great aptitude, especially for figures. There is now in existence a manuscript book of complete arithmetic of the higher grade wholly in his handwriting, with all the rules and examples worked out in detail, embracing simple rule of three, inverse proportion, compound proportion, practice, tare and tret, single fellowship, simple interest, compound interest, commission brokerage, insurance, discount, bank discount, equation of payments, barter, loss and gain, alligation medial, alligation alternate, position, double position, vulgar fractions, and decimals. This manuscript book is dated in 1809, and has the appearance of being his own composition. There is no positive evidence of its originality, but it is at least evident that he thoroughly mastered the subjects of which it treats. He was then seventeen years of age and in attendance upon school in Londonderry.

His studious inclinations in these early youthful days seem to have opened many schoolhouses to his care; and from 1810, when he was eighteen years old, until more mature years brought higher responsibilities that absorbed all his time and energies, we find records of his teaching, for the usual short periods of winter schooling, in various districts of Manchester and the neighboring towns. During this period he also mastered, without a teacher, the art of surveying land; and subsequently, up to a late time in his life, his ability as a surveyor was endorsed by extensive employment throughout his own and neighboring towns. His surveys, plans, and papers relating thereto are yet much sought after as standard references. He was also an elegant penman and book-keeper, his account-books being models of neatness and accuracy.

But teaching in those days could not be a regular occupation. Schools were only for a short term in the winter. Teachers were poorly paid, and only taught when more profitable occupation was not at hand. Other business must be depended upon, in the main, for a livelihood. A natural aptitude and inclination for trade led him first to apply for a situation in a country store; and in 1810 he took his first lessons with Riddle & Whittle, in their Bedford (Piscataquog) store, and remained with them about six months. He then changed into the neighboring store of Parker & Palmer, where he remained two years, leaving December 26, 1812. That winter he kept school in district No. 1 of Manchester; and in the spring of 1813, desiring to see something of the surrounding country, he travelled through most of the towns of Hillsborough, Rockingham, and Middlesex

counties, paying his way by assuming for the occasion the role of a foot-peddler, carrying his small stock of goods in tin hand-trunks. The following extract from his diary record of these foot journeys illustrate the times:

"Thursday, April 15th, 1813—Set out from home in the morning. Went to Piscataquog, got on a raft and went down to the head of Pawtucket canal. Got off and went to Manning's, near Chelmsford meeting-house, and put up.

"Friday—Passed down the turnpike to Boston. Arrived about half past 2 P. M.

"Saturday — Stayed in Boston. Walked about town.

"Sunday — Went to the Roman Catholic Church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon went in company with Charles Stark over Cragie's bridge and round to Charlestown. Went on to Bunker Hill; climbed on to General Warren's monument, and saw two British frigates lying off in Boston Bay; returned to Boston.

"Monday — Started from Boston about 11 o'clock and travelled to old Concord. Put up at Davis'es, about two miles north of the town.

"Tuesday — Passed up as far as Westford. Sold five or six dollars' worth of goods during the day.

"Wednesday—Passed through Carlisle and Groton and put up in Peppereil.

"Thursday — Went from Peppereil to the upper part of Hollis. Stayed at the clothiers.

"Friday—Arrived at Amherst about noon; took dinner, and then came on and put up a little before night at the widow's.

"Thursday, April 29th — Passed through Londonderry, Hampstead,

Plaistow, and Haverhill and stayed in Bradford.

"Friday—Walked to Ames's in Andover, then got on board the stage and went to Boston. Arrived about 2 P. M. Saw the marshalls of the W. B. S. with their banners pass into Faneuil hall. They were accompanied by three uniformed companies and an excellent band of music, and made a very splendid appearance.

"Saturday, May 1st—Left Boston after breakfast. Passed over Cambridge bridge; got on board a wagon and rode to Concord; then walked to Acton and put up at Stearns'es.

"Sunday—Spent the day in Acton. Went to meeting in the forenoon, and spent the afternoon in and about the tavern.

"Monday—Passed through Littleton and put up at a private house in Grotton. Polly brought in the milk and strained it into a large wooden bowl, then seated herself at the table and crumbed the bread into some pewter basons, and with a tin dipper laded the milk from the wooden bowl; then handed the old gentleman his bason and one to Phineas, and I was seated at the table to eat mine.

"Tuesday—Passed through a part of Shirley and through Lunenberg to Townsend. Put up at Stines'.

"Wednesday—Passed through Ashby and New Ipswich to the north part of Temple. Stayed at Farrar's.

"Thursday—Through Wilton and a part of Milford to Mont Vernon. Stayed in the north part of the town.

"Friday—From Mont Vernon to New Boston and Goffstown. Dined at Caldwell's. Arrived home about half past three. Cold N. E. storm."

The first cotton factory at the falls of Amoskeag was erected and put in op-

eration in 1811. It stood near the head of the falls on the west side of the river, then in Goffstown, about upon the ground now occupied by the Cheney paper mills, within the present limits of Manchester. The product was cotton yarn only, which was sold to be woven in domestic looms. Jotham Gillis was the first agent of this factory company. He was succeeded as agent, successively, by Philemon Walcott, John G. Moore, and Frederick G. Stark. Mr. Stark's appointment dating from July 28, 1813, and terminating May 11, 1814, when he went into trade, in Goffstown, as a partner to Capt. Trask. From this time until 1820 he continued in trade at Goffstown and at Manchester with various partners. In 1820, after occupying the place two years under a lease, he purchased the Blodgett mansion with its attaching property, for residence and place of business, and lived and traded there on his account up to the time when he removed to Bedford in 1837.

In 1815 he was united in marriage with Nancy Gillis, daughter of Jotham Gillis, Esq.,—above referred to as the first agent of the Amoskeag factory,—a lady in every way calculated to promote his happiness and prosperity, and whose Christian virtues and benevolent life endeared her to all who came within her sphere. Their happy marriage relation continued unbroken through forty-one years, until her decease in 1856.

The first agent appointed by the Canal company, "to superintend the said canals, to collect tolls," &c., was Samuel P. Kidder, who had for many years been Blodgett's assistant and confidential secretary. He held the appointment until his decease in 1822, when Frederick G. Stark was appointed

his successor. Mr. Stark held the position continuously about fifteen years until 1837. During this period his correspondence shows him to have been in active communication with the Boston agents of the proprietors of the Middlesex canal, who also owned or controlled the river canals, and he appears to have at all times enjoyed their full confidence.

In summer, matters connected with the river navigation and trade absorbed his attention. In winter there was leisure for public affairs. So prominent and active a man, possessing such keen abilities, could not fail to become identified with the business affairs of the town. We accordingly find that from 1819 to 1837, he held some town office almost every year. From 1819 to 1823, inclusive, he was town-clerk. He was on the board of selectmen in 1826-7-9, 1831-2-4-5-6, and as moderator in 1830-1-2-7. He represented the town in the lower branch of the legislature in 1824-5-6, and was a member of the state senate in 1830 and 1831. Most of the small quarrels of the neighborhood were brought before him, as justice of the peace, for trial or adjustment. His record-book of trials is carefully written out, and indicates discreet judgment in his decisions. The river community had many rough members, and naturally, a considerable proportion of the cases tried before his justice court were for assault and battery. It appears that the expense of giving a man a sound beating was, generally, about four dollars and costs.

In 1833 Mr. Stark was appointed one of the side judges of the court of common pleas for Hillsborough county. A position—since abolished in 1855—for which his business qualifications and knowledge of the county eminently fit-

ted him. He retained the place about three years. Geo. A. Ramsdell, Esq., says, in his history of the Hillsborough bench and bar, "It is generally supposed that these judges were but ornamental appendages to the learned judge who actively presided in court; but in addition to the discharge of the duties now substantially performed by the county commissioners, they often aided the court by their sterling common-sense, in matters requiring not legal learning merely, but an acquaintance with men and the ordinary concerns of life, which is not always possessed by learned lawyers."

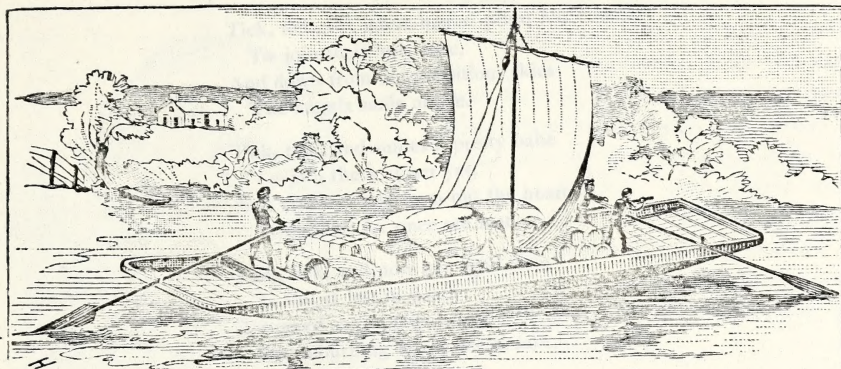
The commencement of the present manufacturing establishments of Manchester dates from 1836. In that year the Amoskeag Company began to purchase the land adjacent to the falls, with a view of constructing canals and factories and building up a manufacturing town. Mr. Stark sold to them such of his real estate as they desired, including the residence at the old Blodgett mansion, and at once commenced to build him a new dwelling in the neighboring village of Piscataquog,—then in Bedford, but since annexed to Manchester,—where he took up his residence the next year, and from which he never removed. From this period (1837) to 1847, or later, he continued his mercantile business in the village of Piscataquog. He also held the office of high sheriff of the county for five years,—from 1837 to 1842. Subsequently his attention was absorbed in the care and management of his investments, especially his landed property, which, being situated in and near the growing city of Manchester, had become valuable. Thus passed his declining years. Identified with the local projects of his vicinity, in good

fellowship with his neighbors, and respected by all who knew him, his latter years were in quiet contrast to the restless energy of earlier times.

The death of his wife, in 1856, seemed to mark the turning-point of his life. From that time his health gradually declined. Four years later he was stricken by a slight paralytic

opening of the railroad to Lowell in 1835, to Nashua in 1838, and to Concord in 1842 were successive steps of destruction to the whole system of river navigation, and culminated in a total abandonment of the canals soon after the Concord Railroad was put in operation.

A hardy race of boatmen, pilots, and



WITH WIND AND CURRENT.

shock, and on the 26th day of March, 1861, he died, aged nearly 69 years. The public journals of that date paid him this just tribute of respect:

“Judge Stark was a man remarkable for his industry, energy, and correct business habits; and as the result of nearly half a century of public and private business has left behind a reputation for reliability and strict integrity second to no man in the state.”

The Merrimack river canals were blotted out by the railroads. The

raftsmen—men of uncommon strength and endurance, skilful in their calling but unfamiliar with other labor—were suddenly and permanently thrown out of employment. The wooden dams and locks went to decay, the embankments were cut and ploughed down, and successive spring freshets have hurled their icy batteries against the stone abutments and lock walls until they are nearly obliterated, and the next generation will know not of them.

WHAT THE OLD CLOCK SAYS.

BY HORACE EATON WALKER.

Tick, tick, he whispers tales of love
To milkmaid by the bars ;
She blushes like the new-blown rose
Beneath the smiling stars.

Tick, tick, the white-haired priest has come,
To join their holy love,
And down from out propitious skies
The angels smile above.

Tick, tick, and smiles a pretty babe
To join them closer yet,
And mothers said from out the heart
Two mates for once are met.

Tick, tick, and now her aged form
Is still at last in death ;
A rugged son, a faded sire,
Are mourning 'neath the breath.

Tick, tick, and now two holy graves
Are mouldering side by side,
The bridegroom of her earliest love,
And she, his lovely bride.

Tick, tick, and by two graves at last
The son stands there alone ;
The world is large, but crowds of men
Heed not his piteous moan.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, and now
The graves are one,—two,—three !
The same sweet skies are smiling yet
On flower and weed and lea.

The old clock still is ticking on
Beside the great hall door,
The same old face, tho' faded some,
We saw in days of yore.

Its solemn tick more solemn still,
Does softly say to all :
"From life to death we all must go,
The fairest flower will fall !"

Claremont, N. H., July 23, 1883.

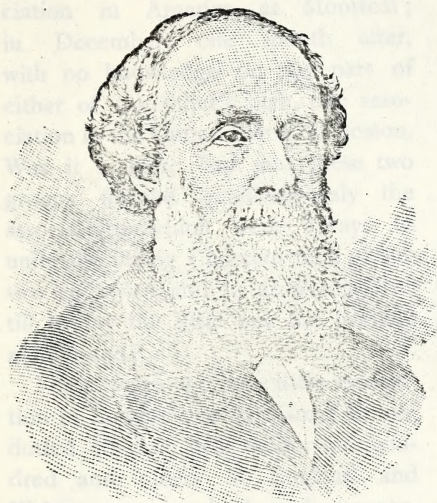
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.

THERE is an old French proverb which runs: "L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," which is but the echo of the Scripture, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his

salvation of its tenants by the sacrifice of his Son, to take no further interest in it, but leave it subject either to fixed law or blind chance! Indeed the God who provided for the wants of his people in the wilderness is a God who changeth not. The principles which once guided him must guide him to-day and forever. There never has been a time when to the open eye it was not clear that he provides for every want of his creatures. Did chance or the unassisted powers of man discover coal, when wood was becoming scarce? and oil and gas from coal, when the whale was failing? Cowper's mind was clear when he said:—

"Deep in unfathomable mines
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will."



GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Founder of Young Men's Christian Associations.

steps." In truth, God alone sees the end from the beginning.

From the beginning men have been constantly building better than they knew. No unprejudiced man who looks at history can fail to see from how small and apparently unimportant an event has sprung the greatest results to the individual, the nation, and the world. The Christian, at least, needs no other explanation of this than that his God, without whose knowledge no sparrow falleth to the ground, guides all the affairs of the world. Surely God did not make the world, and purchase the

If in his temporal affairs God cares for man, much more will he do for his soul. Great multitudes of young men came to be congregated in the cities, and Satan spread his nets at every street-corner to entrap them.

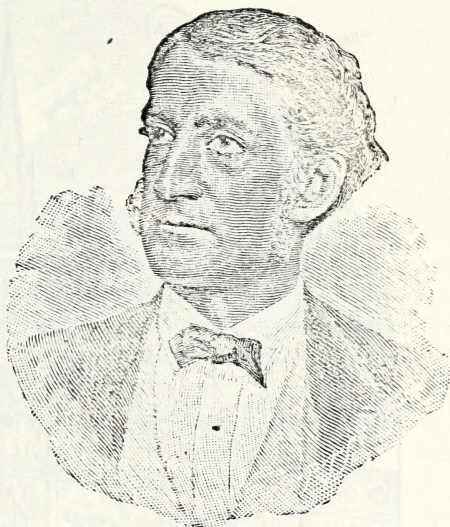
In 1837, George Williams, then sixteen years of age, employed in a dry-goods establishment, in Bridgewater, England, gave himself to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. He immediately began to influence the young men with him, and many of them were converted. In 1841, Williams came to London, and entered the dry-goods house of Hitchcock and Company. Here he found himself one of more than eighty young men, almost none of them Christians. He found, however, among them a few professed Christians,

and these he gathered in his bedroom, to pray for the rest. The number increased—a larger room was necessary, which was readily obtained from Mr. Hitchcock. The work spread from one establishment to another, and on the sixth of June, 1844, in Mr. Williams's bedroom the first Young Men's Christian Association was formed.

In 1844, one association in the world: in November, 1851, one association in America, at Montreal; in December, one month after, with no knowledge on the part of either of the other's plan, one association in the United States, at Boston. Was it a mere hap that these two groups formed simultaneously the associations which were always to unite the young Christian men of the two countries, and to grow together, till to-day the little one has become a thousand?

Forty years ago, one little association in London: to-day Great Britain dotted all over with them; one hundred and ninety in England and Wales; one hundred and seventy-eight in Scotland, and twenty in Ireland. France has eight districts, or groups, containing sixty-four associations. Germany, divided into five *bunds*, has four hundred; Holland, its eleven provinces, with three hundred and thirty-five; Romansch Switzerland, eighty-seven; German Switzerland, one hundred and thirty-five; Belgium, eighteen; Spain, fourteen; Italy, ten; Turkey in Europe, one, at Philipopolis; Sweden and Norway, seventy-one; Austria, two, at Vienna and Budapesth; Russia, eight, among them Moscow and St. Petersburg; Turkey in Asia, nine; Syria, five, at Beirût, Damascus, Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Nazareth; India, five; Japan,

two; Sandwich Islands, one, at Honolulu; Australia, twenty-seven; South Africa, seven; Madagascar, two; West Indies, three; British Guiana, one, at Georgetown; South America (besides), three; Canada and British Provinces, fifty-one. In the United States, seven hundred and eighty-six. In all, nearly twenty-seven hundred, scattered over the world, and all the



CEPHAS BRAINERD, ESQ.

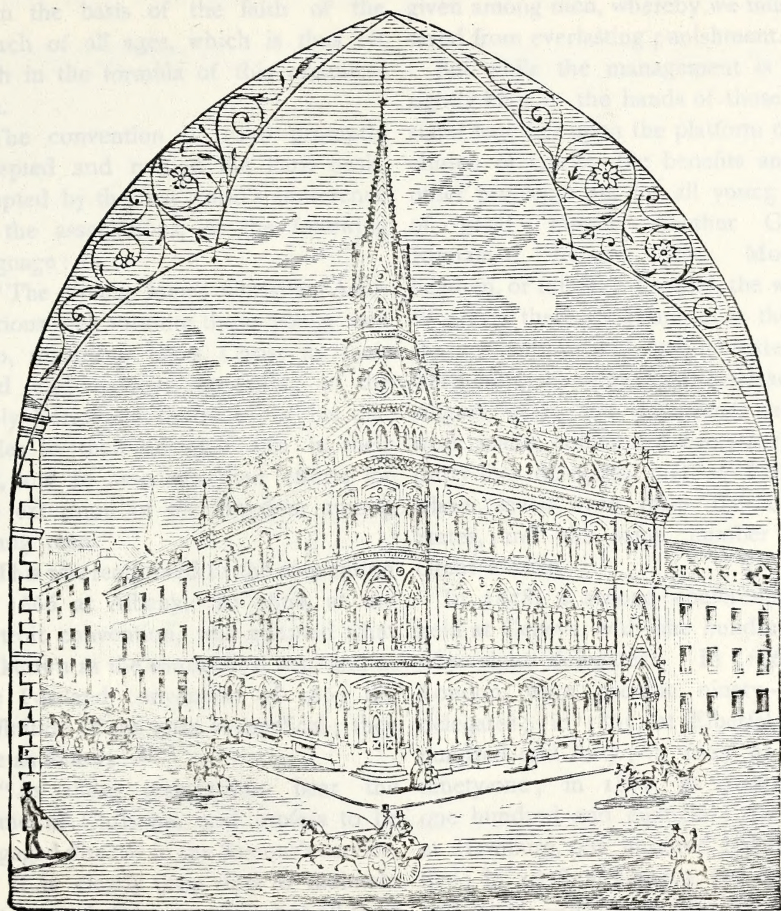
Chairman of the International Executive
Committee Y. M. C. A.

outgrowth of forty years. It has been said that the sun never rises anywhere that it is not saluted by the British reveille. Look how quickly the organization of young men has stretched its cordon round the world, and dotted it all over with the tents of its conflict for them against the opposing forces of the evil one.

What are its characteristics?

1. It is the universal church of Christ, working through its young men for the salvation of young men. In the words of a paper, read at the last world's conference, at London:—

"The fundamental idea of the organization, on which all subsequent substantial development has been based, was simply this: that in the associated effort of young men connected with the various branches of the church of thus emphasized at the Chicago convention in 1863, in the following resolutions presented by the Reverend Henry C. Potter, then of Troy, and now assistant bishop of the diocese of New York:—



BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN MONTREAL, CANADA.

Christ lies a great power to promote their own development and help their fellows, thus prosecuting the work of the church among the most-important, most-tempted, and least-cared-for class in the community."

The distinct work for young men was

"Resolved, That the interests and welfare of young men in our cities demand, as heretofore, the steadfast sympathies and efforts of the Young Men's Christian Associations of this country.

"Resolved, That the various means by

which Christian associations can gain a hold upon young men, and preserve them from unhealthy companionship and the deteriorating influences of our large cities, ought to engage our most earnest and prayerful consideration."

2. It is a Christian work. It stands upon the basis of the faith of the church of all ages, which is thus set forth in the formula of this organization.

The convention in 1856 promptly accepted and ratified the Paris basis, adopted by the first world's conference of the associations, in the following language: —

"The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of his kingdom among young men."

This was reaffirmed in the convention of 1866 at Albany. In 1868, at the Detroit convention, was adopted what is known as the evangelical test, and at the Portland convention of 1869 the definition of the term evangelical; they are as follows: —

"As these associations bear the name of Christian, and profess to be engaged directly in the Saviour's service, so it is clearly their duty to maintain the control and management of all their affairs in the hands of those who love and publicly avow their faith in Jesus the Redeemer as divine, and who testify their faith by becoming and remaining members of churches held to be evangelical: and we hold those churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice, do believe in

the Lord Jesus Christ (the only begotten of the Father, King of kings and Lord of lords, in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead, bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree) as the only name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment."

But while the management is thus rightly kept in the hands of those who stand together upon the platform of the church of Christ, the benefits and all other privileges are for all young men of good morals, whether Greek, Romanist, heretic, Jew, Moslem, heathen, or infidel. Its field, the world. Wherever there are young men, there is the association field, and an extended work must be organized. Already in August, 1855, the importance of the work made conference necessary, and thirty-five delegates met at Paris, of whom seven were from the United States, and the same number from Great Britain.

In 1858, a second conference was held at Geneva, with one hundred and fifty-eight delegates. In 1862, at London, were present ninety-seven delegates; in 1865, at Elberfeld, one hundred and forty; in 1867, at Paris, ninety-one; in 1872, at Amsterdam, one hundred and eighteen; in 1875, at Hamburg, one hundred and twenty-five; in 1878, at Geneva, two hundred and seven, — forty-one from the United States; in 1881, in London, three hundred and thirty-eight, — seventy-five from the United States.

At the conference of 1878, in Geneva, a man in the prime of life, and partner in a leading banking-house of that city, was chosen president. He spoke with almost equal ease the three languages of the conference — English, French,

and German. Shortly after that convention Mr. Fermand gave up his business and became the general secretary of the world's committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations. He traveled over the whole continent of Europe, visiting the associations, and then came to America to make

of all nations, brought together by the love of one person, each speaking in his own tongue, praising the one name, so similar in each,—that name alone in each address needing no interpretation.

The conference meets this year, in August, at Berlin, when probably as



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acquaintance with our plans of work. Now stationed at Geneva, with some resident members of the convention, he keeps up the intercourse of the associations through nine members representing the principal nations. I have spoken of the three languages of the conference. It is a wonderful inspiration to find one's self in a gathering

many as one hundred delegates will be present from the United States.

But inter-association organization has gone much further in this country than elsewhere, and communication is exceedingly close between the nine hundred associations of America.

The first conception of uniting associations came to the Reverend William

Chaucey Langdon, then a layman, and a member of the Washington Association, now rector of the Episcopal Church at Bedford, Pennsylvania. Mr. McBurney, in his fine Historical Sketch of Associations, says: "Many of the associations of America owe their individual existence to the organization effected through his wise foresight. The associations of our land, and in all lands, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Langdon far greater than has ever been recognized." Oscar Cobb, of Buffalo, and Mr. Langdon signed the call to the first convention, which assembled on June 7, 1854, at Buffalo. This was the first conference of associations held in the English-speaking world. Here was appointed a central committee, located at Washington, and six elsewhere.

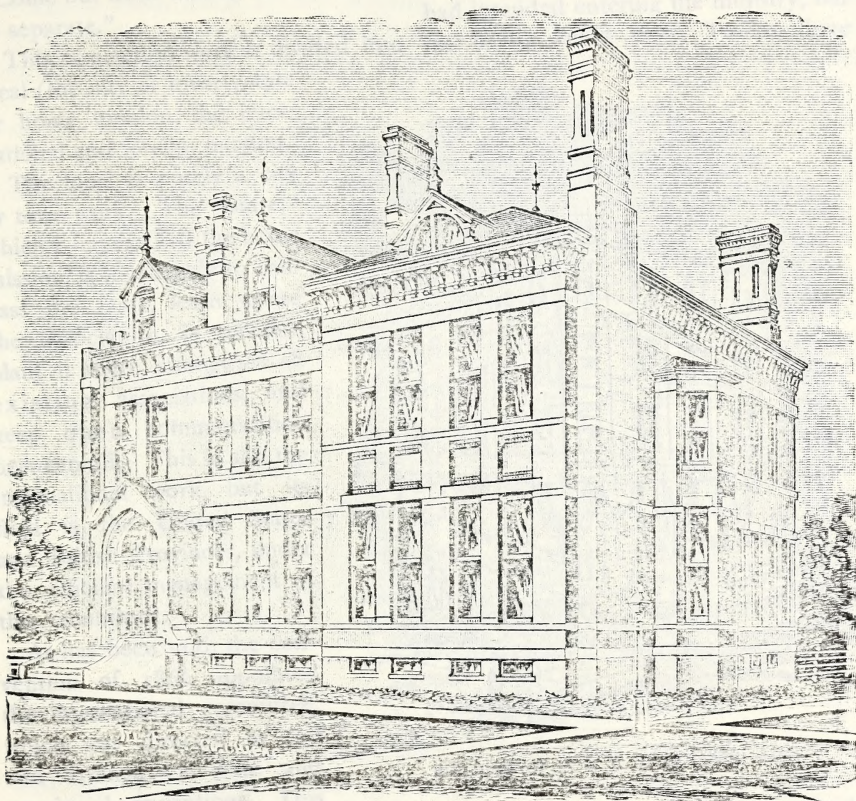
In 1860, Philadelphia was made the headquarters. The confederation of associations and its committee came to an end in Chicago, June 4, 1863, and the present organization with its international executive committee was born, with members increasing in number. The committee now numbers thirty-three, two being resident in New York City.

In the year 1865, a committee was appointed by the convention at Philadelphia. The president of this convention became the chairman of the international executive committee, consisting of ten members resident in New York City, and twenty-three placed at different prominent points in the United States and British Provinces. There is also a corresponding member of the committee in each State and province, and means of constant communication between the committee and each association, and between the several associations, through the Young

Men's Christian Association Watchman, a sixteen-paged paper, published each fortnight in Chicago.

On the sixteenth day of April, 1883, the international committee, which had been superintending the work since 1865, was incorporated in the State of New York. Cephas Brainerd, a lawyer of New York City, a direct descendant of the Brainerds of Connecticut, and present owner of the homestead, has always been chairman of the committee, and, from a very large practice, has managed to take an immense amount of time for this work, which has more and more taken hold on his heart, — and here let me say that I know no work, not even that of foreign missions, which takes such a grip upon those who enter upon it. Time, means, energy, strength, have been lavishly poured out by them. Mr. Brainerd and his committee work almost as though it were their only work, and yet each member of the committee is one seemingly fully occupied with his business or professional duties. See the members of the Massachusetts committee, so fired with love for this work that, in the gospel canvasses of the State, after working all day, many of them give from forty to fifty evenings, sometimes traveling all night to get back to their work in the morning. It is no common cause that thus draws men out of themselves for others. Then, too, I greatly doubt where there are such hard-worked men as the general secretaries, — days and evenings filled with work that never ends; the work the more engrossing and exacting because it combines physical and mental with spiritual responsibility. We who know this are not surprised to find the strength of these men failing. Those who employ them should care-

fully watch that relief is promptly given from time to time as needed. There are now more than three hundred and fifty of these paid secretaries. Now, look back over the whole history of the associations, and can you doubt that he who meets the wants of his only can procure them. That in



BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. AT JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

creatures has raised up the organization for the express purpose of saving young men as a class? And to do this he employs the church itself—not the church in its separate organizations, but the church universal. A work for all young men should be by the young men of the whole church. First, because it is young manhood that furnishes the common ground of sympathy. Second,

Philadelphia cost \$700,000; in New York, \$500,000; in Boston, more than \$300,000; in Baltimore, \$250,000; in Chicago, \$150,000; San Francisco, \$76,000; Montreal, \$67,000; Toronto, \$48,000; Halifax, \$36,000; West New Brighton, New York, \$19,000; at the small town of Rockport, Massachusetts, about \$4,000; and at Nahant, \$2,000. In all these are

eighty buildings, worth more than \$3,000,000, while as many more have land or building-funds. Third, how blessedly this sets forth the vital unity of Christ's church, "that they may all be one," and also distinguishes them from all other religious bodies. "Come out from among them and be ye separate."

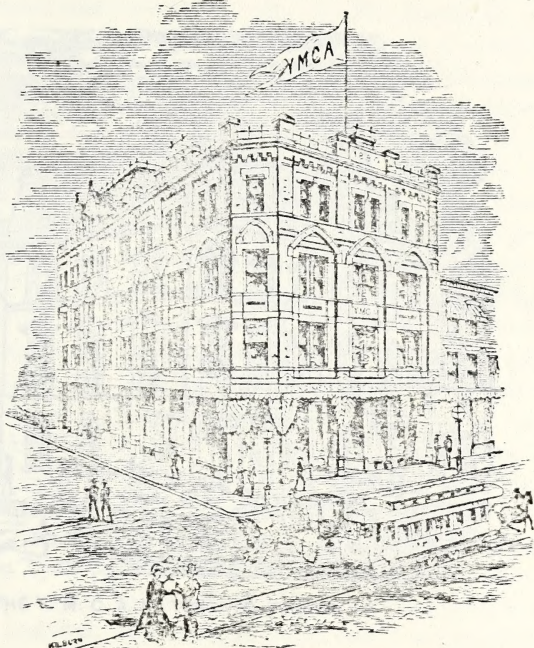
This association work is divided into local (the city or town), state or home mission, the international and foreign mission.

The local is purely a city or town work. The "state," which I have called the home mission, is thoroughly to canvass the State, learn where the association is needed, plant it there, strengthen all existing associations, and keep open communication between all. This is also the international work, but its field is the United States and British Provinces, under the efficient management of this committee.

As has been said, the convention of 1866 appointed the international committee, which was directed to call and arrange for state and provincial conventions. This is the result: in 1866, no state or provincial committee or conventions. Now, thirty-three such committees, thirty-one of which hold state or provincial conventions, together with a large number of district and local conferences.

In 1870, Mr. R. C. Morse, a graduate of Yale College, and a minister of the Presbyterian Church, became the general secretary of the committee and continues such to-day. Of the missionary work of the committee the

most conspicuous has been that at the West and South. In 1868, the convention authorized the employment of a secretary for the West. This man, Robert Weidansall, a graduate of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, was found working in the shops of the Pacific Railroad Company at Omaha. He had intended entering the ministry, but his health failed him. To-day there

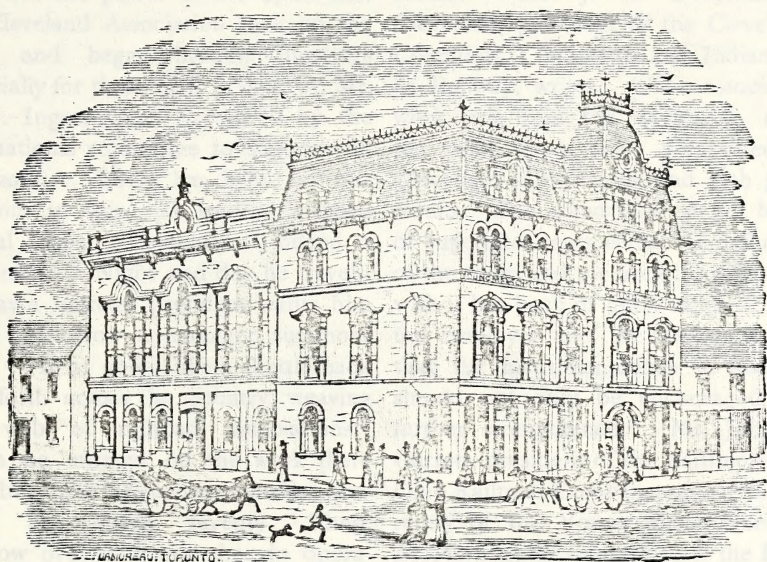


BUILDING OF Y. M. C. A. AT LYNN, MASS.

is no question as to his health — he has a superb physique, travels constantly, works extremely hard, and has been wonderfully successful. When he began there were thirty-nine associations in the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Kentucky, and Tennessee. There was only one secretary, and no building. Now there are nearly three hundred associations, spending more than one hundred and

ten thousand dollars; twenty general secretaries, and five buildings. Nine States are organized, and five employ state secretaries. The following words from a recent Kansas report sound strangely, almost like a joke, to one who remembers the peculiar influence of Missouri upon the infant Kansas: "Kansas owes much of her standing to-day to the fostering care and efforts of the Missouri state executive com-

not only harmony prevailed, but it seemed as though each were trying to prove to the other his intenser brotherly love. The cross truly conquered. No one who was present can ever forget those scenes, or cease to bless God for what I truly believe was the greatest step toward the uniting again of North and South. Mr. T. K. Cree has had charge of this work since the beginning. Not only has sectional spreading



BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. AT TORONTO, CANADA.

mittee." In 1870, two visitors were sent to the Southern States. There were then three associations only between Virginia and Texas. There are now one hundred and fifty-seven.

Previous to the Civil War the work was well under way, but had been almost entirely given up. Our visitors were not at once received as brethren, but Christian love did its work and gradually all differences were forgotten by these Christians in the wonderful tie which truly united them, and when, in 1877, the convention met at Richmond,

of associations been done by the committee, but, in the language of the report already quoted: "Special classes of young men, isolated in a measure from their fellows by virtue of occupation, training, or foreign birth, have from time to time so strongly appealed to the attention of the American associations as to elicit specific efforts in their behalf." Thus, in 1868, the first secretary of the committee was directed to devote his time to railroad employees. For one year he labored among them. The general call on his time then be-

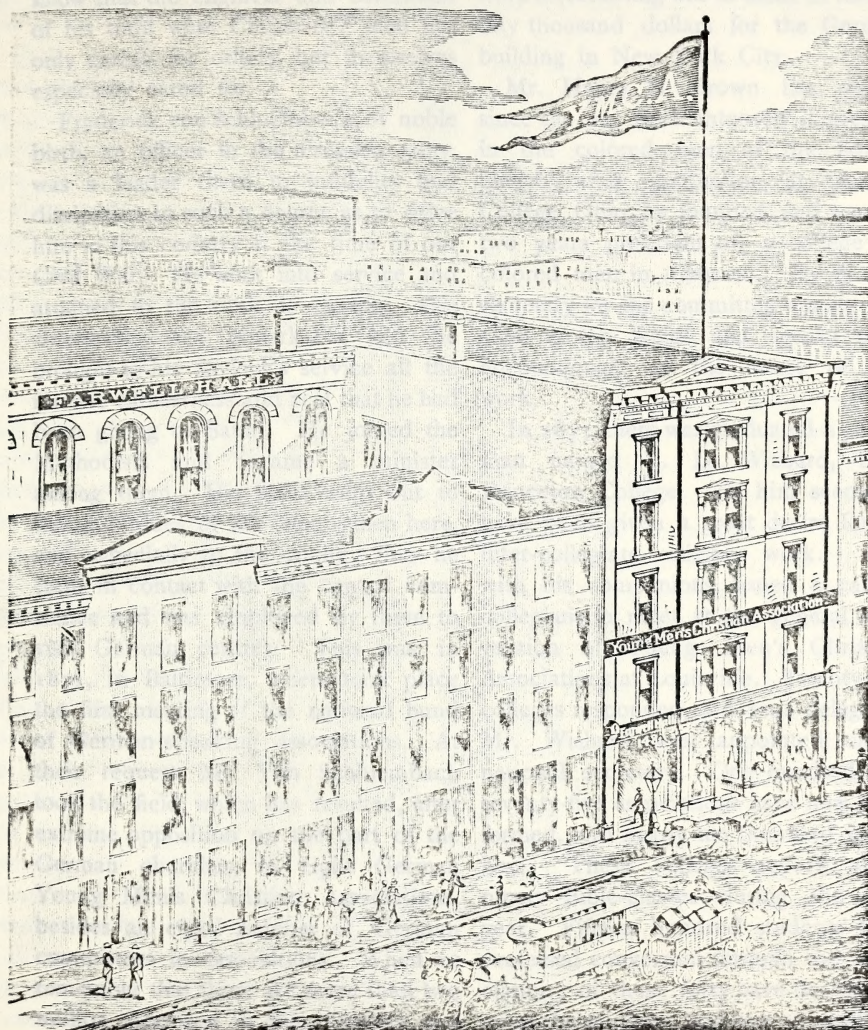
came so imperative that he was obliged to leave the railroad work. This work had been undertaken at St. Albans, Vermont, in 1854, and in Canada in 1855. The first really important step in this work was at Cleveland in 1872, when an employee of a railroad company, who had been a leader in every kind of dissipation, was converted. He immediately began to use his influence among his comrades, and such was the power of the Spirit that the Cleveland Association took up the work and began holding meetings especially for these men. In 1877, Mr. E. D. Ingersol was appointed by the international committee to superintend the work. There has been no rest for him in this. A leading railroad official says: "Ingersol is indeed a busy man. Night and day he travels. To-day a railroad president wants him here, to-morrow a manager summons him. He is going like a shuttle back and forth across the country, weaving the web of railroad associations." When he entered on the work there were but three railroad secretaries; now there are nearly seventy. There are now over sixty branches in operation; and the work is going on besides at twenty-five points; almost a hundred different places, therefore, where specific work is done for railroad men. They own seven buildings, valued at thirty-three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The expense of maintaining these reading-rooms is over eighty thousand dollars, and more than two thirds of this is paid by the corporations themselves; most of the secretaries are on the regular pay-rolls of the companies. How can this be done? Simply because the officers see such a return from this expenditure in the morals and efficiency of their men that

they have no doubt as to the propriety of the investment.

Mr. William Thaw, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Company, writes: "This work is wholly good, both for the men and the roads which they serve." Mr. C. Vanderbilt, first vice-president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, writes: "Few things about railroad affairs afford more satisfactory returns than these reading-rooms." Mr. J. H. Devereux, of Cleveland, president of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway, writes: "The association work has from the beginning (now ten years ago) been prosecuted at Cleveland satisfactorily and with good results. The conviction of the board of superintendents is that the influence of the room and the work in connection with it has been of great value to both the employer and the employed, and that the instrumentalities in question should not only be encouraged but further strengthened." Mr. John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, says: "A secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, for the service of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, was appointed in 1879, and I am gratified to be able to say that the officers under whose observation his efforts have been conducted informed me that this work has been fruitful of good results." Mr. Thomas Dickson, president of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, writes: "This company takes an active interest in the prosperity of the association, and will cheerfully co-operate in all proper methods for the extension of its usefulness." Mr. H. B. Ledyard, general manager of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, writes: "I have taken a deep interest in the work of

the Young Men's Christian Association among railroad men, and believe that, leaving out all other questions, it is a

tendent of another, and other officials, are serving on the railroad committee of the Young Men's Christian Associa-



BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. IN CHICAGO.

paying investment for a railroad company."

These are a few out of a great number of assurances from railroad men of the value of this organization. In Chicago, the president of one of the leading railroads, the general superin-

tion, and it is hoped that at every railway centre there may soon be an advisory committee of the work. Such a committee is now forming in Boston. This work should interest every individual, because it touches every one who ever journeys by train.

Speak as some men may, faithlessly, concerning religion, where is the man who would not feel safer should he know that the engineer and conductor of his train were Christians? men not only caring for others, but themselves especially cared for.

Frederick von Schluembach, of noble birth, an officer in the Prussian army, was a leader there in infidelity and dissipation to such a degree as to drive him to this country at the time of our Civil War. He went into service and attained to the rank of captain. His conversion was remarkable and he brought to his Saviour's service all the intense earnestness and zeal that he had been giving to Satan. He joined the Methodists and became a minister among them. His heart went out to the multitudes of his countrymen here, and especially to the young; thus he came in contact with the central committee and was employed by them to visit German centres. This was in 1871, in Baltimore, where took place the first meeting of the national bund of German-speaking associations. At their request Mr. Von Schluembach took the field, which has resulted, after extreme opposition on the part of the German churches, in eight German Young Men's Christian Associations, besides an equal number of German committees in associations. When we remember that there are more than two million Germans in this country, and that New York is the fourth German city in the world, we can scarcely overestimate the greatness of this work. Mr. Von Schluembach was obliged on account of ill health to go to Germany for a while, and, recovering, formed associations there. — the one in Berlin being especially powerful, some of "Cæsar's household" holding official

positions in it. He has now returned, and with Claus Olandt, Jr., is again at work among his countrymen. His first work on returning was to assist in raising fifty thousand dollars for the German building in New York City.

Mr. Henry E. Brown has always since the war been intensely interested in the colored men of the South. Shortly after graduation at Oberlin College, Ohio, he founded, and was for two years president of, a college for colored men in Alabama. He is now secretary for the committee among this class at the South, and speaks most encouragingly of the future of this work.

In 1877, there was graduated a young man named L. D. Wishard, from Princeton College. To him seems to have been given a great desire for an inter-collegiate religious work. He, with his companions, issued a call to collegians to meet at the general convention of Young Men's Christian Associations at Louisville. Twenty-two colleges responded and sent delegates. Mr. Wishard was appointed international secretary. One hundred and seventy-five associations have now been formed, with nearly ten thousand members. These colleges report about ninety Bible-classes during the past year. Fifteen hundred students have professed conversion through the association; of these forty have decided to enter the ministry, and two of these are going to the foreign fields.

The work is among the men most likely to occupy the highest position in the country, hence its importance is very great. Mr. Wishard is quite overtaxed and help has been given him at times, but he needs, and so also does the railroad work, an assistant secretary.

There is a class of men in our

community who are almost constantly traveling. Rarely at home, they go from city to city. The temptations to these men are peculiar and very great. In 1879, Mr. E. W. Watkins, himself one of this class of commercial travelers, was appointed secretary in their behalf. He has since visited all the principal associations, and has created an interest in these neglected men. Among the appliances which are productive of the most good is the traveler's ticket, which entitles him to all the privileges of membership in any place where an association may be. A second most valuable work is the hotel-visiting done by more than fifty associations each week. The hotel-registers are consulted on Saturday afternoon, and a personal note is sent to each young man, giving him the times of service at the several churches and inviting him to the rooms. Is it necessary to call the attention of business men to the importance to themselves of this work? Is it not patent? You cannot follow the young man whose honesty and clear-headedness is of such consequence to you. God has put it into the heart of this association to try and care for those men upon whom your success largely depends. Can you be blind to its value? Every individual man who employs commercial travelers should aid the work. But how is all this great work for young men carried on? It requires now thirty thousand dollars a year to do it. Of this sum New York pays more than one half, Pennsylvania about one sixth, and Massachusetts less than one fifteenth. But to do this work properly, — this work of the universal church of Christ for young men, — at least one third more, or forty thousand dollars a year, is needed. There is another need, however, much harder to meet — the

men to fill the places calling earnestly for general secretaries. There are nearly three hundred and fifty paid employees in the field, representing about two hundred associations. Since every association should have a secretary, and there are nearly, if not quite, nine hundred, the need will be clearly seen. This need it is, proposed to meet by training men in schools established for the purpose. Something of this has already been done in New York State and at Peoria, Illinois, and there must soon be a regular training-school established to accommodate from fifty to one hundred men.

This is a very meagre sketch of a great work. How inadequately it portrays it, none know so well as those who are immediately connected with it. Could you have been present at a dinner given a few months ago to the secretaries of the international committee, and heard each man describe his field and its needs; could you have seen the intensity with which each endeavored to make us feel what he himself realized, that his special field was the most important, — you would have come to our conclusion: that each field was all-important, and that each man was in his proper place, peculiarly fitted for it and assigned to it by the Master.

A prominent divine has lately said: "I believe the Young Men's Christian Association to be the greatest religious fact of the nineteenth century."

What has been effected by this fact? Thousands of young men in all parts of the world have been brought to Jesus Christ. It has been the training-school for Moody, Whittle, and hosts of laymen who are to-day proclaiming the simple Gospel. It has organized great evangelistic movements both here and

abroad. It formed the Christian Commission, which not only relieved the wants of the body during our war, but sent hundreds of Christ's missionaries to the hospitals and battle-fields. It has gloriously manifested the unity of Christ's true church. It stands to-day an organic body, instinct with one life, spreading its limbs through the world, active, alert, ready at any moment to respond to the call of the church, and

enables it to present an unbroken front to superstition and infidelity, which already rear their brazen heads against Christ and his church, and will soon be in open rebellion and actual warfare, and which Christ at his coming will forever destroy.

[NOTE. — Through the kindness of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York, we present to our readers the two portraits in this article. For the cuts of the buildings we are indebted to the Chicago Watchman, mention of which is made above. — R. S., JR.]

GEORGE FULLER.

BY SIDNEY DICKINSON.

THE death of George Fuller has removed a strong and original figure from the activity of American art, and added a weighty name to its history. To speak of him now, while his work is fresh in the public mind, is a labor of some peril; so easy is it, when the sense of loss is keen, to make mistakes in judgment, and to allow the friendly spirit to prevail over the judicial, in an estimation of him as a man and a painter. Yet he has gone in and out before us long enough to make a study of him profitable, and to give us, even now, some occasion for an opinion as to the place he is likely to occupy in the annals of our native art. Mr. Fuller held a peculiar position in American painting, and one which seems likely to remain hereafter unfilled. He followed no one, and had no followers; his art was the outgrowth of personal temperament and experience, rather than the result of teaching, and although he studied others, he was himself his only master. In other men whose names are prominent in our art, we seem to see the direction of an outside influence. Stuart and Copley con-

fessed to the teaching of the English school of their day — a school brilliant but formal, and holding close guiding-reins over its disciples; Benjamin West became denationalized, so far as his art was concerned; Allston showed the impression of England, Italy, and Flanders, all at once, in his refined and thoughtful style, and Hunt manifested in every stroke of his brilliant brush the learned and facile methods that are in vogue in the leading ateliers of modern Paris. In these men, and in the followers whom their preëminent ability drew after them, we perceive the dominant impulse to be of alien origin; Fuller alone, of all the great ones in our art, was in thought and action purely and simply American. The influence that led others into the error of imitation, seems to have been exerted unavailingly upon his self-reliant mind. We shall search vainly if we look elsewhere than within himself for the suggestions upon which his art was established. Superficial resemblances to other painters are sometimes to be noted in his works, but in governing principle and habit of thought he was serenely and grandly alone.

We must regard him thus if we would study him understandingly, and gain from our observation a correct estimate of his power. We think of our other painters as in the crowd, and amid the affairs of men, and detect in their art a certain uneasiness which the bustle about them necessarily caused. We perceive this most in Hunt, who was emphatically a man of the world, and in Stuart, who shows in some of his later work that his position as the court painter of America, while it aided his purse and reputation, harmed his repose; least in Allston, whose tastes were literary, whose love was in retirement, and who would have been a poet had not circumstances first placed a brush and palette in his hands. Allston, however, enjoyed popularity, and was courted by the best society of his time, and was not permitted, although he doubtless longed for it, to indulge to its full extent his chaste and dreamy fancy. It may be said without disrespect to his undoubted powers, that he would have been less esteemed in his own day if his art had not been largely conventional, and thus easily understood by those who had studied the accepted masters of painting. He lacked positive force of idea, as his works clearly show,—that quality which was among the most characteristic traits of Fuller's method, and made him at once the greatest genius, and the man most misunderstood, among contemporary American painters.

Although men who have not had "advantages" in life are naturally prone to regret their deprivation, they frequently owe their success to this seeming bar against opportunity. We have often seen illustrated in our art the fact that favorable circumstances do not necessarily insure success, and now from

the life of Fuller we gain the still more important truth, that power is never so well aroused as in the face of obstacles. Few men endured more for art than he; none have waited more uncomplainingly for a recognition that was sure to come by-and-by, or received with greater serenity the approbation which the dull world came at last to bestow. His history is most wholesome in its record of steadfast resting upon conviction, and teaches quite as strongly as his pictures do, the value of absorption in a lofty idea.

If the saying that those nations are the happiest that have no history is true of men, Mr. Fuller's life must be regarded as exceptionally fortunate. Considered by itself, it was quiet and uneventful, and had little to excite general interest; but when viewed in its relation to the practice of his art, it is found to be full of eloquent suggestions to all who, like him, have been appointed to win success through suffering. The narrative of his experience comprises two great periods—the preparation, which covered thirty-four years, and the achievement, to the enjoyment of which less than eight years were permitted. The first period is subdivided into two, of which one embraces eighteen years, from the time when, at the age of twenty, he entered upon the study of his art, to his retirement from the world to the exile of his Deerfield farm; the other including sixteen years of seclusion, until, at the age of fifty-four, he came forth again to proclaim a new revelation. The first part of his career may be dismissed without any extended consideration. Its record consists of an almost unrelieved account of struggle, indifferent success, and lack of appreciation and encouragement, in the cities of Boston

and New York. In Boston he appeared as the student, rather than the producer of works, and laid the foundation of his style in observation of the paintings of Stuart, Copley, Allston, and Alexander,—all excellent models upon which to base a practice, although destined to show little of their influence upon the pictures which he painted in the maturity of his power. It is not to be doubted, however, that all these men, and particularly Stuart, made an impression upon him which he was never afterward wholly able to conceal. We may see even in some of his latest works, under his own peculiar manner, suggestions of Stuart, particularly in portraits of women, which in pose and expression, and to a considerable degree in color, show much of that dignity and composure which so distinguish the female heads of our greatest portrait-painter. He always admired Stuart, and in his later years spoke much of him, with strong appreciation for his skill in describing character, and the refined taste which is such a marked feature of his best manner.

His work in Boston made no particular impression upon the public mind, and after five years' trial of it he removed to New York, where he joined that brilliant circle of painters and sculptors which, with its followers, has made one of the strongest impressions, if not the most valuable or permanent, upon the art of America. During his residence in that city he devoted himself almost exclusively to portrait-painting, in which he developed a manner more distinguished for conventional excellence than any particular individuality. It was remarked of him, however, that he was disposed, even at this time, to seek to present the thought

and disposition of his subjects more strongly than their merely physical features, and among his principal associates excited no little appreciative comment upon this tendency. In some of his portraits of women of that period, wherein he evidently attempted to present the superior fineness and sensibility of the feminine nature, this effort toward ideality is quite strongly indicated; they are painted with a more hesitating and lingering touch than his portraits of men, and with a certain seeming lack of confidence, which throws about them a thin fold of that veil of etherialism and mystery which so enwraps nearly all his pictures of the last eight years. This treatment, however, seems to have been at that time more the result of experiment than conviction; later in life he wrought its suggestions into a system, the principles of which we may study further on. His earlier work, as has been said, was chiefly confined to portrait-painting, although it is a significant fact that among his pictures of that time are two which show that the feeling for poetical and imaginative effort was working in him. At a comparatively early age he painted an impression of Coleridge's *Genevieve*, which showed marked evidence of power, and later, after seeing a picture of the school of Rubens, which was owned by one of his artist friends, produced a study which he afterward seems to have developed into his well-known *Boy and Bird*; a Cupid-like figure, holding a bird closely against its breast. These exercises, however, seem to have been, as it were, accidental, and had little or no effect in leading him to the practice in which he afterward became absorbed.

His life in New York, which was

interrupted only by three winter trips to the South, whither he went in the hope of securing some commissions for portraits, was an uneventful experience of very modest pecuniary success, and brought him as the only official honor of his life an election as associate of the National Academy of Design. He then went to Europe, where, for eight months, he carefully studied the old masters in the principal galleries of England and the Continent. This visit to the Old World was of incalculable value to him in the method of painting which he afterward made his own, and, in point of fact, gave him his first decided inclination toward it. Its best influence, however, was in giving him confidence in himself, and assurance of the reasonableness of the views which he had already begun to entertain. He had been led before to regard the old masters as superior to rivalry and incapable of weakness, superhuman characters, indeed, whose works should discourage effort. Instead of this, however, he found them to be men like himself, with their share of defect and error, yet made grand by inspiration and idea, and this knowledge greatly encouraged him, a man who of all painters was at once the most modest and devoted. Most painters who resort to Europe to study the old art find there one or two men whose works make the strongest appeals to their liking, and, devoting their attention chiefly to these, they show ever after the marks of an influence that is easily traced to its source; Fuller, however, observed with broader and more penetrating view, and, as his works show, seems to have studied men less than principles, and to have been filled with admiration, not so much for particular practices as for the common and

lofty spirit in which the greatest of the world's painters labored. The colorists and chiaroscurists, such as Titian on the one hand and Rembrandt on the other, seem to have impressed him particularly, and of all men Titian the most strongly, as many of his pictures testify, and as such glowing works as the *Arethusa* and the *Boy and Bird* unmistakably show. Yet it was not in matter or in manner, but in the expression of a great truth, that the old masters most strongly affected him. He felt at once, and grew to admire greatly, their repose and modesty, calm strength and undisturbed temper, and drew from them the important principle that true genius may be known by its confessing neither pride nor self-distrust. The serenity of their style he sought at once to appropriate, and thereafter worked as much as possible in imitation of their evident purpose, striving simply to do his best, without any question of whether the result would please, or another's effort be reckoned as greater than his own. It became a governing principle with him never to seek to outdo any one, or to feel anything but pleasure at another's success, for he was not a man who could fail to recognize the truth that envy is fatal to a fine mood in any labor. Few artists, we may well believe, study the great art of the world in this spirit, or derive from it such a lesson.

On his return to America, he betook himself to his native town of Deerfield, to assume for a time the care of the ancestral farm, which the death of his father had placed in his hands. He had returned from Europe full of inspired ideas, and was apparently ready to go on at once in new paths of labor; but the voice of duty seemed to him to

call him away from his chosen life, and he obeyed its summons without hesitation. Moreover, he loved the country and the family homestead, and may have perceived, also, that the condition of art in Boston and New York was not such as to encourage an original purpose, and that, if he was ever to gain success, he must develop himself in quiet, and aloof from the distracting influences of other methods and men. It is easy to perceive, with the complete record of his life before us, that this experience of labor and thought upon the Deerfield farm, although at first sight forming an hiatus in his career, was really its most pregnant period, and that without it the Fuller who is now so much admired might have been lost to us, and the spirit that appears in his later works never have been awakened. It is, indeed, a spirit that can find no congenial dwelling-place in towns, but makes its home in the fields and on the hillsides, to which the poet-painter, depressed but not cast down by his experience of life, repaired to work and dream. For sixteen years, in the midst of the fairest pastoral valley of New England, he lived in the contemplation of the ideas that had passed across his mind in the quiet of European galleries, and now became more definite impressions. The secret of those years, with their deep, slow current of refined and melancholy thought, is now sealed with him in eternal sleep; but from the works that remain to us as the matured fruits of his life, we may gain some hint of his experiences. It is not to be questioned that he drew from the New-England soil that he tilled, and the air that he breathed, an inspiration which never failed him. The flavor of the quiet valley fills all his canvases. We see in

them the spaciousness of its meadows, the inviting slope of its low hills, the calm grandeur of its encircling mountains, the mysterious gloom and wholesome brightness of its changing skies, the atmosphere of history and romance which is its breath and life. Song and story have found many incidents for treatment in this locality. Not far from the farm where Fuller's daily work was done, the tragedy of Bloody Brook was enacted; the fields which he tilled have their legend of Indian ambuscade and massacre; the soil is sown, as with dragon's teeth, with the arrow-heads and battle-axes of many bitter conflicts; even to the ancient house where, in recent years, the painter's summer easel was set up, a former owner was brought home with the red man's bullet in his breast. The menace of midnight attack seems even now to the wanderer in the darkness to burden the air of these mournful meadows, and tradition shows that here were felt the ripples of that tide of superstitious frenzy which flowed from Salem through all the early colonies. No place could have furnished more potent suggestions to the art-idealist than this, and although it did not lead him to paint its tragic history (for no man had less liking for violence and passion than he), it impressed him deeply with its concurrent records of endurance and devotion. Nor did it invite him, as it might have done in the case of a weaker man, into mere description, but having aroused his thought, it submitted itself wholly to the treatment of his strong and original genius. He approached his task with a broad and comprehensive vision, and a loving and inquiring soul. He was not satisfied with the revelation of his eyes alone, but sought earnestly for the secret of

nature's life, and of its influence upon the sensitive mind of man. He perceived the truth that nature without man is naught, even as there is no color without light, and strove earnestly to show in his art the relations that they sustain to each other. He saw, also, that the material in each is nothing without the spirit which they share in common, and thus he painted not places, but the influence of places, even as he painted not persons merely, but their natures and minds. It is for this reason that, although we see in all his pictures where landscape finds a place the meadows, trees, and skies of Deerfield, we also see much more,—the general and unlocated spirit of New-England scenery.

This is the true impressionism—a system to which Fuller was always constant in later life, and which he developed grandly. He was, however, as far removed as possible from that cheap, shallow, and idealess school of French painters whose wrongful appropriation of the name "Impressionist" has prejudiced us against the principle that it involves. The inherent difference between them and Fuller lies in this—he exercised a choice, and thought the beautiful alone to be worthy of description, while they selected nothing, but painted indiscriminately all things, with whatever preference they indicated lying in the direction of the strong and ugly, as being most imperative in its demands for attention. Fuller's subjects were always sweet and noble, and it followed as a matter of course that his treatment of them was refined and strong. His idea was also broad; he sought for the typical in nature and life, and grew inevitably into a continually widening and more comprehensive style. He taught himself to lose the sense of detail, and

to strike at once to the centre, presenting the vital idea with decision, and departing from it with increasing vagueness of treatment, until the whole area of his work was filled with a harmonious and carefully graduated sense of suggestion. He arrived at his method by an original way of studying the natural world. He did not, as most artists do, take his paint-box and easel and devote himself to description, and from his studies work out the finished picture. Instead, he disencumbered himself of all materials for making memoranda, and merely stood before the scene that impressed him, looking upon it for hours at a time. Then he betook himself to his studio, and there worked from the impression that his mind had formed under the guiding-hand of his fancy, the result being that nature and human thought appeared together upon the canvas, giving a double grace and power. The process was subtle, and not to be described clearly even by the painter himself, who found his work so largely a matter of inspiration that he was never able to make copies of his pictures. They grew out of his consciousness in a strange way whose secret he could not grasp; to the end of his life he was an inquirer, always hesitating, and never confident in anything except that art was truth, and that he who followed it must walk in modesty and humbleness of spirit before the greatness of its mystery. A man of ideas and sentiment, remote from the clamor of schools and the complaints of critics, with recollections of the grandest art of the world in his mind, and beautiful aspects of nature continually before his eyes, he could hardly fail to work out a style of marked originality. The effort, however, was slow; one does not erase on the instant the impressions that

eighteen years of study and practice have made, and Fuller found his life at Deerfield none too long to rid him of his respect for formulas.

His experience there was a continuous round of study. He completed little, although he painted much, inexorably blotting out, no matter after what expenditure of labor, the work that failed to respond to his idea, and striving constantly to be simple, straightforward, and impressive, without being rapid, arrogant, or dogmatic. He possessed in large measure that rarest of gifts to genius—modesty—and approached the secrets of nature and life more tremblingly as he passed from their outer to their inner circles. It was a necessity of his peculiar feeling and manner of study that he should develop a lingering, hesitating, half-uncertain style of painting, which, however variously it may be viewed by different minds, is undoubtedly of the utmost effectiveness in describing the principles, rather than the facts, of nature and life. This way of presenting his idea, which some call a “mannerism,”—a term that has wrongly come to have a suggestion of contempt attached to it,—was with him a principle, and employed by him as the one in which he could best express truth. Art may justly claim great latitude in this endeavor, and schools and systems arrogate too much when they seek to define its limitations. Absolute truth to nature is impossible in art, which is constrained to lie to the eye in order to satisfy the mind, and continually transposes the harmonies of earth and sky into the minor key. Fuller offended the senses often, but he touched that nerve-centre in the heart, without which impressions are not truly recognized. He won liking, rather than

startled men into it, and his art, instead of approaching, retired and beckoned. His figures never “came out of the frame at you,” as is the common expression of admiration nowadays. He put everything at a distance, made it reposeful, and drew about figure and landscape an atmosphere which not only made them beautiful, but established a strange and reciprocal mood of sentiment between them. He alone of all American painters filled the whole of his canvas with air; others place a barrier to atmosphere in their middle distance, and it comes no farther, but he brought it over to the nearest inch of foreground. This treatment, while it aided the quietness and restful mystery of his pictures, also strengthened his constant effort to avoid marked contrasts. He sought always a general impression, and ruthlessly sacrificed everything that called attention to itself at the expense of the whole. Yet he was not a man of swift insight in comprehensive matters, nor one who could be called clever. Weighty in thought as in figure, he moved slowly and in long waves, and although of marked quickness in intuition, he seemed to distrust this quality in himself until he had proved it by reason. He received his motive as by a spark quicker than the lightning’s, and when he began a work saw its intention clearly, although its form and details were wholly obscured. Out of a mist of darkness he saw a face shine dimly with some light of joy or sorrow that was in it, and at the moment caught its suggestion upon the waiting canvas. Then came inquiry, explanation, reasoning, the exercise of a manly and poetic sensibility, and endless experiment with lines and forms, of which the greater part were meaningless, until by

unwearied searching, and constant trial and correction, the complete idea was expressed at last.

When a painter produces works in this strange fashion, an involved and confused manner of technical treatment becomes inevitable. The schools, which glorify manual skill and the swift and exhilarating production of effects, cannot appreciate it, for all their teaching is opposed to the principle that makes technique subordinate to idea, and they cannot look with favor upon a man who boldly reverses everything. The perfect art undoubtedly rests upon a combination of sublime thought and entire command of resources, but while we wait for this we shall not make mistake if we consider the effective, even if unlicensed, expression of idea superior to a facility that has become cheap from hundreds mastering it yearly. We cannot close our eyes to Fuller's technical faults and weaknesses, but his pictures would undeniably be a less precious heritage to American art than they now are, if he had not been great enough to perceive that academic skill becomes weak by just so much as it is magnified, and is strong only when viewed in its just relation, as the means to an end. We perplex and confuse ourselves in studying his work, and are naturally a little irritated that he keeps his secret of power so well; yet we cannot help feeling that his style is wonderfully adapted to the end in view, and perhaps the only appropriate medium for the expression of a habit of thought that is as peculiar as itself. Schools will insist, and with reason, upon working by rule; yet in art, as in other discipline of teaching, genius does not develop itself until it escapes from its instructors.

Mr. Fuller's life was constantly swayed

by circumstances, and through it all he was impelled to steps which he might never have taken of his own accord.

He was drawn by influences that he could not control into his fruitful course of study and experience at Deerfield, where his farm gave him support, and permitted him to indulge in an unembarrassed practice of his art; then, when his time was ripe, he was driven by the sharp lash of financial embarrassment into the world again. Eight years ago he reappeared in Boston, with about a dozen paintings of landscapes, ideal heads, and small figures, which were exhibited and promptly sold amid every expression of interest and favor. Confirmed and strengthened in his belief by this success, he again established his studio here, and began that series of remarkable works which have given him a place among the greatest of American painters. The touch of popular favor quickened him into a lofty and quiet enthusiasm, and stimulated both his imagination and his descriptive powers. During all his experience at Deerfield a certain lack of self-confidence seems to have prevented him from making any large endeavor, but with his convictions endorsed by the public, he attempted at once to labor on a more ambitious scale. He broadened his canvases, and increased the size of his figures and landscapes, and where he was before sweet and inviting, became strong and impressive, yet still holding all his former qualities. The first year of his new residence in Boston saw the production of *The Dandelion Girl*, a light-hearted, careless creature, full of a life that had no touch of responsibility, and descriptive of a joyous and ephemeral mood. A long step forward was taken in *The Romany Girl*, which immediately fol-

lowed,—a work full of fire and freedom, strongly personal in suggestion, and marked by a wild and impatient individuality which revealed in the girl the impression of a lawless ancestry, that somehow and somewhere had felt the action of a finer strain of blood. The next year Fuller reached the highest point of his inspiration and power in *The Quadroon*, a work which is likely to be held for all time as his masterpiece, so far as strength of idea, importance of motive, and vivid force of description are concerned. Without violence, even without expression of action, but simply by a pair of haunting eyes, a beautiful, despairing face, and a form confessing utter weariness and abandonment of hope, he revealed all the national shame of slavery, and its degradation of body and soul. Every American cannot but blush to look upon it, so simple and dignified is its rebuke of the nation's long perversity and guilt. The artist's next important effort was the famous *Winifred Dysart*, as far removed in purpose from *The Quadroon* as it could well be, yet akin to it by its added testimony to the painter's constant sympathy with weak and beseeching things, and worthy to stand at an equal height with the picture of the slave by virtue of its beauty of conception, loveliness of character, and pathetic appeal to the interest. It was in all respects as typical and comprehensive as *The Quadroon* itself, holding within its face and figure all the sweetness and innocence of New-England girlhood, yet with the shadow of an uncongenial experience brooding over it, and perhaps of inherited weakness and early death. And the wonder of it all was that the girl had no sign about herself of longing or discontent; she was not of a nature to

anticipate or dream, and the spectator's interest was intensified at seeing in her and before her what she herself did not perceive. That art can give such power of suggestion to its creations is a marvel and a delight.

Following these two works—and at some distance, although near enough to confirm and even increase the painter's fame—came the *Priscilla*, *Evening*; *Lorette*, *Nydia*, *Boy and Bird*, *Hannah*, *Psyche*, and others, ending this year with the *Arethusa*, whose glowing and chastened loveliness makes it his strongest purely artistic work, and confirms the technical value of his method as completely as *The Quadroon* and *Winifred Dysart* do his habit of thought. He painted innumerable landscapes, portraits, and ideal heads, and in figure compositions produced, among others, two works of great and permanent value, the *And She Was a Witch*, and *The Gatherer of Simples*, to whose absorbing interest all who have studied them closely will confess. The latter, particularly, is of importance as showing how carefully Fuller studied into the secret of expression, and of nature's sympathy with human moods. This poor, worn, sad, old face, in which beauty and hope shone once, and where resignation and memory now dwell; this trembling figure, to whose decrepitude the bending staff confesses as she totters *down* the hill; the gathering gloom of the sky, in which one ray of promise for a bright to-morrow shines from the setting sun; the mute witnessing of the trees upon the hill, which have seen her pass and repass from joyful youth to lonely age, and even her eager grasp upon the poor treasure of herbs that she bears,—all these items of the scene impress

one with a sympathy whose keenness is even bitter, and excite a deep respect and love for the man who could paint with so much simplicity and power. It is not strange that when the news of his death became known, many who had never seen him, but had studied the pictures in his latest exhibition, should have come, with tears in their eyes, to the studios which neighbored his, to learn something of his history.

Such works are not struck out in a heat, but grow and develop like human lives, and it will not surprise many to know that most of them were labored on for years. With Fuller, a picture was never completed. His idea was constantly in advance of his work, and persisted in new suggestions, so that the Winifred Dysart was two years in the painting, the Arethusa five, and The Gatherer of Simples and the Witch, after an even longer course of labor, were held by him at his death as not yet satisfactory. The figures in the two works last mentioned have suffered almost no change since first put upon the canvas, but they have from time to time appeared in at least a dozen different landscapes, and would doubtless have been placed in as many more before he had satisfied his fastidious and exacting taste.

The artist found as much difficulty in naming his pictures when they were done as he did in painting them. It is a prevalent, but quite erroneous, impression that his habit was to select a subject from some literary work, and then attempt to paint it in the light of the author's ideas. His practice exactly reversed this method: he painted his picture first, and then tried to evolve or find a name that would fit it. The name Winifred Dysart, which is without literary origin or meaning, and

yet in some strange way seems the only proper title for the work to which it is attached, came out of the artist's own mind. His Priscilla was started as an Elsie Venner, but he found it impossible to work upon the lines another had laid down without too much cramping his own fancy; when half done he thought of calling it Lady Wentworth, and at last gave it its present name by chance of having taken up The Blithedale Romance, and noting with pleased surprise how closely Hawthorne's account of his heroine fitted his own creation. The Nydia was started with the idea of presenting the helplessness of blindness, with a hint of the exaltation of the other senses that is consequent upon the loss of sight, and showed at first merely a girl groping along a wall in search of a door; and the Arethusa was the outgrowth of a general inspiration caused by a reading of Spenser's Faërie Queen, and did not receive its present very appropriate name until its exhibition made some designation necessary.

I have devoted this study on of Mr. Fuller to his quality as an artist rather than to his character as a man, but shall have written in vain if some hint has not been given of the loveliness of his disposition, the modesty of his spirit, the chaste force of his mind. A man inevitably paints as he himself is, and shows his nature in his works: Fuller's pictures are founded upon purity of thought, and painted with dignity and single-heartedness, and the grace of his life dwells in them.

[GEORGE FULLER was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1822. He was descended from old Puritan stock, and his ancestors were among the early

settlers of the Connecticut River valley. He inherited a taste for art, as an uncle and several other relatives of the previous generation were painters, although none of them attained any particular reputation. He began painting by himself at the age of about sixteen years, and at the age of twenty entered the studio of Henry K. Brown, of Albany, New York, where he received his first and only direct instruction. His work, until the age of about forty years, was almost entirely devoted to portraits; but he is best known, and will be longest remembered, for his ideal work in figure and

landscape painting, which he entered upon about 1860, but did not make his distinctive field until 1876. From the latter date, to the time of his death, he painted many important works, and was pecuniarily successful. He received probably the largest prices ever paid to an American artist for single figures: \$3,000 for the Winifred Dysart, and \$4,000 each for the Priscilla and Evening; Lorette. He died in Boston on the twenty-first of March, 1884, leaving a widow, four sons, and a daughter. During May, a memorial exhibition of his works was held at the Museum of Fine Arts.—EDITOR.]

THE LOYALISTS OF LANCASTER.

BY HENRY S. NOURSE.

THE outburst of patriotic rebellion in 1775 throughout Massachusetts was so universal, and the controversy so hot with the wrath of a people politically wronged, as well as embittered by the hereditary rage of puritanism against prelacy, that the term *tory* comes down to us in history loaded with a weight of opprobrium not legitimately its own. After the lapse of a hundred years the word is perhaps no longer synonymous with everything traitorous and vile, but when it is desirable to suggest possible respectability and moral rectitude in any member of the conservative party of Revolutionary days, it must be done under the less historically disgraced title,—loyalist. In fact, then, as always, two parties stood contending for principles to which honest convictions made adherents. If among the conservatives were timid office-holders and corrupt self-seekers, there were also of the Revolutionary party blatant demagogues

and bigoted partisans. The logic of success, though a success made possible at last only by exterior aid, justified the appeal to arms begun in Massachusetts before revolt was prepared or thought imminent elsewhere. Now, to the careful student of the situation, it seems among the most premature and rash of all the rebellions in history. But for the precipitancy of the uprising, and the patriotic frenzy that fired the public heart at news of the first bloodshed, many ripe scholars, many soldiers of experience, might have been saved to aid and honor the republic, instead of being driven into ignominious exile by fear of mob violence and imprisonment, and scourged through the century as enemies of their country. In and about Lancaster, then the largest town in Worcester County, the royalist party was an eminently respectable minority. At first, indeed, not only those naturally

conservative by reason of wealth, or pride of birthright, but nearly all the intellectual leaders, both ecclesiastic and civilian, deprecated revolt as downright suicide. They denounced the Stamp Act as earnestly, they loved their country in which their all was at stake as sincerely, as did their radical neighbors. Some of them, after the bloody nineteenth of April, acquiesced with such grace as they could in what they now saw to be inevitable, and tempered with prudent counsel the blind zeal of partisanship: thus ably serving their country in her need. Others would have awaited the issue of events as neutrals; but such the committees of safety, or a mob, not unnaturally treated as enemies.

On the highest rounds of the social ladder stood the great-grandsons of Major Simon Willard, the Puritan commander in the war of 1675. These three gentlemen had large possessions in land, were widely known throughout the Province, and were held in deserved esteem for their probity and ability. They were all royalists at heart, and all connected by marriage with royalist families. Abijah Willard, the eldest, had just passed his fiftieth year. He had won a captaincy before Louisburg when but twenty-one, and was promoted to a colonelcy in active service against the French; was a thorough soldier, a gentleman of stately presence and dignified manners, and a skilful manager of affairs. For his first wife, he married Elizabeth, sister of Colonel William Prescott; for his second, Mrs. Anna Prentice, but had recently married a third partner, Mrs. Mary McKown, of Boston. He was the wealthiest citizen of Lancaster, kept six horses in his stables, and dispensed liberal hospitality in the mansion inherited from his father Colonel Samuel Willard. By

accepting the appointment of councillor in 1774, he became at once obnoxious to the dominant party, and in August, when visiting Connecticut on business connected with his large landed interests there, he was arrested by the citizens of the town of Union, and a mob of five hundred persons accompanied him over the state line intending to convey him to the nearest jail. Whether their wrath became somewhat cooled by the colonel's bearing, or by a six-mile march, they released him upon his signing a paper dictated to him, of which the following is a copy, printed at the time in the Boston Gazette:—

STURBRIDGE, August 25, 1774.

Whereas I Abijah Willard, of Lancaster, have been appointed by mandamus Counselor for this province, and have without due Consideration taken the Oath, do now freely and solemnly and in good faith promise and engage that I will not set or act in said Council, nor in any other that shall be appointed in such manner and form, but that I will, as much as in me lies, maintain the Charter Rights and Liberties of the Province, and do hereby ask forgiveness of all the honest, worthy Gentlemen that I have offended by taking the abovesaid Oath, and desire this may be inserted in the public Prints. Witness my Hand

ABIJAH WILLARD.

From that time forward Colonel Willard lived quietly at home until the nineteenth of April, 1775; when, setting out in the morning on horseback to visit his farm in Beverly, where he had planned to spend some days in superintending the planting, he was turned from his course by the swarming out of minute-men at the summons of the couriers bringing the alarm from Lexington, and we next find him with the British in Boston. He never saw Lancaster again. It is related that, on the

morning of the seventeenth of June, standing with Governor Gage, in Boston, reconnoitring the busy scene upon Bunker's Hill, he recognized with the glass his brother-in-law Colonel William Prescott, and pointed him out to the governor, who asked if he would fight. The answer was: "Prescott will fight you to the gates of hell!" or, as another historian more mildly puts it: "Ay, to the last drop of his blood." Colonel Willard knew whereof he testified, for the two colonels had earned their commissions together in the expeditions against Canada. An officer of so well-known skill and experience as Abijah Willard was deemed a valuable acquisition, and he was offered a colonel's commission in the British army, but refused to serve against his countrymen, and at the evacuation of Boston went to Halifax, having been joined by his own and his brother's family. In 1778, he was proscribed and banished. Later in the war he joined the royal army, at Long Island, and was appointed commissary; in which service it was afterwards claimed by his friends that his management saved the crown thousands of pounds. A malicious pamphleteer of the day, however, accused him of being no better than others, and alleging that whatever saving he effected went to swell his own coffers. Willard's name stands prominent among the "Fifty-five" who, in 1783, asked for large grants of land in Nova Scotia as compensation for their losses by the war. He chose a residence on the coast of New Brunswick, which he named *Lancaster* in remembrance of his beloved birthplace, and there died in May, 1789, having been for several years an influential member of the provincial council. His family returned to Lancaster, recovered the old

homestead, and, aided by a small pension from the British government, lived in comparative prosperity. The son Samuel died on January 1, 1856, aged ninety-six years and four months. His widowed sister, Mrs. Anna Goodhue, died on August 2, 1858, at the age of ninety-five. Memories of their wholly pleasant and beneficent lives, abounding in social amenities and Christian graces, still linger about the old mansion.

Levi Willard was three years the junior of Abijah. He had been collector of excise for the county, held the military rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was justice of the peace. With his brother-in-law Captain Samuel Ward he conducted the largest mercantile establishment in Worcester County at that date. He had even made the voyage to England to purchase goods. Although not so wealthy as his brother, he might have rivaled him in any field of success but for his broken health; and he was as widely esteemed for his character and capacity. At the outbreak of hostilities he was too ill to take active part on either side, but his sympathies were with his loyalist kindred. He died on July 11, 1775. His partner in business, Captain Samuel Ward, cast his lot with the patriot party, but his son, Levi Willard, Jr., graduated at Harvard College in 1775, joined his uncle Abijah, and went to England and there remained until 1785, when he returned and died five years later.

Abel Willard, though equally graced by nature with the physical gifts that distinguished his brothers, unlike them chose the arts of peace rather than those of war. He was born at Lancaster on January 12, 1731-2, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1752, ranking third in the class. His wife was Eliza-

beth Rogers, daughter of the loyalist minister of Littleton. His name was affixed to the address to Governor Gage, June 21, 1774, and he was forced to sign, with the other justices, a recantation of the aspersions cast upon the people in that address. He has the distinction of being recorded by the leading statesman of the Revolution—John Adams—as his personal friend. So popular was Abel Willard and so well known his character as a peacemaker and well-wisher to his country, that he might have remained unmolested and respected among his neighbors in spite of his royalist opinions; but, whether led by family ties or natural timidity, he sought refuge in Boston, and quick-coming events made it impossible for him to return. At the departure of the British forces for Halifax, he accompanied them. A letter from Edmund Quincy to his daughter Mrs. Hancock, dated Lancaster, March 26, 1776, contains a reference to him: . . . "Im sorry for poor Mrs Abel Willard your Sisters near neighbour & Friend. Shes gone we hear with her husband and Bro and sons to Nova Scotia P'haps in such a situation and under such circumstances of Offense respecting their Wors^t Neighbours as never to be in a political capacity of returning to their Houses unless wth power & inimical views wth God forbid should ever be ye Case."

In 1778, the act of proscription and banishment included Abel Willard's name. His health gave way under accumulated trouble, and he died in England in 1781.

The estates of Abijah and Abel Willard were confiscated. In the Massachusetts Archives (cliv, 10) is preserved the anxious inquiry of the town authorities respecting the proper disposal of the wealth they abandoned.

To the Honourable Provincial Congress now holden at Watertown in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay.

We the subscribers do request and desire that you would be pleased to direct or Inform this proviance in General or the town of Lancaster in Partickeler what is best to be done with the Estates of those men which are Gone from their Estates to General Gage and to whose use they shall Improve them whether for the proviance or the town where s^d Estate is.

EBENEZER ALLEN,
CYRUS FAIRBANK,
SAML THURSTON,

The Selectmen of Lancaster.

Lancaster June 7 day 1775.

The Provincial Congress placed the property in question in the hands of the selectmen and Committee of Safety to improve, and instructed them to report to future legislatures. Finally, Cyrus Fairbank is found acting as the local agent for confiscated estates of royalists in Lancaster, and his annual statements are among the archives of the State. His accounts embrace the estates of "Abijah Willard, Esq., Abel Willard, Esq., Solomon Houghton, Yeoman, and Joseph Moore Gent." The final settlement of Abel Willard's estate, October 26, 1785, netted his creditors but ten shillings, eleven pence to the pound. The claimants and improvers probably swallowed even the larger estate of Abijah Willard, leaving nothing to the Commonwealth.

Katherine, the wife of Levi Willard, was the sister, and Dorothy, wife of Captain Samuel Ward, the daughter, of Judge John Chandler, "the honest Refugee." These estimable and accomplished ladies lived but a stone's throw apart, and after the death of Levi Willard there came to reside with them an elder brother of Mrs. Ward, one of the most notable personages in Lancaster during the Revolution. Clark Chandler was a dapper little bachelor

about thirty-two years of age, eccentric in person, habits, and dress. Among other oddities of apparel, he was partial to bright red small-clothes. His tory principles and singularities called down upon him the jibes of the patriots among whom his lot was temporarily cast, but his ready tongue and caustic wit were sufficient weapons of defence. In 1774, as town clerk of Worcester, he recorded a protest of forty-three royalist citizens against the resolutions of the patriotic majority. This record he was compelled in open town meeting to deface, and when he failed to render it sufficiently illegible with the pen, his tormentors dipped his fingers into the ink and used them to perfect the obliteration. He fled to Halifax, but after a few months returned, and was thrown into Worcester jail. The reply to his petition for release is in Massachusetts Archives (clxiv, 205).

Colony of the Massachusetts Bay. By the Major part of the Council of said Colony. Whereas Clark Chandler of Worcester has been Confined in the Common Prison at Worcester for holding Correspondence with the enemies of this Country and the said Clark having humbly petitioned for an enlargement and it having been made to appear that his health is greatly impaired & that the Publick will not be endangered by his having some enlargement, and Samuel Ward, John Sprague, & Ezekiel Hull having Given Bond to the Colony Treasurer in the penal sum of one thousand Pounds, for the said Clarks faithful performance of the order of Council for his said enlargement, the said Clark is hereby permitted to go to Lancaster when his health will permit, and there to continue and not go out of the Limits of that Town, he in all Respects Conforming himself to the Condition in said Bond contained, and the Sheriff of said County of Worcester and all others are hereby Directed to permit the said Clark to pass

unmolested so long as he shall conform himself to the obligations aforementioned. Given under our Hands at ye Council Chambers in Watertown the 15 Day of Dec. Anno Domini 1775.

By their Honors Command,

James Prescott	Wm Severs
Cha Channey	B. Greenleaf
M. Farley	W. Spooner
Moses Gill	Caleb Cushing
J. Palmer	J. Winthrop
Eldad Taylor	John Whitcomb
B. White	Jed ^a Foster
	B. Lincoln
	Perez Morton
	Dpt Secy.

The air of Lancaster, which proved so salubrious to the pensioners of the British government before named, grew oppressive to this tory bachelor, as we find by a lengthy petition in Massachusetts Archives (clxxiii, 546), wherein he begs for a wider range, and especially for leave to go to the sea-shore. A medical certificate accompanies it.

LANCASTER, Oct. 25. 1777.

This is to inform whom it may Concern that Mr. Clark Chandler now residing in this Town is in such a Peculiar Bodily Indisposition as in my opinion renders it necessary for him to take a short Trip to the Salt Water in order to assist in recovering his Health.

JOSIAH WILDER Phn.

He was allowed to visit Boston, and to wander at will within the bounds of Worcester County. He returned to Worcester, and there died in 1804.

Joseph Wilder, Jr., colonel, and judge of the court of common pleas of Worcester County, — as his father had been before him, — was prominent among the signers of the address to General Gage. He apologized for this indiscretion, and seems to have received no further attention from the Committee of Safety. In the extent of his posses-

sions he rivaled Abijah Willard, having increased a generous inheritance by the profits of very extensive manufacture and export of pearlash and potash: an industry which he and his brother Caleb were the first to introduce into America. He was now nearly seventy years of age, and died in the second year of the war.

Joseph House, at the evacuation of Boston, went with the army to Halifax. He was a householder, but possessed no considerable estate in Lancaster. In 1778, his name appears among the proscribed and banished.

The Lancaster committee of correspondence, July 17, 1775, published Nahum Houghton as "an unwearied pedlar of that baneful herb tea," and warned all patriots "to entirely shun his company and have no manner of dealings or connections with him except acts of common humanity." A special town meeting was called on June 30, 1777, chiefly "to act on a Resolve of the General Assembly Respecting and Securing this and the other United States against the Danger to which they are Exposed by the Internal Enemies Thereof, and to Elect some proper person to Collect such evidence against such Persons as shall be demed by authority as Dangerous persons to this and the other United States of America." At this meeting Colonel Asa Whitcomb was chosen to collect evidence against suspected loyalists, and Moses Gerrish, Daniel Allen, Ezra Houghton, Joseph Moor, and Solomon Houghton, were voted "as Dangerous Persons and Internal Enemies to this State." On September 12 of the same year, apparently upon a report from Colonel Asa Whitcomb, it was voted that Thomas Grant, James Carter, and the Reverend Timothy Harrington, "Stand on the

Black List." It was also ordered that the selectmen "Return a List of these Dangerous Persons to the Clerk, and he to the Justice of the Quorum as soon as may be." This action of the extremists seems to have aroused the more conservative citizens, and another meeting was called, on September 23, for the purpose of reconsidering this ill-advised and arbitrary proscription, at which meeting the clerk was instructed not to return the names of James Carter and the Reverend Timothy Harrington before the regular town meeting in November.

Thomas Grant was an old soldier, having served in the French and Indian War, and, if a loyalist, probably condoned the offence by enlisting in the patriot army; his name is on the muster-roll of the Rhode Island expedition in 1777, and in 1781 he was mustered into the service for three years. He was about fifty years of age, and a poor man, for the town paid bills presented "for providing for Tom Grant's Family."

Moses Gerrish was graduated at Harvard College in 1762, and reputed a man of considerable ability. Enoch Gerrish, perhaps a brother of Moses, was a farmer in Lancaster who left his home, was arrested and imprisoned in York County, and thence removed for trial to Worcester by order of the council, May 29, 1778. The following letter uncomplimentary to these two loyalists is found in Massachusetts Archives (cxcix, 278).

Sir. The two Gerrishes Moses & Enoch, that ware sometime since apprehended by warrant from the Council are now set at Liberty by reason of that Laws Expiring on which they were taken up. I would move to your Hon^{rs} a new warrant might Issue, Directed to Doc^r. Silas Hoges to apprehend & confine them as I look

upon them to be Dangerous persons to go at large. I am with respect your Hon^{rs}. most obedient Hum. Sert.

JAMES PRESCOTT.

Groton 12 of July 1778.

To the Hon^e Jereh. Powel Esq.

An order for their rearrest was voted by the council. Moses Gerrish finally received some position in the commissary department of the British army, and, when peace was declared, obtained a grant of free tenancy of the island of Grand Menan for seven years. At the expiration of that time, if a settlement of forty families with schoolmaster and minister should be established, the whole island was to become the freehold of the colonists. Associated with Gerrish in this project was Thomas Ross, of Lancaster. They failed in obtaining the requisite number of settlers, but continued to reside upon the island, and there Moses Gerrish died at an advanced age.

Solomon Houghton, a Lancaster farmer in comfortable circumstances, fearing the inquisition of the patriot committee, fled from his home. In 1779, the judge of probate for Worcester County appointed commissioners to care for his confiscated estate.

Ezra Houghton, a prosperous farmer, and recently appointed justice of the peace, affixed his name to the address to General Gage in 1775, and to the recantation. In May, 1777, he was imprisoned, under charge of counterfeiting the bills of public credit and aiding the enemy. In November following he petitioned to be admitted to bail (see Massachusetts Archives, ccxvi, 129) and his request was favorably received, his bail bond being set at two thousand pounds.

Joseph Moore was one of the six slave-owners of Lancaster in 1771, possessed a farm and a mill, and was

ranked a "gentleman." On September 20, 1777, being confined in Worcester jail, he petitioned for enlargement, claiming his innocence of the charges for which his name had been put upon Lancaster's black list. His petition met no favor, and his estate was duly confiscated. (See Massachusetts Archives, clxxxiii, 160.)

At the town meeting on the first Monday in November, 1777, the names of James Carter and Daniel Allen were stricken from the black list, apparently without opposition. That the Reverend Timothy Harrington, Lancaster's prudent and much-beloved minister, should be denounced as an enemy of his country, and his name even placed temporarily among those of "dangerous persons," exhibits the bitterness of partisanship at that date. This town-meeting prosecution was ostensibly based upon certain incautious expressions of opinion, but appears really to have been inspired by the spite of the Whitcombs and others, whose enmity had been aroused by his conservative action several years before in the church troubles, known as "the Goss and Walley war," in the neighboring town of Bolton. The Reverend Thomas Goss, of Bolton, Ebenezer Morse, of Boylston, and Andrew Whitney, of Petersham, were classmates of Mr. Harrington in the Harvard class of 1737, and all of them were opposed to the revolution of the colonies. The disaffection, which, ignoring the action of an ecclesiastical council, pushed Mr. Goss from his pulpit, arose more from the political ferment of the day than from any advanced views of his opponents respecting the abuse of alcoholic stimulants. For nearly forty years Mr. Harrington had perhaps never omitted from his fervent prayers in public assemblies the form of supplication for

divine blessing upon the sovereign ruler of Great Britain. It is not strange, although he had yielded reluctant submission to the new order of things, and was anxiously striving to perform his clerical duties without offense to any of his flock, that his lips should sometimes lapse into the wonted formula, "bless our good King George." It is related that on occasions of such inadvertence, he, without embarrassing pause, added: "Thou knowest, O Lord! we mean George Washington." In the records of the town clerk, nothing is told of the nature of the charges against Mr. Harrington, or of the manner of his defence. Two deacons were sent as messengers "to inform the Rev^d Timo^s Harrington that he has something in agitation Now to be Heard in this Meeting at which he has Liberty to attend." Joseph Willard, Esq., in 1826, recording probably the reminiscence of some one present at the dramatic scene, says that when the venerable clergyman confronted his accusers, baring his breast, he exclaimed with the language and feeling of outraged virtue: "Strike, strike here with your daggers! I am a true friend to my country!"

Among the manuscripts left by Mr. Harrington there is one prepared for, if not read at, this town meeting, containing the charges in detail, and his reply to each. It is headed: "Harrington's answers to ye Charges &c." It is a shrewd and eloquent defence, bearing evidence, so far as rhetoric can, that its author was in advance of his people and his times in respect of Christian charity, if not of political foresight. The charges were four in number: the first being that of the Bolton Walleyites alleging that his refusal to receive them as church members in regular standing

brought him "under ye censure of shutting up ye Kingdom of Heaven against men." To this, calm answer is given by a review of the whole controversy in the Bolton Church, closing thus: "Mr. Moderator, as I esteemed the Proceedings of these Brethren at Bolton Disorderly and Schismatical, and as the Apostle hath given Direction to mark those who cause Divisions and Offences and avoid them, I thought it my Duty to bear Testimony against ye Conduct of both ye People at Bolton, and those who were active in settling a Pastor over them in the Manner Specified, and I still retain ye sentiment, and this not to shut the Kingdom of Heaven against them, but to recover them from their wanderings to the Order of the Gospel and to the direct way to the Kingdom of Heaven. And I still approve and think them just."

The second charge, in full, was as follows:—

"It appears to us that his conduct hath ye greatest Tendency to subvert our religious Constitution and ye Faith of these churches.—In his saying that the Quebec Bill was just—and that he would have done the same had he been one of ye Parliament—and also saying that he was in charity with a professed Roman Catholick, whose Principles are so contrary to the Faith of these churches,—That for a man to be in charity with them we conceive that it is impossible that he should be in Charity with professed New England Churches. It therefore appears to us that it would be no better than mockery for him to pretend to stand as Pastor to one of these churches." To this Mr. Harrington first replies by the pointed question: "Is not Liberty of Conscience and ye right of judging for themselves in the matters of Religion,

one grand professed Principle in ye New England Churches; and one Corner Stone in their Foundation?" He then explicitly states his abhorrence of "the anti-Christian tenets of Popery," adding: "However on the other hand they receive all the articles of the Athanasian Creed—and of consequence in their present Constitution they have some Gold, Silver, and precious stones as well as much wood, hay, and stubble." He characterizes the accusation in this pithy paragraph: "Too much Charity is the Charge here brought against me,—would to God I had still more of it in ye most important sensè. Instead of a Disqualification, it would be a most enviable accomplishment in ye Pastor of a Protestant New England Church." A sharp *argumentum ad hominem*, for the benefit of the ultra-radical accuser closes this division of his defence. "But, Mr. Moderator, if my charity toward some Roman Catholicks disqualifieth me for a Protestant Minister, what, what must we think of ye honorable Congress attending Mass in a Body in ye Roman Catholic Chappel at Philadelphia? Must it not be equal mockery in them to pretend to represent and act for the United Protestant States?" . . .

The third charge was that he had declared himself and one of the brethren to "be a major part of the Church." This, like the first charge, was a revival of an old personal grievance within the church, rehabilitated to give cumulative force to the political complaints. The accusation is summarily disposed of; the accused condemning the sentiment "as grossly Tyrannical, inconsistent with common sense and repugnant to good order"; and denying that he ever uttered it.

Lastly came the political charge pure and simple.

"His despising contemning and setting at naught and speaking Evil of all our Civil Rulers, Congress, Continental and Provincial, of all our Courts, Legislative and Executive, are not only subversive of good Order: But we apprehend come under Predicament of those spoken of in 2 Pet. II. 10, who despise government, presumptuous, selfwilled, they are not afraid to speak evil of Dignities &c."

Mr. Harrington acknowledges that he once uttered to a Mr. North this imprudent speech. "I disapprove abhor and detest the Results of Congress whether Continental or Provincial," but adds that he "took the first opportunity to inform Mr. North that I had respect only to two articles in said Results." He apologizes for the speech, but at the same time defends his criticism of the two articles as arbitrary measures. He also confesses saying that "General Court had no Business to direct Committees to seize on Estates before they had been Confiscated in a course of Law," and "that their Constituents never elected or sent them for that Purpose," but this sentiment he claimed that he had subsequently retracted as rash and improper to be spoken. These objectionable expressions of opinion, he asserts, were made "before ye 19th of April 1775."

It is needless to say that the Reverend Timothy Harrington's name was speedily erased from the black list, and, to the credit of his people be it said, he was treated with increased consideration and honor during the following eighteen years that he lived to serve them. In the deliberations of the Lancaster town meeting, as in those of the Continental Congress, broad views of

National Independence based upon civil and religious liberty, finally prevailed over sectional prejudice and intolerance. The loyalist pastor was a far better republican than his radical inquisitors.

[SINCE the paper upon Lancaster and the Acadiens was published in The Bay State Monthly for April, I have been favored with the perusal of Captain Abijah Willard's "Orderly Book," through the courtesy of its possessor, Robert Willard, M.D., of Boston, who found it among the historical collections of his father, Joseph Willard, Esq. The volume contains, besides other interesting matter, a concise diary of experiences during the military expedition of 1755 in Nova Scotia; from which it appears that the Lancaster company was prominently engaged in the capture of Forts Lawrence and

Beau Séjour. Captain Willard, though not at Grand Pré, was placed in command of a detachment which carried desolation through the villages to the westward of the Bay of Minas; and the diary affords evidence that this warfare against the defenceless peasantry was revolting to that gallant officer; and that, while obedient to his positive orders, he tempered the cruelty of military necessity with his own humanity.

The full names of his subalterns, not given in the list from General Winslow's Journal, are found to be

"Joshua Willard, *Lieutenant*,

Moses Haskell, "

Caleb Willard, *Ensign*."

Of the Lancaster men, Sergeant James Houghton died, and William Hudson was killed, in Nova Scotia.

The diary is well worthy of being printed complete. H. S. N.]

LOUIS ANSART.

BY CLARA CLAYTON.

ONE of the notable citizens of Revolutionary times was Colonel Louis Ansart. He was a native of France, and came to America in 1776, while our country was engaged in war with England. He brought with him credentials from high officials in his native country, and was immediately appointed colonel of artillery and inspector-general of the foundries, and engaged in casting cannon in Massachusetts. Colonel Ansart understood the art to great perfection; and it is said that some of his cannon and mortars are still serviceable and valuable. Foundries were then in operation in Bridgewater and Titicut, of which he

had charge until the close of the Revolutionary War.

Colonel Ansart was an educated man—a graduate of a college in France—and of a good family. It is said that he conversed well in seven different languages.

His father purchased him a commission of lieutenant at the age of fourteen years; and he was employed in military service by his native country and the United States, and held a commission until the close of the Revolutionary War, when he purchased a farm in Dracut and resided there until his death. He returned to France three times after he first came to this country,

and was there at the time Louis XVI was arrested, in 1789.

Colonel Ansart married Catherine Wimble, an American lady, of Boston, and reared a large family in Dracut — in that portion of the town which was annexed to Lowell in 1874. Atis Ansart, who still resides there, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, is a son of Colonel Ansart; also Felix Ansart, late of New London, Connecticut, and for twenty-four years an officer of the regular army, at one time stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina, and afterwards at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he remained eight years, and died in January, 1874.

There were five boys and seven girls. The boys were those above named, and Robert, Abel, and Louis. The girls were Julia Ann, who married Bradley Varnum; Fanny, who died in childhood; Betsey, who married Jonathan Hildreth, moved to Ohio, and died in Dayton, in that State; Sophia, who married Peter Hazelton, who died some twenty years ago, after which she married a Mr. Spaulding; Harriet, who married Samuel N. Wood, late of Lowell; Catherine, who married Mr. Layton; and Aline, who died at the age of eighteen years.

Colonel Ansart was trained in that profession and in those times which had a tendency to develop the sterner qualities, and was what would be termed in these times a man of stern, rigid, and imperious nature. It is said he never retired at night without first loading his pistols and swinging them over the headboard of his bed.

After settling in Dracut, — and in his best days he lived in excellent style for the times, kept a span of fine horses, rode in a sulky, and "lived like a nabob," — he always received a

pension from the government; but his habits were such that he never acquired a fortune, but spent his money freely and enjoyed it as he went along.

Before he came to America he had traveled in different countries. On one occasion, in Italy, he was waylaid and robbed of all he had, and narrowly escaped with his life. He had been playing and had been very successful, winning money, gold watches, and diamonds. As he was riding back to his hôtel his postilion was shot. He immediately seized his pistols to defend himself, when he was struck on the back of the head with a bludgeon and rendered insensible. He did not return to consciousness until the next morning, when he found himself by the side of the road, bleeding from a terrible wound in his side from a dirk-knife. He had strength to attract the attention of a man passing with a team, and was taken to his hôtel. A surgeon was called, who pronounced the wound mortal. Mr. Ansart objected to that view of the case, and sent for another, and with skillful treatment he finally recovered.

It is said that he was a splendid swordsman. On a certain occasion he was insulted, and challenged his foe to step out and defend himself with his sword. His opponent declined, saying he never fought with girls, meaning that Mr. Ansart was delicate, with soft, white hands and fair complexion, and no match for him, whereupon the young Frenchman drew his sword to give him a taste of his quality. He flourished it around his opponent's head, occasionally scratching his face and hands, until he was covered with wounds and blood, but he could not provoke him to draw his weapon and defend himself. After complimenting

him with the name of "coward," he told him to go about his business, advising him in future to be more careful of his conduct and less boastful of his courage.

During the inquisition in France, Colonel Ansart said that prisoners were sometimes executed in the presence of large audiences, in a sort of amphitheatre. People of means had boxes, as in our theatres of the present day. Colonel Ansart occupied one of these boxes on one occasion with his lady. Before the performance began, another gentleman with his lady presented himself in Colonel Ansart's box, and requested him to vacate. He was told that he was rather presuming in his conduct and had better go where he belonged. The man insisted upon crowding himself in, and was very insolent, when Colonel Ansart seized him and threw him over the front, when, of course, he went tumbling down among the audience below. Colonel Ansart was for this act afterwards arrested and imprisoned for a short time, but was finally liberated without trial.

History informs us that a combined attack by D'Estaing and General Sullivan was planned, in 1778, for the expulsion of the British from Rhode Island, where, under General Pigot, they had established a military dépôt. Colonel Ansart was *aide-de-camp* to General Sullivan in this expedition, and was wounded in the engagement of August 29.

On a certain occasion he was taking a sleigh-ride with his family, and in one of the adjacent towns met a gentleman with his turn-out in a narrow and drifted part of the road, where some difficulty occurred in passing each other. Colonel Ansart suggested to him that

he should not have driven into such a place when he saw him coming. The man denied that he saw the colonel, and told him he lied. Colonel Ansart seized his pistol to punish him for his insolence, when his wife interfered, an explanation followed, and it was ascertained that both gentlemen were from Dracut. One was deacon of the church, and the other "inspector-general of artillery." Of course the pistols were put up, as the deacon did n't wish to be shot, and the colonel *would n't tell a lie.*

In his prime, our hero stood six feet high in his boots, and weighed two hundred pounds. He died in Dracut, May 28, 1804, at the age of sixty-two years.

Mrs. Ansart was born in Boston, and witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, and often described the appearance of the British soldiers as they marched along past her residence, both in going to the battle and in returning. She was thirteen years of age, and recollected it perfectly. She said they were grand as they passed along the streets of Boston toward Charlestown. The officers were elegantly dressed and were in great spirits, thinking it was only a pleasant little enterprise to go over to Charlestown and drive those Yankees out of their fort; but when they returned it was a sad sight. The dead and dying were carried through the streets pale and ghastly and covered with blood. She said the people witnessed the battle from the houses in Boston, and as regiment after regiment was swept down by the terrible fire of the Americans, they said that the British were feigning to be frightened and falling down for sport; but when they saw that they did not get up again, and when the dead and wounded were

brought back to Boston, the reality began to be made known, and that little frolic of taking the fort was really an ugly job, and hard to accomplish.

Mrs. Ansart died in Dracut at the age of eighty-six years, January 27, 1849. She retained her mental and physical faculties to a great degree till

within a short time before her death. She was accustomed to walk to church, a distance of one mile, when she was eighty years of age. Colonel and Mrs. Ansart were both buried in Woodbine Cemetery, in the part of Lowell which belonged to Dracut at the time of their interment.

THE BOUNDARY LINES OF OLD GROTON.—II.

BY THE HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.

THE report of the Comitty of the Honble Court vpon the petition of Concord Chelmsford Lancaster & Stow for a grant of part of Nashobe lands

Persuant to the directions giuen by this Honble Court bareng Date the 30th of May 1711 The Comity Reports as foloweth that is to say &c

That on the second day of October 1711 the s^d comitty went vpon the premises with an Artis and veved [viewed] and servaied the Land mentioned in the Peticion and find that the most southerly line of the plantation of Nashobe is bounded partly on Concord & partly on Stow and this line contains by Estimation vpon the servey a bought three miles & 50 polle The Westerly line Runs partly on Stowe & partly on land claimed by Groton and contains four miles and 20 poll extending to a place called Brown hill, The North line Runs a long curtain lands claimed by Groton and contains three miles, the Easterle line Runs partly on Chelmsford, and partly on a farm cald Powersis farm in Concord; this line contains a bought fouer miles and twenty fue pole

The lands a boue mentioned wer shewed to vs for Nashobe Plantation and there were arcient marks in the seuerall lines fairly marked, And s^d comite find vpon the servey that Groton hath Run into Nashobe (as it was showed to vs) so as to take out nere one half s^d plantation and the bigest part of the medows, it appears to vs to Agree well with the report of Mr John

Flint & Mr Joseph Wheeler who were a Commetty employed by the County Court in midlesexs to Run the bounds of said plantation (June y^e 20th 82) The plat will demonstrate how the plantation lyeth & how Groton coms in vpon it: as aleso the quaintete which is a bought 7840 acres

And said Comite are of the opinion that ther may [be] a township in that place it lying so remote from most of the neighboreng Towns, provided this Court shall se reson to continew the bounds as we do judg thay have been made at the first laieng out And that ther be sum addition from Concord & Chelmsford which we are redy to think will be complied with by s^d Towns And s^d Comite do find a bought 15 famelys settled in s^d plantation of Nashobe (5) in Groton claimed and ten in the remainder and 3 famelys which are allredy settled on the powerses farm: were convenient to joyn w s^d plantation and are a bought Eaight mille to any meting-house (Also ther are a bought Eaight famelys in Chelmsford which are allredy settled neer Nashobe line & six or seven miles from thir own meeting house

JONATHAN TYNG
THOMAS HOW
JOHN STEARNS

In the Houes of Representatives
Novm 2: 1711. Read
Octo. 23, 1713.

In Council

Read and accepted; And the Indians native Proprietors of the s^d Planta^{con}. Being removed by death Except two or

Three families only remaining Its Declared and Directed That the said Lands of Nashoba be preserved for a Township.

And Whereas it appears That Groton Concord and Stow by several of their Inhabitants have Encroached and Settled upon the said Lands ; This Court sees not reason to remove them to their Damage ; but will allow them to be and remain with other Inhabitants that may be admitted into the Town to be there Settled ; And that they have full Liberty when their Names and Number are determined to purchase of the few Indians there remaining for the Establishment of a Township accordingly.

Saving convenient Allotments and portions of Land to the remaining Indian Inhabitants for their Settling and Planting.

ISA ADDINGTON Secy.

In the House of Representatives

Octor: 23th: 1713. Read

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiii, 600.]

The inhabitants of Groton had now become alarmed at the situation of affairs, fearing that the new town would take away some of their land. Through neglect the plan of the original grant, drawn up in the year 1668, had never been returned to the General Court for confirmation, as was customary in such cases ; and this fact also excited further apprehension. It was not confirmed finally until February 10, 1717, several years after the incorporation of Nashobah.

In the General Court Records (ix, 263) in the State Library, under the date of June 18, 1713, it is entered : —

Upon reading a Petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Groton, Praying that the Return & Plat of the Surveyor of their Township impowered by the General Court may be Accepted for the Settlement & Ascertaining the Bounds of their Township, Apprehending they are likely to be prejudiced by a Survey lately taken of the Grant of Nashoba ;

Voted a Concurrence with the Order

pass'd thereon in the House of Representatives That the Petitioners serve the Proprietors of Nashoba Lands with a copy of this Petition, That they may Shew Cause, if any they have on the second Fryday of the Session of this Court in the Fall of the Year, Why the Prayer thereof may not be granted, & the Bounds of Groton settled according to the ancient Plat of said Town herewith exhibited.

It is evident from the records that the Nashobah lands gave rise to much controversy. Many petitions were presented to the General Court, and many claims made, growing out of this territory. The following entry is found in the General Court Records (ix, 369) in the State Library, under the date of November 2, 1714 : —

The following Order pass'd by the Representatives. Read & Concur'd ; viz,

Upon Consideration of the many Petitions & Claims relating to the Land called Nashoba Land ; Ordered that the said Nashoba Land be made a Township, with the Addition of such adjoining Lands of the Neighbouring Towns, whose Owners shall petition for that End, & that this Court should think fit to grant, That the said Nashoba Lands having been long since purchased of the Indians by Mr Bulkley & Henchman one Half, the other Half by Whetcomb & Powers, That the said purchase be confirmed to the children of the said Bulkley, Whetcomb & Powers, & Cpt. Robert Meers as Assignee to Mr Henchman according to their respective Proportions ; Reserving to the Inhabitants, who have settled within these Bounds, their Settlements with Divisions of Lands, in proportion to the Grantees, & such as shall be hereafter admitted ; the said Occupants or present Inhabitants paying in Proportion as others shall pay for their Allotments ; . Provided the said Plantation shall be settled with Thirty five Families & an orthodox Minister in three years time, And that Five hundred Acres of Land be reserved and laid out for the Benefit of any of the Descendants of the Indian Pro-

prietors of the said Plantation, that may be surviving; A Proportion thereof to be for Sarah Doublet alias Sarah Indian; . The Rev. Mr. John Leveret & Spencer Phips Esqr. to be Trustees for the said Indians to take Care of the said Lands for their Use. And it is further Ordered that Cpt. Hopestill Brown, Mr. Timothy Wily & Mr. Joseph Burnap of Reading be a Committee to lay out the said Five hundred Acres of Land reserved for the Indians, & to run the Line between Groton & Nashoba, at the Charge of both Parties & make Report to this Court, And that however the Line may divide the Land with regard to the Township, yet the Proprietors on either side may be continued in the Possession of their Improvements, paying as aforesaid; And that no Persons legal Right or Property in the said Lands shall [be] hereby taken away or infringed.

Consented to J DUDLEY

The report of this committee is entered in the same volume of General Court Records (ix, 395, 396) as the order of their appointment, though the date as given by them does not agree with the one there mentioned.

The following Report of the Committee for Running the Line between Groton & Nashoba Accepted by Representatives. Read & Concur'd; Viz.

We the Subscribers appointed a Committee by the General Court to run the Line between Groton & Nashoba & to lay out Five hundred Acres of Land in said Nashoba to the the [sic] Descendants of the Indians; Pursuant to said Order of Court, bearing Date Octobr 20th [November 2?] 1714, We the Subscribers return as follows;

That on the 30th. of November last, we met on the Premises, & heard the Information of the Inhabitants of Groton, Nashoba & others of the Neighbouring Towns, referring to the Line that has been between Groton & Nashoba & seen several Records, out of Groton Town Book, & considered other Writings, that belong to Groton & Nashoba, & We have considered

all, & We have run the Line (Which we account is the old Line between Groton & Nashoba;) We began next Chelmsford Line, at a Heap of Stones, where, We were informed, that there had been a great Pine Tree, the Northeast Corner of Nashoba, and run Westerly by many old mark'd Trees, to a Pine Tree standing on the Southerly End of Brown Hill mark'd N and those marked Trees had been many times marked or renewed, thò they do not stand in a direct or strait Line to said Pine Tree on said Brown Hill; And then from said Brown Hill we turned a little to the East of the South, & run to a white Oak being an old Mark, & so from said Oak to a Pitch Pine by a Meadow, being an other old Mark; & the same Line extended to a white Oak near the North east Corner of Stow: And this is all, as we were informed, that Groton & Nashoba joins together: Notwithstanding the Committees Opinion is, that Groton Men be continued in their honest Rights, thò they fall within the Bounds of Nashoba; And We have laid out to the Descendants of the Indians Five hundred Acres at the South east Corner of the Plantation of Nashoba; East side, Three hundred Poles long, West side three hundred Poles, South & North ends, Two hundred & eighty Poles broad; A large white Oak marked at the North west Corner, & many Line Trees we marked at the West side & North End, & it takes in Part of two Ponds.

Dated Decem^r 14. 1714.

HOPESTILL BROWN
TIMOTHY WILY
JOSEPH BURNAP

Consented to J Dudley.

The incorporation of Nashobah on November 2, 1714, settled many of the disputes connected with the lands; but on December 3 of the next year, the name was changed from Nashobah to Littleton. As already stated, the plan of the original Groton grant had never been returned by the proprietors to the General Court for confirmation, and this neglect had acted to their

prejudice. After Littleton had been set off, the town of Groton undertook to repair the injury and make up the loss. John Shepley and John Ames were appointed agents to bring about the necessary confirmation by the General Court. It is an interesting fact to know that in their petition (General Court Records, x, 216, February 11, 1717, in the office of the secretary of state) they speak of having in their possession at that time the original plan of the town, made by Danforth in the year 1668, though it was somewhat defaced. In the language of the Records, it was said to be "with the Petitioner," which expression in the singular number may have been intentional, referring to John Shepley, probably the older one, as certainly the more influential, of the two agents. This plan was also exhibited before the General Court on June 18, 1713, according to the Records (ix, 263) of that date.

The case, as presented by the agents, was as follows :—

A petition of John Shepley & John Ames Agents for the Town of Groton Shewing that the General Assembly of the Province did in the year 1655, Grant unto Mr Dean Winthrop & his Associates a Tract of Land of Eight miles square for a Plantation to be called by the name of Groton, that Thoms. & Jonathan Danforth did in the year 1668, lay out the said Grant, but the Plat thereof through Neglect was not returned to the Court for Confirmation that the said Plat thò something defaced is with the Petitioner, That in the Year 1713 Mr Samuel Danforth Surveyour & Son of the abovesaid Jonathan Danforth, at the desire of the said Town of Groton did run the Lines & make an Implatment of the said Township laid out as before & found it agreeable to the former. Wh. last Plat the Petitioners do herewith exhibit, And pray that this

Honble Court would allow & confirm the same as the Township of Groton

In the House of Representatives; Feb. 10. 1717. Read, Read a second time, And Ordered that the Prayer of the Petition be so far granted that the Plat herewith exhibited (Althò not exactly conformable to the Original Grant of Eight Miles quare) be accounted, accepted & Confirmed as the Bounds of the Township of Groton in all parts, Except where the said Township bounds on the Township of Littleton, Where the Bounds shall be & remain between the Towns as already stated & settled by this Court, And that this Order shall not be understood or interpreted to alter or infringe the Right & Title which any Inhabitant or Inhabitants of either of the said Towns have or ought to have to Lands in either of the said Townships

In Council, Read & Concur'd,
Consented to Sam^l Shute

[General Court Records (x, 216), February 11, 1717, in the office of the secretary of state.]

The proprietors of Groton felt sore at the loss of their territory along the Nashobah line in the year 1714, although it would seem without reason. They had neglected to have the plan of their grant confirmed by the proper authorities at the proper time; and no one was to blame for this oversight but themselves. In the autumn of 1734 they represented to the General Court that in the laying out of the original plantation no allowance had been made for prior grants in the same territory, and that in settling the line with Littleton they had lost more than four thousand acres of land; and in consideration of these facts they petitioned for an unappropriated gore of land lying between Dunstable and Townsend.

The necessary steps for bringing the matter before the General Court at this time were taken at a town meeting, held on July 25, 1734. It was then

stated that the town had lost more than twenty-seven hundred and eighty-eight acres by the encroachment of Littleton line; and that two farms had been laid out within the plantation before it was granted to the proprietors. Under these circumstances Benjamin Prescott was authorized to present the petition to the General Court, setting forth the true state of the case and all the facts connected with it. The two farms alluded to were Major Simon Willard's, situated at Nonacoicus or Coicus, now within the limits of Ayer, and Ralph Reed's, in the neighborhood of the Ridges; so Mr. Butler told me several years before his death, giving Judge James Prescott as his authority, and I carefully wrote it down at the time. The statement is confirmed by the report of a committee on the petition of Josiah Sartell, made to the House of Representatives, on June 13, 1771. Willard's farm, however, was not laid out before the original plantation was granted, but in the spring of 1658, three years after the grant. At this time Danforth had not made his plan of the plantation, which fact may have given rise to the misapprehension. Ralph Reed was one of the original proprietors of the town, and owned a fifteen-acre right; but I do not find that any land was granted him by the General Court.

It has been incorrectly supposed, and more than once so stated in print, that the gore of land, petitioned for by Benjamin Prescott, lay in the territory now belonging to Pepperell; but this is a mistake. The only unappropriated land between Dunstable and Townsend, as asked for in the petition, lay in the angle made by the western boundary of Dunstable and the northern boundary of Townsend. At that period

Dunstable was a very large township, and included within its territory several modern towns, lying mostly in New Hampshire. The manuscript records of the General Court define very clearly the lines of the gore, and leave no doubt in regard to it. It lay within the present towns of Mason, Brookline, Wilton, Milford, and Greenville, New Hampshire. Benjamin Prescott was at the time a member of the General Court and the most influential man in town. His petition was presented to the House of Representatives on November 28, 1734, and referred to a committee, which made a report thereon a fortnight later. They are as follows:—

A Petition of *Benjamin Prescott, Esq;* Representative of the Town of *Groton*, and in behalf of the Proprietors of the said Town, shewing that the General Court in *May 1655*, in answer to the Petition of *Mr. Dean Winthrop* and others, were pleased to grant the Petitioners a tract of Land of the contents of eight miles square, the Plantation to be called *Groton*, that in taking a Plat of the said tract there was no allowance made for prior Grants &c. by means whereof and in settling the Line with *Littleton Anno 1715*, or thereabouts, the said Town of *Groton* falls short more than four thousand acres of the Original Grant, praying that the said Proprietors may obtain a Grant of what remains undisposed of of a Gore of Land lying between *Dunstable* and *Townshend*, or an equivalent elsewhere of the Province Land. Read and Ordered, That *Col. Chandler*, *Capt. Blanchard*, *Capt. Hobson*, *Major Epes*, and *Mr. Hale*, be a Committee to take this Petition under consideration, and report what may be proper for the Court to do in answer thereto.

[Journal of the House of Representatives, November 28, 1734, page 94.]

Col. Chandler from the Committee appointed the 28th. ult. to consider the

Petition of Benjamin Prescott, Esq; in behalf of the Proprietors of Groton, made report, which was read and accepted, and in answer to this Petition, *Voted*, That a Grant of ten thousand eight hundred acres of the Lands lying in the *Gore* between Dunstable and Townshend, be and hereby is made to the Proprietors of the Town of Groton, as an equivalent for what was taken from them by Littleton and Coyachus or Willard's Farm: (being about two acres and a half for one) and is in full satisfaction thereof, and that the said Proprietors be and hereby are allowed and impowred by a Surveyor and Chain-men on Oath to survey and lay out the said ten thousand eight hundred acres in the said *Gore*, and return a Plat thereof to this Court within twelve months for confirmation to them their heirs and assigns respectively.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives, December 22, 1734, page 119.]

The proprietors of Groton had a year's time allowed them, in which they could lay out the grant, but they appear to have taken fifteen months for the purpose. The record of the grant is as follows:—

A Memorial of Benja Prescott Esq: Represent^a of the Town of Groton in behalf of the Proprietors there, praying that the Votes of the House on his Memorial & a plat of Ten Thousand Eight hundred Acres of Land, lately Granted to the said Proprietors, as Entred in the House the 25 of March last, may be Revived and Granted, The bounds of which Tract of Land as Mentioned on the said Plat are as follows vizt.: begining at the North West Corner of Dunstable at Dram Cup hill by Sohegan River and Runing South in Dunstable line last Perambulated and Run by a Comtee of the General Court, two Thousand one hundred & fifty two poles to Townshend line, there making an angle, and Runing West 31 1-2 Deg. North on Townshend line & province Land Two Thousand and Fifty Six poles to a Pillar of Stones then turning

and Runing by Province Land 31 1-2 deg North two Thousand & forty Eight poles to Dunstable Corner first mentioned

In the House of Represent^a. Read & Ordered that the prayer of the Memorial be Granted, and further that the within Plat as Reformed and Altered by Jonas Houghton Surveyr. be and hereby is accepted and the Lands therein Delineated and Described (Excepting the said One Thousand Acres belonging to Cambridge School Farm and therein included) be and hereby are Confirmed to the Proprietors of the Town of Groton their heirs and Assignes Respectively forever, According to their Several Interests; Provided the same do not interfere with any former Grant of this Court nor Exceeds the Quantity of Eleven thousand and Eight hundred Acres and the Committee for the Town of Ipswich are Allowed and Impowred to lay out such quantity of Land on their West line as is Equivalent to what is taken off their East line as aforesaid, and Return a plat thereof to this Court within twelve Months for confirmation. In Council Read & Concurr'd.

Consented to J Belcher

And in Answer to the said Memorial of Benja Prescott Esq^r

In the House of Represent^a. Ordered that the prayer of the Memorial be Granted and the Comtee. for the new Township Granted to some of the Inhabitants of Ipswich are hereby Allowed to lay out an Equivalent on the West line of the said New Township Accordingly.

In Council Read & Concurr'd

Consented to J Belcher

[General Court Records (xvi, 334), June 15, 1736, in the office of the secretary of state.]

This grant, now made to the proprietors of Groton, interfered with the territory previously given on April, 1735. to certain inhabitants of Ipswich, but the mistake was soon rectified, as appears by the following:—

Voted, That one thousand seven hundred Acres of the unappropriated Lands of the Province be and hereby is given and

granted to the Proprietors or Grantees of the Township lately granted to sixty Inhabitants of the Town of *Ipswich*, as an Equivalent for about that quantity being taken off their Plat by the Proprietors of the Common Lands of *Groton*, and that the *Ipswich* Grantees be allowed to lay out the

shire. From that point the line ran south for six or seven miles, following the western boundary of Dunstable, until it came to the old Townsend line; then it turned and ran northwesterly six miles or more, when turning again it made



same on the Northern or Westerly Line of the said new Township or on both sides.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 108), January 12, 1736.]

The record of the grant clearly marks the boundaries of Groton Gore, and by it they can easily be identified. Dram Cup Hill, near Souhegan River, the old northwest corner of Dunstable, is in the present territory of Milford, New Hamp-

shire for the original starting-place at Dunstable northwest corner. These lines enclosed a triangular district which became known as Groton Gore; in fact, the word *gore* means a lot of land of triangular shape. This territory is now entirely within the State of New Hampshire, lying mostly in Mason, but partly in Brookline, Wilton, Milford, and Greenville. It touches in no place the tract, hitherto erroneously

supposed to comprise the Gore. It was destined, however, to remain only a few years in the possession of the proprietors; but during this short period it was used by them for pasturing cattle. Mr. John B. Hill, in his History of the Town of Mason, New Hampshire, says:—

Under this grant, the inhabitants of Groton took possession of, and occupied the territory. It was their custom to cut the hay upon the meadows, and stack it, and early in the spring to send up their young cattle to be fed upon the hay, under the care of Boad, the negro slave. They would cause the woods to be fired, as it was called, that is, burnt over in the spring; after which fresh and succulent herbage springing up, furnished good store of the finest feed, upon which the cattle would thrive and fatten through the season. Boad's camp was upon the east side of the meadow, near the residence of the late Joel Ames. (Page 26.)

In connection with the loss of the Gore, a brief statement of the boundary question between Massachusetts and New Hampshire is here given.

During many years the dividing-line between these two provinces was the subject of controversy. The cause of dispute dated back to the time when the original grant was made to the colony of Massachusetts Bay. The charter was drawn up in England at a period when little was known in regard to the interior of this country; and the boundary lines, necessarily, were very indefinite. The Merrimack River was an important factor in fixing the limits of the grant, as the northern boundary of Massachusetts was to be a line three miles north of any and every part of it. At the date of the charter, the general direction of the river was not known, but it was incorrectly assumed to be easterly and

westerly. As a matter of fact, the course of the Merrimack is southerly, for a long distance from where it is formed by the union of the Winnepesaukee and the Pemigewasset Rivers, and then it turns and runs twenty-five or thirty miles in a northeasterly direction to its mouth; and this deflexion in the current caused the dispute. The difference between the actual and the supposed direction was a matter of little practical importance so long as the neighboring territory remained unsettled, or so long as the two provinces were essentially under one government; but as the population increased it became an exciting and vexatious question. Towns were chartered by Massachusetts in territory claimed by New Hampshire, and this action led to bitter feeling and provoking legislation. Massachusetts contended for the land "nominated in the bond," which would carry the line fifty miles northward into the very heart of New Hampshire; and on the other hand that province strenuously opposed this view of the case, and claimed that the line should run, east and west, three miles north of the mouth of the river. At one time, a royal commission was appointed to consider the subject, but their labors produced no satisfactory result. At last the matter was carried to England for a decision, which was rendered by the king on March 5, 1739-40. His judgment was final, and in favor of New Hampshire. It gave that province not only all the territory in dispute, but a strip of land fourteen miles in width, lying along her southern border, mostly west of the Merrimack, which she had never claimed. This strip was the tract of land between the line running east and west, three miles north of the southernmost trend of the river, and

a similar line three miles north of its mouth. By the decision twenty-eight townships were taken from Massachusetts and transferred to New Hampshire. The settlement of this disputed question was undoubtedly a public benefit, although it caused, at the time, a great deal of hard feeling. In establishing the new boundary Pawtucket Falls, situated now in the city of Lowell, and near the most southern portion of the river's course, was taken as the starting-place; and the line which now separates the two States was run west, three miles north of this point. It was surveyed officially in the spring of 1741.

The new boundary passed through the original Groton grant, and cut off a triangular portion of its territory, now within the limits of Nashua, and went to the southward of Groton Gore, leaving that tract of land wholly in New Hampshire.

A few years previously to this time the original grant had undergone other dismemberment, when a slice of its territory was given to Westford. It was a long and narrow tract of land, triangular in shape, with its base resting on Stony Brook Pond, now known as Forge Pond, and coming to a point near Millstone Hill, where the boundary lines of Groton, Westford, and Tyngsborough intersect. The Reverend Edwin R. Hodgman, in his *History of Westford*, says:—

Probably there was no computation of the area of this triangle at any time. Only four men are named as the owners of it, but they, it is supposed, held titles to only a portion, and the remainder was wild, or "common," land. (Page 25.)

In the *Journal of the House of Representatives* (page 9), September 10, 1730, there is recorded:—

A petition of *Jonas Prescott, Ebenezer Prescott, Abner Kent, and Ebenezer Townsend*, Inhabitants of the Town of Groton, praying, That they and their Estates, contained in the following Boundaries, *viz.* beginning at the *Northwesterly* Corner of *Stony Brook Pond*, from thence extending to the *Northwesterly* Corner of *Westford*, commonly called *Tyng's Corner*, and so bound *Southerly* by said Pond, may be set off to the Town of *Westford*, for Reasons mentioned. Read and Ordered, That the Petitioners within named, with their Estates, according to the Bounds before recited, be and hereby are to all Intents and Purposes set off from the Town of *Groton*, and annexed to the said Town of *Westford*.

Sent up for Concurrence.

This order received the concurrence of the council, and was signed by the governor, on the same day that it passed the House.

During this period the town of Harvard was incorporated. It was made up from portions of Groton, Lancaster, and Stow, and the engrossed act signed by the governor, on June 29, 1732. The petition for the township was presented to the General Court nearly two years before the date of incorporation. In the *Journal of the House of Representatives* (pages 84, 85), October 9, 1730, it is recorded:—

A Petition of *Jonas Houghton, Simon Stone, Jonathan Whitney, and Thomas Wheeler*, on behalf of themselves, and on behalf and at the desire of sundry of the Inhabitants on the extrem parts of the Towns of *Lancaster, Groton* and *Stow*, named in the Schedule thereunto annexed; praying, That a Tract of Land (with the Inhabitants thereon, particularly described and bounded in said Petition) belonging to the Towns above-mentioned, may be incorporated and erected into a distinct Township, agreeable to said Bounds, for Reasons mentioned. Read, together with

the Schedule, and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Towns of *Lancaster*, *Groton* and *Stow* with Copies of the Petition, that they may shew Cause (if any they have) on the first Thursday of the next Session, why the Prayer thereof may not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

Further on, in the same Journal (page 136), December 29, 1730, it is also recorded: —

The Petition of *Jonas Houghton*, *Simon Stone*, and others, praying as entred the 9th. of *October* last. Read again, together with the Answers of the Towns of *Lancaster*, *Groton* and *Stow*, and *Ordered*, That Maj. *Brattle* and Mr. *Samuel Chandler*, with such as the Honourable Board shall appoint, be a Committee, (at the Charge of the Petitioners) to repair to the Land Petitioned for to be a Township, that they carefully view and consider the Situation and Circumstances of the Petitioners, and Report their Opinion what may be proper for this Court to do in Answer thereto, at their next Session.

Sent up for Concurrence.

Ebenezer Burrel Esq; brought from the Honourable Board, the Report of the Committee appointed by this Court the 30th of *December* last, to take under Consideration the Petition of *Jonas Houghton* and others, in behalf of themselves and sundry of the Inhabitants of the *Eastern* part of the Towns of *Lancaster*, *Groton* and *Stow*, praying that they may be erected into a separate Township. Likewise a Petition of *Jacob Houghton* and others, of the *North-easterly* part of the Town of *Lancaster*, praying the like. As also a Petition of sundry of the Inhabitants of the *South-west* part of the *North-east* Quarter of the Township of *Lancaster*, praying they may be continued as they are. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council, *June 21, 1731.* Read, and *Ordered*, That this Report be accepted.

Sent down for Concurrence. Read and Concurred.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 52), June 22, 1731.]

The original copy of the petition for Harvard is now probably lost; but in the first volume (page 53) of "Ancient Plans Grants &c." among the Massachusetts Archives, is a rough plan of the town, with a list of the petitioners, which may be the "Schedule" referred to in the extract from the printed Journal. It appears from this document that, in forming the new town, forty-eight hundred and thirty acres of land were taken from the territory of Groton; and with the tract were nine families, including six by the name of Farnsworth. This section comprised the district known, even now, as "the old mill," where Jonas Prescott had, as early as the year 1667, a gristmill. The heads of these families were Jonathan Farnsworth, Eleazer Robbins, Simon Stone, Jr., Jonathan Farnsworth, Jr., Jeremiah Farnsworth, Eleazer Davis, Ephraim Farnsworth, Reuben Farnsworth, and [torn] Farnsworth, who had petitioned the General Court to be set off from Groton. On this plan of Harvard the names of John Burk, John Burk, Jr., and John Davis, appear in opposition to Houghton's petition.

The town of Harvard took its name from the founder of Harvard College, probably at the suggestion of Jonathan Belcher, who was governor of the province at the time and a graduate of the college.

To his Excellency Jonathan Belcher Esqr. Cap^t General and Governour in Chief The Hon^{ble}. The Council and the Honourable House of Representatives of His Majestys Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England in General Court Assembled by Adjournment Decem^r 16 1730

The Memorial of Jonas Houghton Simon Stone Jonathan Whitney and Thomas Wheeler Humbly Sheweth

That upon their Petition to this Great

and Honourable Court in October last [the 9th] praying tha. a Certain Tract of Land belonging to Lancaster Stow and Groton with the Inhabitants thereon may be Erected into a Distinct and Seperate Township (and for Reasons therein Assigned) your Excellency and Honours were pleased to Order that the petitioners Serve The Towns of Lancaster Groton and Stow with a Copy of their said Petition that they may shew Cause if any they have on the first Thursday of the next Sessions why the prayers thereof may not be granted.

And for as much as this great and Hon^{ble}. Court now Sitts by Adjournment and the next Session may be very Remote And your Memorialists have attended the Order of this Hon^{ble}. Court in serving the said Several Towns with Copys of the said Petition And the partys are attending and Desirous the hearing thereon may be brought forward ye former order of this Hon^l Court notwithstanding

They therefore most humbly pray your Excellency & Honours would be pleased to Cause the hearing to be had this present Session and that a Certain day may be assigned for the same as your Excellency & Honours in your great wisdom & Justice shall see meet

And your Memorialists as in Duty bound Shall Ever pray

JONAS HOUGHTON
SIMON STOON JUNER
JONATHAN WHITNEY
THOMAS WHEELER

In the House of Rep^{tes} Decr 17 1730
Read and in Answer to this Petition
Ordered That the Pet^{rs} give Notice to the Towns of Lancaster Groton and Stow or their Agents that they give in their Answer on the twenty ninth Inst. why the Prayer of the Petition within referred to may not be granted

Sent up for Concurrence

J QUINCY Sp^{kr}:

In Council Dec. 18, 1730; Read and Concur'd

J WILLARD Secry

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 6-8.]

The next dismemberment of the

Groton grant took place in the winter of 1738-39, when a parcel of land was set off to Littleton. I do not find a copy of the petition for this change, but from Mr. Sartell's communication it seems to have received the qualified assent of the town.

To his Excellency Jonathan Belcher Esq^r Captain General & Governour in Chief &c the Honorable Council and House of Representatives in General Court assembled at Boston Jan^y. 1. 1738.

May it please your Excellency and the Honorable Court.

Whereas there is Petition offered to your Excellency and the Honorable Court by several of the Inhabitants of the Town of Groton praying to be annexed to the Town of Littleton &c.

The Subscriber as Representative of said Town of Groton and in Behalf of said Town doth hereby manifest the Willingness of the Inhabitants of Groton in general that the Petitioners should be annexed to the said Town of Littleton with the Lands that belong to them Lying within the Line Petitioned for, but there being a Considerable Quantity of Proprietors Lands and other particular persons Lying within the Line that is Petitioned for by the said Petitioners. The Subscriber in Behalf of said Town of Groton & the Proprietors and others would humbly pray your Excellency and the Honorable Court that that part of their Petition may be rejected if in your Wisdom you shall think it proper and that they be sett off with the lands only that belong to them Lying within the Line Petitioned for as aforesaid, and the Subscriber in Behalf of the Town of Groton &c will as in Duty Bound ever pray &c.

NATHANIEL SARTELL

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 300.]

John Jeffries, Esq; brought down the Petition of *Peter Lawrence* and others of *Groton*, praying to be annexed to *Littleton*, as entred the 12th ult. Pass'd in Council, viz. In Council *January 4th 1738*. Read again, together with the Answer of *Nathanael Sartell*, Esq; Representative

for the Town of *Groton*, which being considered, *Ordered*, That the Prayer of the Petition be so far granted as that the Petitioners with their Families & Estates within the Bounds mentioned in the Petition be and hereby are set off from the Town of *Groton*, and are annexed to and accounted as part of the Town of *Littleton*, there to do Duty and receive Privilege accordingly.

Sent down for Concurrence. Read and concur'd.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 86), January 4, 1738.]

In the autumn of 1738, many of the settlers living in the northerly part of Groton, now within the limits of Pepperell, and in the westerly part of Dunstable, now Hollis, New Hampshire, were desirous to be set off in a new township. Their petition for this object was also signed by a considerable number of non-resident proprietors, and duly presented to the General Court. The reasons given by them for the change are found in the following documents:—

To His Excellency Jona. Belcher Esqr. Captain General and Governour in Chief &c The Hon^{ble}. the Council and House of Rep^{tes} in General Court Assembled at Boston November the 29th 1738

The Petition of the Subscribers Inhabitants and Proprietors of the Towns of Dunstable and Groton.

Humbly Sheweth

That your Petitioners are Situated on the Westerly side Dunstable Township and the Northerly side Groton Township those in the Township of Dunstable in General their houses are nine or ten miles from Dunstable Meeting house and those in the Township of Groton none but what lives at least on or near Six miles from Groton Meeting house by which means your petitioners are deprived of the benefit of preaching, the greatest part of the year, nor is it possible at any season of the year for their famyls in General to get to Meeting under which Disadvantages your

petrs. has this Several years Laboured, excepting the Winter Seasons for this two winters past, which they have at their Own Cost and Charge hired preaching amongst themselves which Disadvantages has very much prevented peoples Settling land there.

That there is a Tract of good land well Situated for a Township of the Contents of about Six miles and an half Square bounded thus, beginning at Dunstable Line by Nashaway River So running by the Westerly side said River Southerly One mile in Groton Land, then running Westerly a Paralel Line with Groton North Line, till it comes to Townsend Line and then turning and running north to Groton Northwest Corner, and from Groton Northwest Corner by Townsend line and by the Line of Groton New Grant till it comes to be five miles and an half to the Northward of Groton North Line from thence due east, Seven miles, from thence South to Nashua River and So by Nashua River Southwesterly to Groton line the first mentioned bounds, which described Lands can by no means be prejudicial either to the Town of Dunstable or Groton (if not coming within Six miles or thereabouts of either of their Meeting houses at the nearest place) to be taken off from them and Erected into a Seperate Township.

That there is already Settled in the bounds of the aforescribed Tract near forty famyls and many more ready to come on were it not for the difficulties and hardships afores^d. of getting to meeting. These with many other disadvantages We find very troublesome to Us, Our living so remote from the Towns We respectively belong to.

Wherefore your Petitioners most humbly pray Your Excellency and Honours would take the premises into your Consideration and make an Act for the Erecting the aforesaid Lands into a Seperate and distinct Township with the powers priviledges and Immunities of a distinct and Seperate Township under such restrictions and Limitations, as you in your Great Wisdom shall see meet.

And Whereas it will be a great benefit and Advantage to the Non resident proprietors owning Lands there by Increasing the Value of their Lands or rendering easy Settling the same, Your Petrs. also pray that they may be at their proportionable part according to their respective Interest in Lands there, for the building a Meeting-house and Settling a Minister, and so much towards Constant preaching as in your wisdom shall be thought proper.

Settlers on the aforesd. Lands

Obadiah Parker	Will ^m Colburn
Josiah Blood	Stephen Harris
Jerahmal Cumings	Thos. Dinsmoor
Eben ^r . Pearce	Peter Pawer
Abm ^r . Taylor Jun ^r	Benja ^a Farley
Henry Barton	Peter Wheeler
Robert Colburn	David Vering
Philip Woolerick	Nath ^l . Blood
William Adams	Joseph Taylor
Moses Procter	Will ^m Shattuck
Thos. Navins	

Non Resident Proprietors

Samuel Browne	W Browne
Joseph Blanchard	John Fowle Jun ^r .
Nath Saltonstall	Joseph Eaton
Joseph Lemmon	Jeremiah Baldwin
Sam ^l Baldwin	Daniel Remant
John Malven	Jon ^a . Malven
James Cumings	Isaac Farwell
Eben ^r Procter	

In the House of Representatives Decr. 12th. 1738. Read and Ordered that the Petitioners Serve the Towns of Groton and Dunstable with Coppys of the petition.

In Council January 4th. 1738.

Read again and Ordered that the further Consideration of this Petition be referred to the first tuesday of the next May Session and that James Minot and John Hobson Esq^{rs}. with Such as the Honourable Board shall joine be a Committee at the Charge of the Petitioners to repair to the Lands petitioned for to be Erected into a Township first giving Seasonable notice as well to the petitioners as to the Inhabitants and Non Resident Proprietors of Lands within the sd Towns of Dunstable and Groton of the time of their going by

Causing the same to be publish'd in the Boston Gazette, that they carefully View the sd. Lands as well as the other parts of the sd. Towns, so far as may be desired by the Partys or thought proper, that the Petitioners and all others Concerned be fully heard in their pleas and Allegations for, as well as against the prayer of the Petition; and that upon Mature Consideration on the whole the Committee then report what in their Opinion may be proper for the Court to do in Answer there to Sent up for Concurrence.

J QUINCY Sp^{kr}.

In Council Jan^y 9th. 1738

Read and Concurred and Thomas Berry Esq^r. is joined in the Affair.

SIMON FROST Dep^y. Sec^y.

Consented to

J. BELCHER

A true Copy Exam^d. per Simon Frost, Dep^y Sec^y.

In the House of Rep^{tes} June 7th: 1739

Read and Concurred

J QUINCY Sp^{kr};

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 268-271.]

The Committee Appointed on the Petition of the Inhabitants and Proprietors situated on the Westerly side of Dunstable and Northerly side of Groton, Having after Notifying all parties, Repaired to the Lands, Petitioned to be Erected into a Township, Carefully Viewed the same, Find a very Good Tract of Land in Dunstable Westward of Nashuway River between sd River and Souhegan River Extending from Groton New Grant and Townsend Line Six Miles East, lying in a very Commodious Form for a Township, and on said Lands there now is about Twenty Families, and many more settling, that none of the Inhabitants live nearer to a Meeting House then Seven miles and if they go to their own Town have to pass over a ferry the greatest part of the Year. We also Find in Groton a sufficient Quantity of Land accommodable for settlement, and a considerable Number of Inhabitants thereon, that in Some Short Time when they are well Agreed may be Erected into a Distinct Parish; And that it will be very

Form prayed for or to Break in upon Either Town. The Committee are of Opinion that the Petitioners in Dunstable are under such Circumstances as necessitates them to Ask Relief which will be fully Obtained by their being made Township, which if this Hon^{ble}. Court should Judge necessary to be done; The Committee are Further of Opinion that it Will be greatly for the Good and Interest of the Township that the Non Resident Proprietors, have Liberty of Voting with the Inhabitants as to the Building and Placing a Meeting House and that the Lands be Equally Taxed, towards said House And that for the Support of the Gosple Ministry among them the Lands of the Non Resident Proprietors be Taxed at Two pence per Acre for the Space of Five Years.

All which is Humbly Submitted in the Name & by Order of the Committee
THOMAS BERRY

In Council July 7 1739

Read and ordered that the further Consideration of this Report be referred to the next Sitting, and that the Petitioners be in the meantime freed from paying any thing toward the support of the ministry in the Towns to which they respectively belong

Sent down for Concurrence

J WILLARD Secy.

In the House of Reptives June 7: 1739
Read and Concurred

J QUINCY Spkr:

Consented to

J BELCHER

In Council Decem^r. 27, 1739.

Read again and Ordered that this Report be so far accepted as that the Lands mentioned and described therein, with the Inhabitants there be erected into a Separate & distinct precinct, and the Said Inhabitants are hereby vested with all Such Powers and Priviledges that any other Precinct in this Province have or by Law ought to enjoy and they are also impowered to assess & levy a Tax of Two pence per Acre per Annum for the Space of Five years on all the unimproved Lands belonging to the non residents Proprietors to be

applied for the Support of the Ministry according to the Said Report.

Sent down for Concurrence

SIMON FROST Dep^y Secy.

In the House of Reptives Dec 28. 1739
Read and Concur'd.

J QUINCY Spkr:

Janu^a. 1: Consented to,

J BELCHER

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 272, 273.]

While this petition was before the General Court, another one was presented praying for a new township to be made up from the same towns, but including a larger portion of Groton than was asked for in the first petition. This application met with bitter opposition on the part of both places, but it may have hastened the final action on the first petition. It resulted in setting off a precinct from Dunstable, under the name of the West Parish, which is now known as Hollis, New Hampshire. The papers relating to the second petition are as follows: —

To His Excellency Jonathan Belcher Esquire Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, the Honourable the Council and House of Representatives of said Province, in General Court Assembled Dec. 12th, 1739.

The Petition of Richard Warner and Others, Inhabitants of the Towns of Groton and Dunstable.

Most Humbly Sheweth

That Your Petitioners dwell very far from the place of Public Worship in either of the said Towns, Many of them Eight Miles distant, some more, and none less than four miles, Whereby Your Petitioners are put to great difficulties in Travelling on the Lord's Days, with our Families.

Your Petitioners therefore Humbly Pray Your Excellency and Honours to take their circumstances into your Wise and Compassionate Consideration, And that a part of the Town of Groton, Beginning at the line between Groton and Dunstable where inconvenient to Erect a Township in the

it crosses Lancaster [Nashua] River, and so up the said River until it comes to a Place called and Known by the name of Joseph Blood's Ford Way on said River, thence a West Point 'till it comes to Townshend line &c. With such a part and so much of the Town of Dunstable as this Honourable Court in their great Wisdom shall think proper, with the Inhabitants Thereon, may be Erected into a separate and distinct Township, that so they may attend the Public Worship of God with more ease than at present they can, by reason of the great distance they live from the Places thereof as aforesaid.

And Your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, shall ever Pray &c.

Richard Warner
Benjamin Swallow
William Allin
Isaac Williams
Ebenezer Gilson
Ebenezer Peirce
Samuel Fisk
John Green
Josiah Tucker
Zachariah Lawrence Junr
William Blood
Jeremiah Lawrence
Stephen Eames

“[Inhabitants of Groton]”

Enoch Hunt
Eleazer Flegg
Samuel Cummings
William Blanchard
Gideon Howe
Josiah Blood
Samuel Parker
Samuel Farle
William Adams
Philip Wolrich

“[Inhabitants of Dunstable]”

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 274, 275.]

Province of the Massachusetts Bay
To His Excellency The Governour The
Honble Council & House of Reptives in
Generall Court Assembled Decr. 1739

The Answer of ye Subscribers agents for
the Town of Groton to ye Petition of Rich-

ard Warner & others praying that part of Said Town with part of Dunstable may be Erected into a Distinct & Seperate Township.

May it please your Excellency & Hon^{rs}
The Town of Groton Duely Assembled and Taking into Consideration ye Reasonableness of said Petition have Voted their Willingness, That the prayer of ye Petition be Granted as per their Vote herewith humbly presented appears, with this alteration namely That they Include the River (vizt Nashua River) over wch is a Bridge, built Intirely to accommodate said Petitioners heretofore, & your Respondents therefore apprehend it is but Just & Reasonable the same should for the future be by them maintain'd if they are Set of from us.

Your Respondents Pursuant to ye Vote Aforesaid, humbly move to your Excellency & Hon^{rs} That no more of Dunstable be Laid to Groton Then Groton have voted of, for one Great Reason that Induced Sundry of ye Inhabitants of Groton to come into Said Vote was This Namely They owning a very Considerable part of the Lands Voted to be set of as aforesd were willing to Condesent to ye Desires of their Neighbours apprehending that a meeting House being Erected on or near ye Groton Lands & a minister settled it would Raise their Lands in Vallue but should considerable part of Dunstable be set of more then of Groton it must of course draw the Meeting House farther from ye Groton Inhabitants wch would be very hurtfull both to the people petitioners & those that will be Non Resident proprietors if the Township is made.

Wherefore they pray That Said New Township may be Incorporated Agreeable to Groton Vote vizt Made Equally out of both Towns & as in Duty bound Shall Ever pray

Natell Sartell
William Lawrence

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 272, 279.]

At A Legall town Meeting of the Inhabitants & free holders of the town of Groton assembled December ye. 24th: 1739 Voted

& Chose Capt. William Lawrance Mad-
erator for said meeting &c:

In Answer to the Petion of Richard
Warnor & others Voted that the land with
the Inhabitance mentioned in said Petion
Including the Riuer from Dunstable Line
to or. ford way Called and Known by ye.
Name of Joseph Bloods ford way: be Set
of from the town of Groton to Joyn with
sum of the westerly Part of the town of
Dunstable to make a Distinct and Sepprate
town Ship Provided that their be no: More
taken from Dunstable then from Groton in
making of Said new town. Also Voted
that Nathaniel Sawtell Esqr. and Cap:
William Lawrance be Agiants In the affair
or Either of them to wait upon the Great
and Genieral Cort: to Vse their Best in
Deauer to set off the Land as a foresd. so
that the one half of ye. said New town may
be made out of Groton and no: more.

Abstract Examined & Compaired of the
town book of Record for Groton per

Ionat. Sheple Town Clark

Groton Decembr: 24th: A: D: 1739

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 281.]

Province of ye Mass^{ts} Bay

To His Excellency Jonathan Belcher Esqr
Governour &c To The Hon^d. His
Majesty's Councill & House of Repre-
sentatives in Gen^l Court Assembled
December 1739

Whereas some few of the Inhabitants of
Groton & Dunstable have Joyned in their
Petition to this Hon^d. Court to be erected
with Certain Lands into a Township as per
their Petition entered the 12th: Curr.
which prayer if granted will very much
Effect ye. Quiet & Interest of the Inhab-
itants on the northerly part of Groton

Wherefore the Subscribers most Humbly
begg leave To Remonstrate to y^{or} Excel-
lency & Hon^{rs}. the great & Numerous
Damages that we and many Others Shall
Sustain if their Petition should be granted
and would Humbly Shew

That the Contents of Groton is abt. forty
Thousand Acres Good Land Sufficient &
happily Situated for Two Townships, and
have on or near Two Hundred & Sixty
Famyls Settled there with Large Accomo-
dations for many more

That the land pray'd for Out of Groton
Could it be Spared is in a very Incomod-
ious place, & will render a Division of
the remaining part of the town Imprac-
ticable & no ways Shorten the travel of
the remotest Inhabit^{ts}.

That it will leave the town from the
northeast and to the Southwest end at
least fourteen miles and no possibillity for
those ends to be Accomodated at any
Other place w^{ch} will render the Difficulties
we have long Labourd under without
Remidy

That part of the lands Petitioned for (will
when This Hon^d. Court shall see meet to
Divide us) be in & near the Middle of one
of ye. Townships

And Altho the number of thirteen per-
sons is there Sett forth to Petition. it is
wrong and Delusive Sevrall of them gave
no Consent to any Such thing And to
compleat their Guile have entered the
names of four persons who has no Interest
in that part of the town viz Swallow Tucker
Ames & Green

That there is near Double the number
On the Lands Petit^d. for and Settled
amongst them who Declare Against their
Proceedings, & here Signifie the Same

That many of us now are at Least Seven
miles from Our meeting And the Only
Encouragement to Settle there was the un-
deniable Accomodations to make An Other
town without w^{ch}. We Should by no means
have undertaken

That if this their Petⁿ. Should Succeed —
Our hopes must Perish — thay by no means
benifitted — & we put to all the Hardships
Immaginable.

That the whole tract of Land thay pray
may be Taken Out of groton Contains
about Six or Seven Thousand Acres, (the
Quantity and Situation may be Seen on ye.
plan herewith And but Abt. four Or five
hundred Acres thereof Owned by the Pet^{rs}.
and but very Small Improvements On that.
Under all w^{ch}. Circumstances wee Humbly
conceive it unreasonable for them to desire
thus to Harrase and perplex us. Nor is it
by Any means for the Accomodation of
Dunstable thus to Joyn who have land
of their Own Sufficient and none to Spare

without prejudicing their begun Settlement
Wherefore we most Humbly pray Yor.
Excellency & Honrs. to compassionate Our
Circumstances and that thay may not be
set off and as in Duly bound &c

Benja. Parker	John Woods
Josiah Sartell	Samuel Shattuck iu
Joseph Spoaldeng	James Larwance
Juner	Jonathan Shattuck
Nath ^l . Parker	James Shattuck
Jacob Lakin	John Chambrlen
Thomas Fisk	John Cumings
Isaac Lakin	Henery Jefes
John Shattuck	David Shattuck
John Scott	Seth Phillips
Benj ⁿ . Robines	Samuel Wright
Isaac Woods	John Swallow
Enoch larwance	William Spoalding
John Blood	Jonathan Woods
James Green	William Cumings
Joseph Blood	Nathaniel Lawrence iu

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 282-284.]

Wee the Subrs: Inhabts: of ye Town of
Dunstable & Resident in that part of it

Called Nissitisitt Do hereby authorize and
Fully Impower Abraham Taylor Junr. and
Peter Power to Represent to Gen^l. Court
our unwillingness that any Part of Dun-
stable should [be] sett off to Groton to
make a Township or Parish and to Shew
forth our Earness Desire that a Township
be maide intirely out out [*sic*] off Dun-
stable Land, Extending Six mils North
from Groton Line which will Bring the on
the Line on ye Brake of Land and Just
Include the Present Setlers: or otherwise
As ye Hon^l. Committee Reported and
Agreeable to the tenour thereof as The
Honrd Court shall see meet and as Duly
bound &c

Thos: Dinmore, and 20 others.

Dunstable Decer: ye 21st: 1739

These may sertifie to ye Honrd. Court
that there is Nomber of Eleven more y^t
has not signed this Nor ye Petetion of
Richard Worner & others, that is now
settled and About to settle

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 277.]

TUBEROSSES.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

In misty greenhouse aisles or garden walks,

In crowded halls or in the lonely room,

Where fair tuberoses, from their slender stalks,

Lade all the air with heavy, rich perfume,

My heart grows sick; my spirits sink like lead, —

The scene before me slips and fades away:

A small, still room uprising in its stead,

With softened light, and grief's dread, dark array.

Shrined in its midst, with folded hands, at rest,

Life's work all over ere 't was well begun,

Lies a fair girl in snowy garments dressed,

And all the place with bud and bloom o'errun;

Pinks, roses, lilies, blend in odorous death,

But over all the tuberose sends its wealth,

Seeming to hold the lost one by its breath

While creeping o'er our living hearts in stealth.

O subtle blossoms, you are death's own flowers!

You have no part with love or festal hours.

BRITISH FORCE AND THE LEADING LOSSES IN THE REVOLUTION.

[From Original Returns in the British Record Office.]

COMPILED BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U.S.A.

At Boston, in 1775, 9,147.

At New York, in 1776, 31,626.

In America: June, 1777, 30,957; August, 1778, 33,756; February, 1779, 30,283; May, 1779, 33,458; December, 1779, 38,569; May, 1780, 38,002; August, 1780, 33,020; December, 1780, 33,766; May, 1781, 33,374; September, 1781, 42,075.

CASUALTIES.

Bunker Hill, 1,054; Long Island, 400; Fort Washington, 454; Trenton, 1,049 (including prisoners); Hubbard-

ton, 360; Bennington, 207 (besides prisoners); Freeman's Farm, 550; Bemis Heights, 500; Burgoyne's Surrender, 5,763; Forts Clinton and Montgomery, 190; Brandywine, 600; Germantown, 535; Monmouth, 2,400 (including deserters); Siege of Charlestown, 265; Camden, 324; Cowpens, 729; Guilford Court House, 554; Hobkirk's Hill, 258; Eutaw Springs, 693; New London, 163; Yorktown, 552; Cornwallis's Surrender, 7,963.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

BIRD AND SQUIRREL LEGISLATION IN 1776.

"Whereas, much mischief happens from Crows, Black Birds, and Squirrels, by pulling up corn at this season of the year, therefore, be it enacted by this Town meeting, that ninepence as a bounty per head be given for every full-grown crow, and twopence half-penny per head for every young crow, and twopence half-penny per head for every crow blackbird, and one penny half-penny per head for every red-winged blackbird, and one penny half-penny per head for every thrush or jay bird and streaked squirrel that shall be killed, and presented to the Town Treasurer by the twentyeth day of June next, and that the same be paid out of the town treasury."

BARRINGTON, RHODE ISLAND.

At the meeting of the town held on the fourteenth of March, 1774, James Brown, the fourth, was the first on the committee to draw up resolves to be

laid before the meeting respecting the infringements made upon the Americans by certain "ministerial decrees." These were laid before a meeting held March 21, 1774, and received by the town's votes, as follows:—

"The inhabitants of this Town being justly Alarmed at the several acts of Parliament made and passed for having a revenue in America, and, more especially the acts for the East India Company, exporting their tea into America subject to a duty payable here, on purpose to raise a revenue in America, with many more unconstitutional acts, which are taken into consideration by a number of our sister towns in the Colony, therefore we think it needless to enlarge upon them; but being sensible of the dangerous condition the Colonies are in, Occasioned by the Influence of wicked and designing men, we enter into the following Resolves;

"*First*, That we, the Inhabitants of the Town ever have been & now are Loyal & dutiful subjects to the king of G. Britain.

"*Second*, That we highly approve of the resolutions of our sister Colonies and the noble stand they have made in the defense of the liberties & privileges of the Colonys, and we thank the worthy author of 'the rights of the Colonies examined.'

"*Third*, That the act for the East India Company to export their Tea to America payable here, and the sending of said tea by the Company, is with an intent to enforce the Revenue Acts and Design^d for a precedent for Establishing Taxes, Duties & Monopolies in America, that they might take our property from us and dispose of it as they please and reduce us to a state of abject slavery.

"*Fourth*, That we will not buy or sell, or receive as a gift, any dutied Tea, nor have any dealings with any person or persons that shall buy or sell or give or receive or trade in s^d Tea, directly or indirectly, knowing it or suspecting it to be such, but will consider all persons concern^d in introducing dutied Teas into any Town in America, as enemies to this country and unworthy the society of free men.

"*Fifth*, That it is the duty of every man in America to oppose by all proper measures to the uttermost of his Power and Abilities every attempt upon the liberties of his Country and especially those mentioned in the foregoing Resolves, & to exert himself to the uttermost of his power to obtain a redress of the grievances the Colonies now groan under.

"We do therefore solemnly resolve that we will heartily unite with the Town of Newport and all the other

Towns in this and the sister Colonies, and exert our whole force in support of the just rights and privileges of the American Colonies.

"*Sixth*, That James Brown, Isaiah Humphrey, Edw^d Bosworth, Sam^l Allen, Nathaniel Martin, Moses Tyler, & Thomas Allen, Esq., or a major part of them, be a committee for this town to Correspond with all the other Committees appointed by any Town in this or the neighboring Colonies, and the committee is desir^d to give their attention to every thing that concerns the liberties of America; and if any of that obnoxious Tea should be brought into this Town, or any attempt made on the liberties of the inhabitants thereof, the committee is directed and empowered to call a town meeting forthwith that such measures may be taken as the publick safty may require.

"*Seventh*, That we do heartily unite in and resolve to support the foregoing resolves with our lives & fortunes."

JOHN ROGERS, ESQUIRE.

A DESCENDANT of John Rogers, of Smithfield farm, came to America in the early emigration. Can any one give any information as to the life and death of a son, John Rogers, Jr., of Roxbury?

Answer. — John Rogers, Jr., or second, was born at Duxbury, about February 28, 1641. He married Elisabeth Peabody, and, after King Philip's War, removed to Mount Hope Neck, Bristol, Rhode Island, about 1680. He again removed to Boston in 1697; to Taunton in 1707; and to Swansea in 1710. He became blind in 1723, and died after nine days' sickness, June 28, 1732, in the ninety-second year of his age, leaving at the time of his death ninety-one descendants, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. He was buried at Prince's Hill Cemetery, in Barrington, Rhode Island, where his grave is marked by a fine slate headstone in excellent preservation.

M. H. W.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Dedicated to Literature, History, and State Progress.

Vol. IX.

No. III.



Eng'd by A.H. Fuchie

Jesse Gault

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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VOL. IX.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1886.

Nos. III., IV.

HON. JESSE GAULT.

BY COLONEL J. EASTMAN PECKER.

Hon. Jesse Gault was born in Hooksett, N. H., September 20, 1823, and is a direct descendant, in the fifth generation, of Samuel Gault, who was born in Scotland and emigrated to the northern part of Chester, now included in Hooksett, and settled on the "Suncook Grant," so called. Matthew Gault, who was born in 1755 on the old Gault homestead in Chester, and who married Elizabeth Bunton, was the grandfather of the subject of this sketch. They had twelve children, nine living to be married, of whom Jesse, the second son, who was born October 22, 1790, while the family was temporarily residing in Springfield, N. H., and who died in Hooksett September 25, 1855, aged sixty-five, was the father of Hon. Jesse Gault. He was a successful farmer and a man of property, his homestead was one of the finest in his town or county. He married Dolly Clement, who was born in Pembroke April 21, 1794, and died March 30, 1873, her father being Joshua Clement, who was born in Goshen June 12, 1764, and died in Concord December 26, 1840. Mr. Clement was a clothier, and was many years in business in what is now Suncook, where he was a large owner of real estate, including considerable water power.

He married Abbie Head, daughter of General Nathaniel Head, of Pembroke, September 26, 1790, and on the maternal side was of English descent.

Jesse Gault, Sr., had four children, two sons and two daughters. Matthew, the elder son, was born September 23, 1817, and died December 2, 1846. Of the daughters, Almira C., born December 2, 1819, and died February 20, 1853, married Harlon P. Gerrish, of Boscawen. She left a son, John C. Gerrish, now living in Missouri. The remaining sister, Martha H., was born July 3, 1828, and died April 23, 1853.

Hon. Jesse Gault was brought up on his father's farm, and his opportunities for obtaining an education were the public school and Pembroke Academy. At the age of sixteen he began teaching in his own district, where he taught the winter school for four consecutive years, working on the farm in summer. Subsequently he was an instructor in Suncook and Hooksett village. On reaching twenty-two he left home to commence life's work for himself and went to Baltimore, Md., where he engaged as book-keeper and surveyor for Messrs. Abbott & Jones, ship lumber merchants. His health becoming impaired, he was forced in less than a

year to relinquish his situation, which had already become a most promising one, and returned home. After regaining his strength he, upon the solicitation of his aged parents, consented to remain in Hooksett. April 3, 1846, he married Miss Martha A., daughter of Isaac C. Otterson, of Hooksett, whose wife was Margaret Head, an aunt of ex-Governor Nathaniel Head. The same year Mr. Gault opened a brick yard in Hooksett on a small scale which he has developed until its production is about six millions yearly, affording employment to sixty men. This extensive business necessitates the purchase of large tracts of woodland for obtaining fuel, while the lumber is sold in the market. In this way he has bought some three thousand acres of forest domain. In addition, he owns several farms, the one upon which he lives cutting seventy-five tons of hay annually, and producing largely of other crops. His residence, on the old stage road from Concord to Haverhill, Mass., was built some five years ago, and is one of the most expensive in that section.

Mr. Gault was early active in civil affairs. After filling various local positions, including chairman of the board of selectmen for many years, he was chosen delegate from Hooksett to the Constitutional Convention of 1851, being the youngest member of that body. Mr. Gault was then a Whig, and Hooksett was at that time Democratic by more than two to one. In 1857 and 1858 he represented his town in the lower branch of the legislature, and in 1867 was elected a railroad commissioner for a triennial term, being chair-

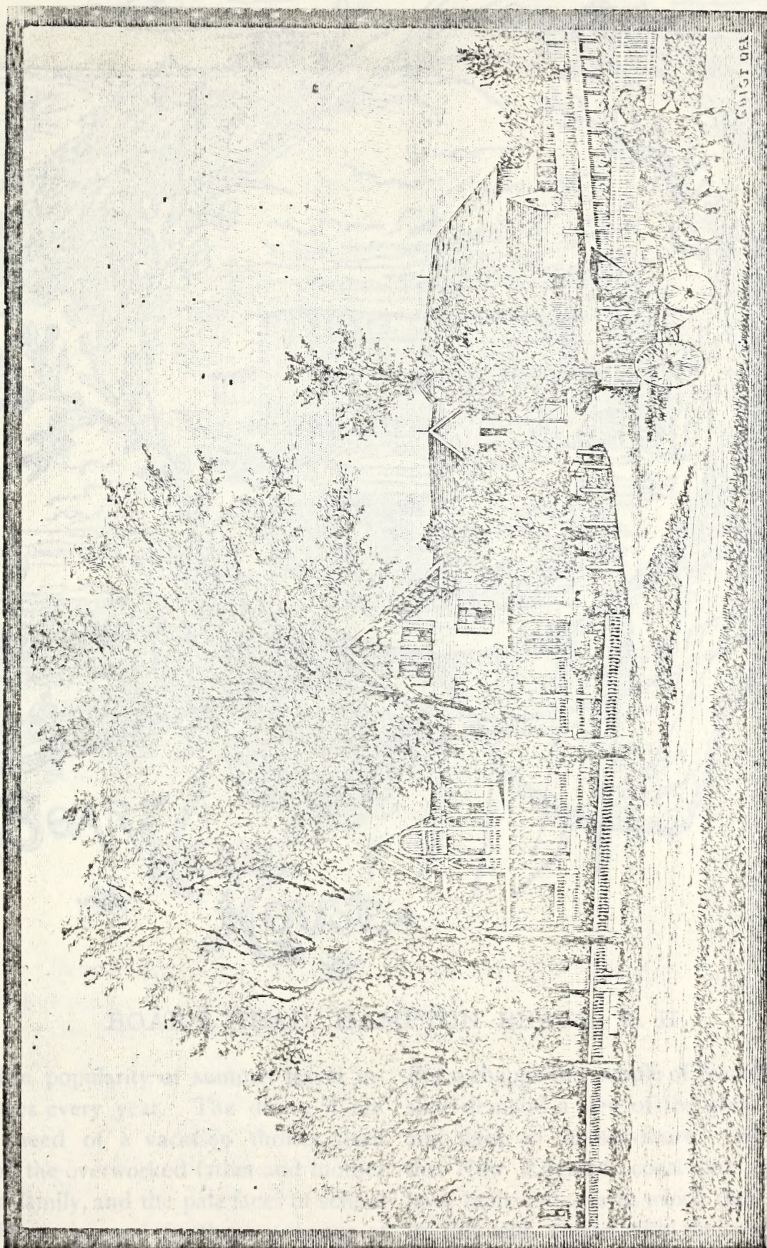
man of the board the last year. In 1876 he was delegate to the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati, and has for many years been a member of the Republican State Committee. He was chosen from the Londonderry District to the State Senate in 1885, and was chairman of the committee on claims, and a member of those on the revision of the statutes and the Asylum for the Insane. Mr. Gault, by great industry and perseverance, has accumulated a large property, and is extensively interested in ownership and officially in railway, banking, and other corporations. He is a regular attendant at the Union church in Hooksett, is universally respected in private life for the purity and uprightness of his character, and is a member of the Masonic fraternity. Of the five children, two sons and three daughters, born to Mr. and Mrs. Gault, four have died, the oldest, a son, reaching sixteen. The surviving child is the wife of Frank C. Towle, a young business man of Suncook. Senator Gault is a gentleman of commanding personal presence, is a fine speaker, and often presides over public assemblages. Possessing executive abilities of the highest order and excellent judgment, his opinion upon important matters, both private and public, is often sought. Although, as will be seen above, he has already filled many responsible civil offices, yet his host of friends are confident that higher political honors will hereafter be bestowed upon him. His house, presided over by his refined and accomplished wife, is widely known, no less for its elegance than for its generous hospitality, and attracts many visitors.

GEORGE PEABODY LITTLE.

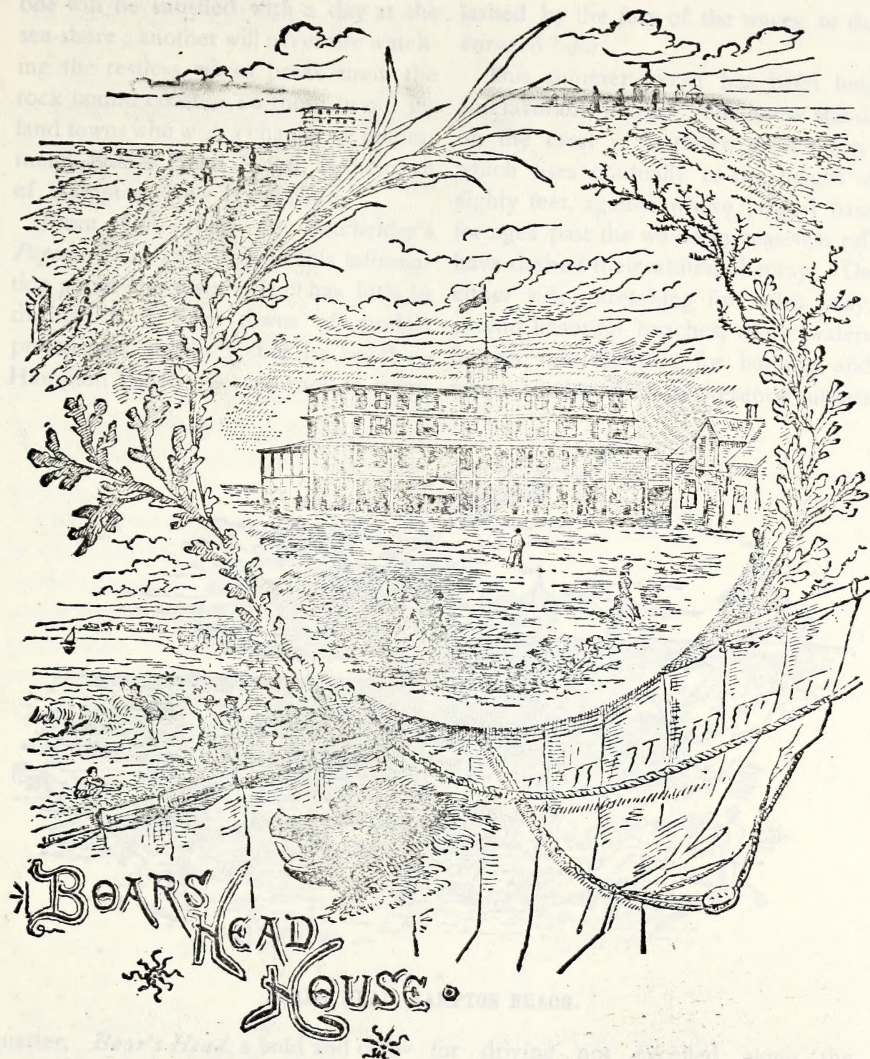
BY ISAAC WALKER, A. M.

George Peabody Little was the son of Elbridge Gerry and Sophronia Phelps (Peabody) Little. His father was born in Bradford, Mass., and his mother in Danvers, Mass. His mother was the sister of the late George Peabody, the distinguished London banker and philanthropist, from whom the son received his name, and by whom he was liberally remembered in the last will and testament of the banker. Mr. Little was born in Pembroke, Genesee County, New York, June 20, 1834. His early life was passed in that town and in Lewiston, New York, when he attended Lewiston Academy. He came with his mother to Pembroke, N. H., at about the age of thirteen years. He attended Pembroke Academy and the People's Gymnasium and Literary Institute. He taught one term of district school at the age of eighteen. When nineteen years old he went to Portland, Maine, as clerk in a store. It was then that he cast his first vote, the same being for Neal Dow as mayor. The next ten years he spent in Palmyra, N. Y. He held the office of United States deputy collector, and assisted in the formation of the first Republican Club in western New York. In 1868 he returned to Pembroke, N. H., buying the farm and buildings formerly belonging to the late Hon. Boswell Stevens, where he had lived when a boy. The same year (1868) he erected his present substantial and elegant residence, and from time to time has enlarged the farm until now it comprises about one thousand acres lying in Pembroke and adjoining towns.

In 1871 he was elected a member of the board of trustees of Pembroke Academy, and from about the first has been chairman of the executive committee; and the school has always found in him a firm friend and supporter. He has twice been elected representative to the legislature. At present he is one of the selectmen and also county treasurer, this being his second term of office. He is a Mason, being a member of the Mount Horeb Commandery, of Concord, N. H., and the De Witt Clinton Consistory, of Nashua, N. H., to the thirty-second degree; also a member of the Odd Fellows' Encampment. Although belonging to these secret societies, he is loyal to the church (Congregational) of which he is a member, always showing himself ready to bear his part in every good work. For many years he has been superintendent of the Sabbath school. In 1854 he married Miss Elizabeth A. Knox, daughter of Daniel M. Knox, of Pembroke, N. H. Their children are George William, who died at the age of three and a half years, Clarence Belden, Mary Georgiana, Lizzie Ellen, Nettie Knox, Lucy Bowman, and Clara Frances. Clarence B. Little is a resident of Bismarck, Dakota. He is Judge of Probate for Burleigh County, a member of the Governor's staff, and a director in the National Bank. Lizzie married Lester Thurber, of Nashua, N. H., and Nettie is a student at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. The others remain at home with their parents.



RESIDENCE OF GEORGE P. LITTLE, ESQ.



BOAR'S HEAD, HAMPTON BEACH, N. H.

The popularity of summer travel increases every year. The desire if not the need of a vacation thrusts itself upon the overworked father and mother of a family, and the pale faces of school children demand for them a change of scene and air. From the great cities on the Atlantic coast every summer rush forth a host to find rest and repose in the hill country of New Hampshire.

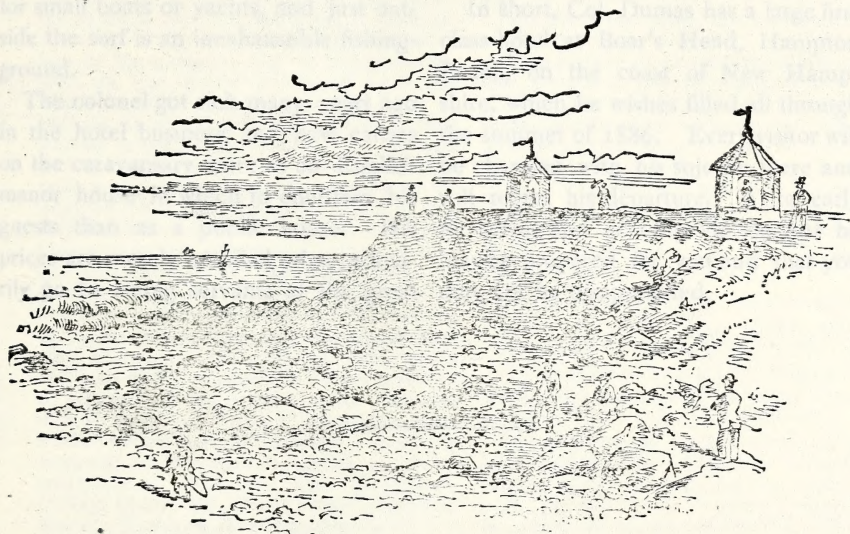
For a change the people of New Hampshire demand a view of the great ocean and flock to the sea-shore. All along the New England coast our citizens have built cottages to which they resort in July and August with their families, and gain health and vigor for the ensuing year. However, all cannot afford to build cottages; many can ill spare the time save for a sniff of the salt air:

one will be satisfied with a day at the sea-shore ; another will never tire watching the restless waves break upon the rock bound coast. To those in our inland towns who wish a change we recommend Boar's Head Hotel, in the town of Hampton, New Hampshire.

From Col. John B. Batchelder's *Popular Resorts* we glean this information about the town. It "has little to distinguish it from towns of modest pretensions generally, but its beach—Hampton Beach—is renowned in every

lashed by the fury of the waves, to the enraged boar.

This summer resort has been long and favorably known. The house stands on the crest of a rocky promontory, which rises gradually to the height of eighty feet, against whose jagged base for ages past the waves in ceaseless roll have dashed their whitened spray. On either side, stretching for miles away, extend beautiful beaches, whose waters furnish rare facilities for bathing, and whose hardened sands present a surface



BOAR'S HEAD, HAMPTON BEACH.

quarter. *Boar's Head*, a bold and commanding promontory projecting a quarter of a mile from the main land directly into the sea is the hospitable castle which "lords it" over the adjacent beaches. Here the admirer of the murmuring sea can find full scope for his admiration. The views from this lofty eminence are numberless and varied. The origin of the name is somewhat shrouded in mystery. Tradition says it was given by fishermen from the similarity of its foam-laved rocks, when

for driving not excelled along the coast."

The landlord of the hotel, Col. S. H. Dumas, is a veteran in administering to the wants of an exacting public. He has a nice, large, comfortable hotel and knows how to conduct it. During the season the table is supplied with the latest luxuries, while the sea at his very feet furnishes the most delicious of fresh fish to tempt the appetite. The rooms are large and airy, the furniture serviceable, the public parlors, reading rooms

and offices home like and comfortable. The house is of four stories like an L, and on five of its six sides is surrounded by a wide piazza affording a delightful promenade. It is but a step from this piazza to the green sward of the lawn, one of the most charming lawns in the world, surrounded on three sides by the ocean, and without obstruction in every direction. A glorious place for children, for croquet, for lawn tennis, for foot races, for kite flying. The point extending into the sea makes a haven for small boats or yachts, and just outside the surf is an inexhaustible fishing-ground.

The colonel got rich many years ago in the hotel business, and now carries on the caravansary more as an English manor house in which to entertain his guests than as a public house. His prices are merely nominal, what ordinarily go to feeing servants at the great

popular resorts. Three dollars a day for transient guests, and ten and twelve dollars a week for boarders may be considered very moderate charges for a first class hotel open less than three months in the summer. The season here commences about the middle of June and ends about the middle of September, although season after season his delighted guests refuse to leave his domain for a month or six weeks after the house is nominally closed for the summer.

In short, Col. Dumas has a large first class hotel at Boar's Head, Hampton Beach, on the coast of New Hampshire, which he wishes filled all through the summer of 1886. Every visitor will be charmed with his sojourn there and will regret his departure. Write early for terms and accommodation that he may be prepared for you and that you may not be disappointed.

LACONIA, N. H.

The pioneer of the hosiery industry in Laconia was John W. Busiel, who came to Laconia in 1846 and began the manufacture of woollen yarns. In 1856 he began to use the yarn product of his mill in making the coarser grades of wool hosiery, and continued in the business until his death in 1872. His sons, Charles A. Busiel, John T. Busiel, and Frank E. Busiel, succeeded him under the firm name of J. W. Busiel & Co. They have largely increased the business and have erected as fine a set of mills as can be found in New Eng-

land devoted to the line of woollen goods. They are manufacturing the finer grades of woollen hosiery in full fashioned goods, using machinery of the latest pattern, some of which they control exclusively under letters patent.

They employ two hundred and fifty hands, and their annual product is about \$500,000, with a monthly pay roll of \$6500 to \$7000. Their goods are known in the trade as the Perfect Foot goods, and find a ready and increasing sale all over the country.

"NEXT DOOR." A story modest in aim, but cleverly executed and remarkably interesting as a piece of narration, will be found in "Next Door," by Clara Louise Burnham. This author writes agreeably, in a clear, fluent style, and describes the domestic and social life of our day in a manner which merits high praise. She has a good eye for character as well, and in one of her personages, Aunt Ann Eaton, has given us a genuine portrait of a woman which many people will admire for its felicitous touches. The other people who figure in the story are perhaps less carefully discriminated; but unless it be the antipode of Aunt Ann in the city matron, who also presents familiar traits, the remaining characters are all interesting to the reader. The quartet of lovers especially enlists sympathy. It is on their experiences that the story turns. We see what its inevitable result will be, for the writer of this book is not one of those authors who are given to harrowing the sensibilities of his audience; but we follow the tale none the less, always entertained by it, and with a curiosity as to how the end is to be brought about, which is more agreeable than anxious misgiving as to what is to be done with the characters. This story, as we have said, is charmingly told. It has some of the qualities which have made the works of that English writer known as "The Duchess" popular, without her effusiveness, sometime slang and ultra-romanticism. The conversations are particularly good. They are easy and natural, and they well illustrate much of the manner of the day which is found among young people. Margery is agreeably and often spicily vivacious, and Ray Ingalls is a good specimen of a genuine, warm hearted youth. The humor of the introductions of two of the characters in the opening chapter is especially neat, and we can promise readers a genuine entertainment from the story throughout. ["Next Door," by Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Ticknor & Co.: 12mo, pp. 371.]

LIFE OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. By Samuel Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Company. 2 vols., 450 pp. each: price, \$6.00.

The life of no man of letters could be more welcome than that of the admired, honored, beloved poet of "creative imagination, airy fancy, exquisite grace, harmony and simplicity, rhetorical brilliancy, and incisive force," who vitalized everything he touched in verse by the sympathy of his nature. He always touched humanity with voice or pen tenderly. Humanity's response is in the welcome given these exquisite volumes, which could not have been written with more appreciative fervor, or more modest, classic phrase, and could not have been issued with more delicate elegance than from the press of Ticknor & Co. As a biography it is complete in a sense that no other writer could have made it. The

boyhood life is tenderly revealed, not from the standpoint of a literary critic, not as one who tries to write, but the most delicately sensitive memories of a devoted brother. School days and college years are briefly but significantly portrayed. Where the professional biographer would have reveled in the abundant material, we are given all that is of any real interest without any of the tediousness that usually afflicts. In turning the pages as the paper-knife runs through the uncut leaves, the impression is that the biographer tarries too long on his early foreign travels, but as we read, and find Mr. Longfellow's choicest descriptions, with a vein of wit rarely revealed by him intermingled with original art sketches, we regret that it so soon shades into his professional days at Bowdoin, only to rejoice us by emerging into a second European tour, prolonged but delightful.

The Cambridge home, life, work and friends are left to appear as visitors here and there, delicate glimpses in journals, letters and poems. One of the most genuine phases of the writer's art is the ease, good taste, and discriminating judgment with which he brings into view for a moment's entertaining thought the characters worth knowing in both hemispheres for a half-century. The world is richer for having in its libraries and upon its tables two such elegant volumes as Ticknor & Co. have given us in Samuel Longfellow's life of his brother, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SPHINX'S CHILDREN: AND OTHER PEOPLE'S. By Rose Terry Cooke, author of *Somebody's Neighbors*, etc. 12mo. \$1.50.

"A bouquet of native New England flowers, and the flowers have a peculiar beauty and fragrance too."—*Hartford Courant*.

The short stories in this volume are of the very essence of New England. A somewhat fanciful reverie lends its peculiar title to the book, but the "Other People's" offspring are the individual product of the soil, full of the grit, the doggedness and the grim humor that came over with our grandparents' furniture in the Mayflower. These stories are the fruit and blossom of all that is noblest and best in the qualities of the Puritan, and it may be that their appreciation—though not their beauty or their power—will be restricted by reason of what is distinctive and individual about them. Surely no short story of recent years has surpassed "The Deacon's Week" in pathos, in artistic truth, in the inspiration of a sublime and noble purpose. It would seem that no one could rise from its perusal without an impulse toward kindness and charity and a sense of benefit received. Without a word of moralizing or tawdry reflection, it gives the same lesson that is practiced out by true and manly conduct and unselfishness. And all the time the perfection of the picture as a work of art, as a truthful portrait set out with exquisite literary finish, captures the mind and entrances the imagination.

THE BUSINESS ELEMENT IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY WILLARD H. MORSE, M.D.

WHEN this country has attained to twice its present age, and Americans begin to think more of life than they do of money, some careful historian will trace the province of business in our national history, and make that chapter of American history one of the most readable in our chronicles. Since the days of Miles Standish, we have been a business people; and the phrase has meant more on this side of the Atlantic than it has in any of the mother countries. Blankets for corn, and whiskey for venison, has changed in the century to stock-jobbing and mark-down sales; but nevertheless business is and was a dominant factor, and a matter of astonishment. One hundred years ago the old Dutch store-keepers of New York stood still in their doorways in mute astonishment as they saw farmers and strangers come by with their produce on their wagons, and a determination for a good bargain on their calculating faces. The same sentiment is with us who are idlers to-day, and stand at an elevated-railway station any morning, and watch the horde of passengers. If the Nick Van Stans stared in amazement, so do we, as we look at the trains discharging their loads, and see on anxious, worried, and excited faces the deep-worn signs of the never-ceasing struggle for business prosperity. It is quite the same to-day as it was in 1784. Then men traded under difficulties, and now gains are not to be had except at extreme risk. Then pirates, Indians, and other treachery lurked somewhere as a perpetual terror, just the same as treacherous Specula-

tion stalks through our daily markets ready to devour. Then there existed gigantic bubble companies that are the direct ancestors of our modern stock enterprises. Then as now big sums were risked, and at times the ventures exceeded in magnitude any thing we have seen.

I like to hear wise men say that we of to-day are fools in business. Of course it is true; and why should it not be, when the men of 1884 are sons of men who in the years of a not-long-gone century did much foolish business? There is nothing new under the sun that has shone on a goodly lot of American business folly. To him who points the finger of scorn at our Wall Street, I like to talk of the "Darien scheme," the "South-sea bubble," or perchance of the "scheme of William Law." Alas, we cannot make men like Law in this year of grace, our best efforts in that direction only resulting in a Ferdinand Ward! Just think of that man and his Mississippi scheme! He went to work on an arbitrary court, professing magnificent faith in boundless sources of credit. He made ready converts of wise men who could find no bound between the real and ideal. Under his sophistry Paris lost its head, and the world witnessed a financial excitement never equalled. There was a rush to the Bank of France, to change gold and silver for empty promises concerning an American scheme. The Scotch *parvenu* held levees, where the nobles of France were his obsequious courtiers. In short, he was the fashion, and has had no successor. He anti-

cipated such schemes as the *Crédit Mobilier*, and the selling of imaginary silver mines to sanguine English investors; but none of these ventures have equalled the original. Then a Scotchman could sell a French regent a league of Louisiana swamp for three thousand livres, while now we have "puts" and "calls" on railroad stocks that are just as swampy. Ah, but we cannot do such magnificent swindling in Wall Street! The good American is as "cute" as the evil one, and both are "cuter" than the William Laws. He spoilt all by dying poor, while our modern speculator dies rich, even after he is ruined! Poor Law, if he had only known how to go into bankruptcy, or to settle his estate on his wife!

But there were solid business-men in those last centuries as well as speculators. In New York and Boston, at the close of the Revolution, there were merchants of ability and energy, stanch, steady heads of houses, without a particle of folly or romance about them. Such men might live over their shops, or might have ships trading in the Levant. Men who were the direct progenitors of some of our best modern houses got a respectable and honest living out of coffee and sugar, or in butter and eggs, and were esteemed for their principles. Such men got influence, and went about making their country's history. Theirs was an absolutely unique position. While lawyers played the leading characters on the stage, there were times when a businessman was asked for, and a John Jay stepped forward. The lawyer and soldier gave his country his brain; but the business-man added to that gift the product of his brain,—his money. He had calculation and prudence about him; and, though the pet of Fortune,

he never presumed on her favors. Strangely, the troubled times in which his lot was cast well served his sagacity. His tact developed into genius, and his gains were only measured by his credits. He knew no "bulls," and he never felt the mercy of "bears." *Bon chien chasse de race*; and, like the speculator, the old-fashioned merchant has his heirs in our time. When that American history is written, it will tell of these steady-going merchants of to-day, who are masters of many situations, and who are even wiser and stronger than their honored fathers. We want such men more now than we ever did before. In the twenty-five years since 1859, how many such men have there been! They do not fritter away time and talents in speculation. Their habits are of steady application. Their ways are respected. The self-styled capitalist is shy of entertaining proposals which are already prejudiced in the opinion of steady-going business-men. That which they accept is launched handsomely. If real business-men push a railway scheme, the public has no fear of what the Law and Ward element may do. The undertakings of the solid element are measured by its ambition and energy, rather than its resources; and it is not strange to see a million of capital follow in the road a single dollar has cut.

But in the same history we shall have to read of a class that is not of speculators or of solid men. There is a middle class,—the class of honorable men who have speculated, and have hung on the slippery edge of the abyss of dishonor until they have failed. These men have tried to keep a footing by means desperate and discreditable, in hopes to avert the evil day. Not daring to show the world that they want to retrench, they have become slowly

resigned to the life of swindlers. Their dinners, equipages, and other extravagance, become parts of a system of imposture. They dare not do aught else than to try and maintain their position; and they strain every nerve for that purpose, until the morning comes when we read of their suspension, and in the crash the creditors are dismayed. It is a relief to a once honorable man to lose all, and make a clean breast of his folly. His only regret is that he may have cast his character after his fortune into the vortex of speculation. But if he hasn't done any act of overt criminality, he has come off better than he deserves, and can show that he has no moral liabilities. If the contrary is the case, the means did not justify it. From such means we shrink. If a well-known business-man goes openly into speculation, and is known as the promoter of a stock enterprise, we throw stones at him when he suspends. We cannot help it, and we do not want to help it. The public wants the business-men to do that which they advise the cobbler to do, — "stick to his last." If he fails to keep to that little law of conduct, he is supposed to be worthy of suspicion.

Imagine how it will tell in that coming American history, that a most wonderful event was an assignment! As the story of Law's bubble and its bursting has amused us, so will our children be interested in reading of the crashes, suspensions, and panics of the last half of the nineteenth century. We are too near them, and too much in them, to realize how tragic, grotesque, and melancholy they are. But, when it comes to the fall of a real rascal, we can realize that; for such a person is known where the quiet business-man is not. You knew this rascal, and everybody did. He was smooth, seductive, and

fashionable. He took liberties with the public credulity. He had talent and enterprise, and made a big show. He had gold-letter prospectuses, elegant offices, a sumptuous reception-room, and magnificent house, horses, and plate. He was puffed by the press. He was a lion in society, and gave grand entertainments. He subscribed largely to charities, and to churches and schools. He had lots of money; because, for some unexplainable reason, the public took in his scheme, and invested liberally in the stock that he sold. Then came the re-action. Insolvency followed close on inflation. The bankrupt became defendant in a legion of transactions. He was alleged to be a fraud. His establishments were in the hands of a keeper. He was in the last throes, when presto! he came up smiling. He had made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; he had it in his power to involve others: immediately he had all the help he wanted, and he slipped through the fetters he should have worn. He had money laid by for the emergency, his broken character at once stepped forward again, and, before the scandal of his failure was cold, he was once more in the full tide of business. That was your sharp American gentleman rascal.

The Old World has made marvellous progress in the ways of business; but we get the real drama of business in America. The story will be interesting reading, and no one will pass it by because it is dry as dust. Ours is a big field, big men, and big, bold ventures. The climate or the soil produces all kinds of daring and shrewdness. We have both the mushroom dealer, and the man of enormous wealth; men making splendid fortunes, and men continually failing and begin-

ning anew. What a place these classes have in our history! Put aside one steady-going man out of a hundred, and you will find the ninety-and-nine are quite worthy to be called gamblers. We all play at the game of chance. The Puritans played it,—selling one newly settled farm, and striking out into a newer country to better themselves. The Californian miner played it,—prospecting in wild solitudes for the sake of hope. The store-keeper plays it when he starts his business on credit. The physician and lawyer play it as they choose debt and trusting to the “pay-as-you-go” *modus*. We all play it. If the game succeeds,—and in some measure or other it generally does succeed,—the player is not selfish. Your American man of business is not a selfish man. Quickly his money changes hands; he makes the trade of his fellows brisk by his mites or his millions; he backs all of his acquaintances with ready dollars. But he is provident. While he makes free with his capital, he has a good life, and a “pile” of some size or other laid by for keeping. This idea was got from the old-time New-York burgher, whose rule of “putting by a dollar for every dollar spent” is amended a good deal by present usage. The inheritance of fun in business, of making business a pleasure, came from the old-time Boston tradesman. Even as Caleb Grosvenor of Milk Street found trade “more amusing than a game of quoits,” so our modern business-man enjoys his trade to such an extent, that, even though he is unfortunate, he prides himself on the pleasure it afforded him, and commences again with the idea of having a new game of amusement. Then comes the satisfaction of the reflection, that, whatever one’s change of fortune may

be, the country has such magnificent resources that the phoenix of prosperity will rise even from the ashes of panics.

Trade in Colonial times was sensational. There was first of all the fur trade, and nothing more thrilling than the adventures of the trappers of the last century has ever been written. Though powder and fire-water bought the furs of the white or Indian trapper, there was fine business in collecting the furs, and there was excitement as well. Perhaps an itinerant fur-buyer paid occasionally for an otter skin with his scalp; yet the game was fascinating, and the chances of death had few terrors. There were also privations, long journeys, and the battle with the extremes of cold; but then at last came the journey’s end, and money payment. There was rivalry of merchants, too, in the wilds,—the American Fur Company and the Hudson Bay Company, each bidding rum prices for furs. There were savage fights in this rivalry, and the staining of many a fur robe with crimson. There was cheating too,—the cheating of Indians by the agents, who had passed out the whiskey until the red men did not know what they were doing. There were losses too,—moths, and robbery, and the burden of the power of storm.

In other branches of industry the like prevailed, until we who have come after have pride in saying that our history has been that of a trading people. Every colonist, and every colonist’s son, had a mercantile aptitude. From the first, there were grand openings in agriculture and commerce; and with fertile soil and magnificent harbors, the promise first made has never been broken. New blood provoked feverish action. As the country grew, its people worked with the force of a high-pressure engine,

until business had been taken from the quiet, plodding labor to the grasp of restless enterprise. Now it has so happened that we have no time for aught but business; no time to take a good meal, no time to sleep, no time for the pleasures of the world. Realizing the scope that is offered to financial ambition, we have only to live for the sake of business. Every man is alike. There are no lazy ones in America. Rich and poor, saint and sinner, legitimate effort and illegal effort,—all have one

aim, and that is to be busy. Perhaps we do not so much want money; but money is the wages of the busy ones, and the impetus that makes room for another impetus is the prize of our high calling. Our grandchildren will write and read an interesting history; and it is quite to be feared, that, when they are asked what they will do with the past, they will say, "Like the past is the present. We are not through with it yet. The hopes and desires of business are perennial."

GOD'S LOVE AND MINE.

WILLIAM HALE.

God's love is like a light-house tower,
My love is like the sea :
By day, by night, that faithful tower
Looks patient down on me.

By day the stately shaft looms high,
By night its strong lights burn,
To warn, to comfort, and to tell
The way that I should turn.

God's love is like a light-house tower,
My love is like the sea :
He strong, unshaken as the rock ;
I chafing restlessly.

God's love and my love ! Oh, how sweet
That such should be my joy !
God's love and mine are one to-day :
No longer doubts annoy.

By day or night he gazes on
My bitter, brackish sea ;
Forever tends it with his grace,
Though smooth or rough it be.

So, singing at its base, it rolls
And leaps toward that tower,
That all my life illuminates,
And brightens every hour.

God's love is like a light-house tower,
My love is like the sea :
I, peevish, changeful, moaning much ;
Steadfast, eternal, he.

A NEW-HAMPSHIRE COUNTESS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD COWLEY.

UPON visiting the ancient and picturesque cemetery of Concord, where Franklin Pierce and many others not unknown to fame await the archangel's summons, one is struck by the name and title of SARAH, COUNTESS OF RUMFORD, inscribed upon a certain gravestone there, in memory of the first American who inherited and bore the title of countess. She was born at the Rolfe mansion, Concord, Oct. 18, 1774 (not Oct. 10, as her epitaph erroneously reads). She was the daughter of Major Benjamin and Sarah (Walker) Thompson. The major fairly earned, by his various merits and works, before he was forty years of age, the especial favor of the reigning Duke of Bavaria, and by him was made a count of the Holy Roman Empire.

His first wife was the above-mentioned Sarah Walker, the widow of Col. Benjamin Rolfe, one of the earliest settlers of Concord, which was originally called Rumford. She was the oldest daughter of the Rev. Timothy Walker, pastor of the first Congregationalist church in Concord, where she was born, and where she passed the larger portion of her life. She was thirty years old when first married to the colonel,—a rather late age for a bright and winsome lady of those days,—yet his years numbered twice as many as hers; and, after two happy summers of wedded life, Col. Rolfe died, leaving one son, Paul Rolfe, who also became a colonel. To the young mother was left one of the largest estates in New Hampshire. She remained a widow but one year, when she married Benja-

min Thompson, late of Woburn, Mass., and then in his twentieth year. He was tall and comely of person, mature above his age, with capacity and fortune seemingly in his favor, and was forty-two years younger than the former husband of his bride. In October following, 1774, Sarah, whose history we shall briefly relate, was born of this marriage in the Rolfe mansion.

What changes are wrought by war! Within six months of the birth of this infant, the father became suspected of his attachment to the cause of independence, and the victim of an intolerant and cruel persecution. Threats of personal violence compelled him to leave his home and child and wife; so he returned to his native town, seeking safety in Woburn, Mass. But jealousy and suspicion followed him even there; and the early spring of 1776 found him a refugee within the British lines, and soon afterward the bearer of royal despatches to England. Major Thompson seems to illustrate what Renan says, that, when you have excited the antipathy of your country, you are too often led to take a dislike to your country. Having honest doubts of the wisdom and practicability of colonial separation from Great Britain, he was bitterly calumniated as a Tory, was driven from his home, separated from his family, and he sought safety in exile. His lovely babe, whom he left sleeping in her cradle, he saw not again for twenty years, till she had grown to womanhood, remembering her father only by name, when he sent her the means, and requested that she would sail for London and

join him there, which she did in January, 1799, being in her twenty-second year. Her mother had already died, Jan. 19, 1792, after a semi-widowhood of near sixteen years. Her husband bade her adieu in Woburn, Oct. 13, 1775, when he set out for Narragansett Bay and the British frigate, then in the harbor of Newport. Frequent letters show that he had the heart of a man for the wife of his youth.

Already had he been made a major by Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire. On his arrival in England he was soon employed as under secretary to Lord George Germaine, and then became by royal appointment a colonel of his Majesty's forces. In such official capacity he returned to this country, near the close of the war, and then back to England; was allowed half pay as pension for his services to the king, and subsequently was knighted by his royal master. This put him in comfortable circumstances as to income. But, in the mean time, his goods and property in this country had been forfeited; even his personal effects, which he had invoked the Rev. Samuel Parker of Trinity Church, Boston, to protect, including his most valuable papers, which, as he says, were of "the greatest consequence" to him, were saved only by the efforts of that gentleman. We have Major Thompson's imploring letter to him, but not the reply of Rev. Mr. Parker. This clergyman was afterward known as the Rev. Dr. Parker, and father of the wife of Rev. Dr. Edson of Lowell, Mass.

In 1791 Sir Benjamin Thompson was raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire by his friend and patron the Elector, who, during the interval between the death of the Emperor Joseph and the coronation of

Leopold II., reigned as vicar. And in 1797 the Elector received his daughter Sarah as a countess of the empire, and allowed her to receive one-half of her father's pension, with permission to reside wherever she might choose. The half pension was worth a thousand dollars annually: so that to the daughter her title was not an empty sound, but the reward conferred upon her father for his merits and talents. He had labored assiduously for the good of mankind: in the preparation of foods, soups, and various cooking; in the use of fuel and lamps, baths, and chimneys; in heating-appliances of fire and steam; for the comfort of soldiers in camp and in barracks, giving them employment, better food, and better pay; in houses of industry and instruction for preventing mendicity, and furnishing work to the idle; in schemes of humanity and economy for improving the condition of the poor; in founding prizes for the encouragement of scientific research, one in England and one in Harvard. His bequests to the latter college now amount to more than fifty thousand dollars in value. Americans may be proud to remember that the Royal Institution of Great Britain (1799) was founded, and for some time managed, by a son of Massachusetts, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, who assumed that name because it was the ancient name of the town where his wife and daughter were born. In consideration of plans and endeavors for benefiting the poorer classes, Rumford was largely in advance of his age. While Rumford prizes and professorships will ever be remembered, the Rumford memorials at Munich, and the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum at Concord, will never be forgotten. Both and all are of lasting benefit to mankind, on both sides

the ocean, to illustrate the broad sympathies of the man who founded them.

The count died at Auteuil, near Paris, Aug. 21, 1814, in his sixty-second year, where his remains are entombed. His first wife died the year after he received his high title, and was buried in Concord by the side of her first husband, Col. Rolfe. Their graves adjoin the plat which contains the ashes of Sarah, Countess of Rumford, but there is no tombstone erected to their memory.

During the life of her grandmother, the countess often visited the birthplace of her father, and quite a portion of her childhood was passed in North Woburn. The house in which the count first saw the light of day still stands, and is now the property of the Rumford Historical Society. Very noteworthy is it that the man himself, not his inherited wealth, — for he never enjoyed it, — is entitled to all the praise of his achievements, honors, and money gains.

The first passage of the countess across the Atlantic, in 1796, occupied nearly as many weeks as her last contemplated trip (in 1852) would have taken days. When she joined her father in London, he and all his friends gave her a cordial welcome; though he and they were in person strangers to her, knowing them only by name and correspondence. But her father had access to the best society, and was literally famous for his deeds and writings. In Munich she found a Bavarian marble and freestone memorial erected to his honor in the English Gardens he had planned, and that the hearts of thousands pulsed with joy on his return. His public reception was a triumph. Even the inmates of the workhouses praised him, as well as the soldiers, for the improvements he had

made for them. Thus the countess soon learned to love the Germans for their admiration of her father; to respect the English for the honor they had done him, and for the generous pension which they regularly paid; and she thoroughly enjoyed "the graceful good-humor of the French:" hence the years she passed in Paris, and her protracted visits to London. With her father she "did" the Continent and visited Italy. Like him, also, she early became interested in devising generous things for the poor. In March, 1797, writes the count, "My daughter, desirous of celebrating my birthday in a manner which she thought would be pleasing to me, went privately to the House of Industry, and choosing out half a dozen of the most industrious little boys of eight and ten years of age, and as many girls, dressed them new from hand to foot, in the uniform of that public establishment, at her own expense, and dressing herself in white, early in the morning of my birthday led them into my room and presented them to me, when I was at breakfast. I was so much affected by this proof of her affection for me, and by the lively pleasure that she enjoyed in it, that I resolved it should not be forgotten." Immediately he formed a plan for perpetuating the remembrance of this incident, and for renewing the pleasure that it gave. He made his daughter a present of two thousand dollars in American stocks, in order that she might *forever* repeat a like benefaction on behalf of the poor children of her native town, Concord. Thus commenced the foundation of the fund for the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum in that city, to which other endowments were subsequently made. And no good deed which the count and his daughter ever did

has produced more unmixed pleasure. Their several gifts have created no jealousy nor ambition of management, nor sinister purpose in any trustee to rule or ruin the charity. All rejoice at its judicious management, its gentlemanly trustees, its kind and competent officers, its thirteen happy, industrious, and improving children. Its system of home training and education, of dress and pastimes, of alternate work and play, and of inculcating and applying Christian principles to the practical needs of daily duty, is essentially the same as that which had governed and had been happily illustrated in a similar institution of the city of New York. Long, long may it be before any one shall arise to disturb its harmony, or lessen its prosperity!

The house of the countess's mother, inherited from her first husband, Col. Rolfe, and from his son Paul, who died childless, has been enlarged and converted into the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum, "for the poor and needy, particularly young females without mothers, natives of Concord." The entire bequests, with their accumulations, now amount to more than fifty thousand dollars, and are taken in trust by the city. The countess also bequeathed fifteen thousand dollars to the New-Hampshire Asylum for the Insane; to the Concord Female Charitable Society, two thousand dollars; to the Boston Children's Friend Society, two thousand

dollars; to the Fatherless and Widows' Society, Boston, two thousand dollars. And she left ten thousand dollars to the son of her half brother, Joseph Amedie Lefevre, and provided that her legacy of fifteen thousand dollars to found the asylum should revert to him if the city of Concord failed to assume the trust. All the remaining real estate of Col. Rolfe was devised to the Institution. This was duly incorporated by special statute in July, 1872; but the asylum itself was not opened for the reception of beneficiaries till the fifteenth day of January, 1880.

After the count's death, the countess seems to have divided her time between residence in London and her house at Brompton, protracted visits to Paris of two and three years' duration, and to residence in Concord. From July, 1844, she occupied the house and chamber in which she was born. After an eventful life, and while preparing for another visit to France, where she had vested funds, she was taken with the illness of which she died, Dec. 2, 1852, in her seventy-ninth year. Her only companion, and the solace of her declining years, was a young lady, Miss Emma G., a native of Birmingham, whom she had adopted when a child, at Brompton, and who has married Mr. John Burgum of Concord. Thus in family and institutional life, *her charity has immortalized the* COUNTESS OF RUMFORD.

THE DOCTOR'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER.

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening in the spring of 1776, in a small town of one of the early Colonies, a young couple were saying their sad farewell.

John Pendexter had enlisted, and the next morning would find him well on his way to join his regiment. At this time he had come to have his last talk with Susanna Carwin, his affianced.

Long had they been sitting before the open fireplace, many plans had they laid for the future ; and, when the shadows began to gather in the corners of the low-posted, spacious room, John remembered the numerous arrangements he had to make before leaving his mother, already widowed by the war.

Turning to Susanna, in whose black eyes a world of sorrow was expressed, he took her hand, now cold and damp, in his broad palm, and led her to one of the deep windows in the room facing eastward.

Susanna leaned her head against the edge of the sliding shutter, and mustered all her will-power to keep back the bitter tears.

John said, "Susanna, I want you to wear this little ring until I return. I will put it on your finger, with a wish for our future happiness and the freedom of our country." He slipped the tiny circlet on her finger, saying, "My love for you is like this ring, — without end."

Susanna said, "My heart is too full of woe to-night, John, to say half that I want to. I feel a cloud of sadness settling over me. How can I live without you? How can I let you go?" sobbed forth the poor girl.

"Susanna, we have talked this over many times ; and to-morrow you will feel about the matter as you have felt in times past. Dear girl, I must go ! Keep up good heart, and remember our happy home in the future, God willing."

He put his arm around her, and drew her towards him, as he walked out into the great hall for his hat.

Susanna picked up a small leather-bound Bible from a half-round table standing in the hall, and gave it to him, saying, "Take this with you, John : it was mother's, and I have always used it."

With a misty look in his frank blue eyes, John Pendexter took the book, and carefully put it in the pocket of his home-spun coat. For a few minutes he seemed to try to smooth his rough hat, as if his whole attention was given to the trivial matter. At once he thrust the hat onto his head, put his arms around the tearful girl, kissed her many times, bade her good-by, and, without waiting to hear her trembling words, swung open the great door, and walked with long, strengthful strides down the walk to the road.

Susanna stood by the heavy stairpost, much like a lily beaten by the wind. At last she went into the room again, and stood by the window watching the tall, stalwart form stalking along the sloppy road, in the gloaming of a dull spring day : she saw him turn the corner by the meeting-house, and then he passed out of her sight. Susanna felt that her heart, her life, had gone with him.

Left an orphan when a small child, her grandfather had brought her up in his desolate home. Dr. Carwin had educated the girl; and she had found a playmate in John Pendexter, five years her senior. Mrs. Pendexter had taught her many womanly accomplishments, and had told the two children tales of her ancestors. The landing of the little band in November, 1620, on the bleak shores of Cape Cod, the names of Carver, Bradford, Winslow, and Miles Standish, were familiar to them. The little fellow, Peregrine White, seemed almost a baby then, when Mrs. Pendexter told them about the first New Englander. With open eyes they listened to the rehearsal of the hardships of the sixty men, women, and children who started out from Newtown and Watertown in Massachusetts, for Connecticut. With tears running down their ruddy cheeks, they heard of their journeying through swamps, over-rivers, and up mountains, driving their cattle before them; and how, in November, they reached the frozen Connecticut, and had to halt to build huts to protect themselves and their herds. To divert their minds from this sadness, "Mother Goose Melodies" for children, printed in Pudding Lane, Boston, would be read; and this never failed to chase their tears away.

In this manner Susanna grew to be a tall, graceful, handsome girl; and John Pendexter knew that he loved her, and told her so. She accepted his love, and in return gave him the wealth of her pure heart.

As John grew to manhood, he had the wrongs of the Stamp Act to dwell on; and he smiled at the account of the raid by Boston citizens on the house of Oliver, the stamp-officer; he rejoiced at the bold assertions of Patrick Henry.

A little later, the manner in which tea was received by the Americans pleased him; and when he read the notice of the strong cup of tea made in Boston Harbor, at the expense of Great Britain, in "The Essex Gazette" of March 29, 1774, printed in Salem by Samuel and Ebenezer Hall, he was proud of his countrymen.

Following close on this came the besieged condition of Boston. The insolent way in which the citizens were treated by the British soldiers fired every American heart; and James Pendexter, John's father, marched to the aid of the distressed city. June 17, 1775, the brave man fell; and with this sad news came the story of the burning of Charlestown, and of the hundreds of people who were left homeless, and of the thousands of pounds in property scattered in ashes.

In less than a year after this George Washington was made lawful commander of the army; and in answer to the call for more men, John Pendexter stepped boldly forward to fill the place of his slaughtered father, willing to fight for his country, come weal or woe.

CHAPTER II.

SUSANNA found no comfort in the fields, the woods, or the sky, on this gloomy spring night. A heavy mist hung from the shaggy branches of the pitch-pines, and every little knoll in the fields was bare and brown, and the snow looked dirty and sullen as it slipped down their sides. Pools of muddy water stood in the road, and the whole world about seemed weeping and sad.

With much fluster, the forestick burned in two, and dropped down on either side of the tall brass andirons; a cloud of sparks went up as if in pro-

test—such flighty conduct was unseemingly in the long forestick. The huge back-log blazed up, and threw weird shadows out into the large, square room: these shadows flickered, and then ran out long on the wide beams supporting the low ceiling, as if trying to attract the attention of the sad girl by the window; but she heeded them not.

Soon the door opened from the hall; and Peter, with many a grunt and grimace, laid a large pile of wood on the brick hearth. He glanced at Susanna, but, with instinctive kindness, turned away. Peter knew that John Pendexter had been there and gone, and all the servants loved Susanna very much.

He gathered up the charred ends of the forestick, raked over the coals, and laid the wood on in a skilful manner. Finally Susanna turned around. Many times had she smiled at the funny face old Peter made when he blew the coals; but to-night her heart was too sore for her to see any thing comical in the pursing-up of the monstrous lips, or the distended appearance of his eyes; the white ashes powdered his crisp wool unheeded by Susanna this woeful night.

When Dr. Carwin came in from a long ride in the country on Sorrel, he rubbed his hands before the new fire, and said, "Come, Susanna, let us have supper: old Mollie has it ready." During the meal he never spoke of John, but talked of his patients; and after they had finished, and Susanna had pushed back her plate unused, her grandfather asked her to help him about some herbs. He talked of every thing but John, and Susanna felt that her grandfather was thoughtless for once; but, when she took her candlestick for bed, the old doctor kissed her, and said, "God bless you, my poor

child!" and led her out to the wide staircase.

In this same spring of 1776, Gen. Washington contemplated the expulsion of the British army from Boston. He decided to fortify Dorchester Heights, which commanded the harbor and British shipping. The army fortified itself so quietly and expeditiously, that the British knew nothing of the matter until the small band of two thousand men had taken possession of the Heights. John Pendexter worked faithfully at this time, and felt his labors well paid, when, on the 17th of March, the British began to evacuate Boston, under command of Lord William Howe. When the rear guard of the British troops were leaving one side of the city, Gen. Washington, with his joyous soldiers, marched in on the other. The inhabitants hailed these troops with gratitude; for sixteen months Boston had been the headquarters of the British army, and the people had suffered at the hand of an insolent soldiery. John Pendexter wrote a letter to Susanna, describing the forlorn condition of the town. Many of the Royalists had fled with the British army. Churches had been stripped of pews and benches to supply the soldiers' fires; stores had been rifled to clothe them, and houses pillaged at their will. John's description of the joy of the people when Gen. Washington came among them caused Mrs. Pendexter and Susanna to weep. How proud they were of John! How brave he appeared to them! But a nameless dread crept into the heart of each, when they thought of the battles yet to come.

In the following June, Richard Henry Lee of Virginia rose in the Continental Congress, and made a motion to de-

clare America free and independent. John Adams seconded the motion. For three days this motion was discussed, — a motion fraught with intense interest; on the last day it was postponed for further consideration to the first day of July, and it was voted a committee be appointed to propose a declaration to the effect of the resolution. The committee was elected by ballot the following day: this committee numbered five, and their names were well known in the Colonies. Thomas Jefferson received the largest number of votes by one, and Mr. Adams came next by choice.

The other three requested Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams to draw up the paper; and Mr. Jefferson did so, with hints and help from the others. On the 1st of July the subject was resumed; and upon the report of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Philip Livingston, the thirteen Colonies declared themselves free and independent States, and dissolved their allegiance to the British Crown on the 4th of July, 1776. Three of these five men were born in Massachusetts, and had recently felt the British heel.

This news was received with great joy by the Colonies: bells were rung, cannon fired, and public processions formed.

The far-away towns speedily heard the news, and quickly began to show their hatred for the British yoke.

Dr. Carwin said one day when he came in, "Susanna, the thing is done. We have cut loose from England now, and we stand or fall for ourselves. I want that old portrait of King George taken down and put in the attic: he is my king no longer. To-day the young lads pulled the old sign-board down

at the four corners, and stamped out the king's arms. Joseph Brownlow cut down his sign of the 'Crown and Sceptre,' and calls his tavern the 'Independence' now."

"O grandfather! I fear we shall have much bloodshed before we can enjoy our freedom: it must be bought with the lives of our best men," said Susanna.

"I can't deny that, child," said the old doctor; "but, as John Adams said, 'The die is cast.' It is now gain all, or lose all."

During the weary months that followed, Susanna knew of the long marches, the poor quality of the supplies for the army, and of the dire sickness that fell upon them. The letters that she received from John encouraged her and his mother: these letters were few and far between. In one he wrote them that he had been inoculated with the small-pox, and did nicely. Every word was read over and over again by the two sad women. John Pendexter proved himself a good soldier, and a strong one too: he kept with his regiment, and encountered the British, and fought manfully for his country.

The surrender of Burgoyne's army was a proud moment for him; and the forced march of forty miles in fourteen hours, to waylay the British Gen. Clinton, was cheerfully performed by the battle-worn troops. Clinton, hearing of Burgoyne's defeat, went back to New York, and left Albany in peace. The British army now took up its winter quarters at Philadelphia, and the American troops established themselves at Valley Forge. Here the suffering of the army was intense: famine threatened them, and the bitter cold was keenly felt through their scanty clothing; many sickened and died.

CHAPTER III.

SUSANNA had noticed for some time that Mrs. Pendexter seemed feeble: she had a sharp, dry cough, and complained of a pain in her side. As the weather grew cold in the fall, Mrs. Pendexter grew worse. Once Susanna said to her grandfather, "Mrs. Pendexter is very poorly; can't you give her something to help her? She has been doctoring herself, but she grows worse."—"Yes," said the doctor, "I can give her something to loosen her cough; but Mrs. Pendexter has been ailing for a good while. She belongs to a consumptive family." As the weather grew colder, Mrs. Pendexter was confined to the house. John wrote cheerful letters, and Susanna tried to keep the failing health of his mother from him. Susanna was with Mrs. Pendexter a great deal this long winter. She tried to tempt her failing appetite with little delicacies, but the flattering disease kept gaining every day. The fever spots came, her eyes grew bright, and her cough dry. Dr. Carwin gave her medicines to strengthen her; but she said, "Doctor, it's no use, you can't help me: my course is almost run. I told Mr. Bostwick yesterday that I was ready, I only waited my summons. I have had one hard struggle, and that was about John. Poor boy! How he will miss his mother when he gets back to the old home! But I have fought the battle, and I can say, 'Thy will be done.'"

One bright winter day Susanna was sitting with Mrs. Pendexter, and the latter was very comfortable. They had talked of John, and Mrs. Pendexter had worried about his condition. Susanna took the part of comforter, and with cheerful words soothed Mrs. Pendexter wonderfully.

The sick woman leaned back in her low, rind-bottomed chair, and said, "Susanna, a flock of snow-birds just flew by the window. Has Amos thrown out the hay-seed? John always did, and the little birds expect it. In about three days we shall have a snow-storm. I wonder if I shall live to see it." Susanna said, "Oh, yes! You seem real bright to-day; and you know the winter is going, and you will feel better when the weather is warmer, I hope." Mrs. Pendexter shook her head slowly, and said, "Not much longer. I could never climb 'May Hill' any way; but I shall go before that. Here comes Mr. Bostwick. He is a good man, but his idea of heaven is so cold." Susanna opened the door, and invited the minister in, and told him, in answer to his inquiry, "that Mrs. Pendexter was quite comfortable." She passed into the room, and placed a chair by the fire for the caller. After he had warmed his hands before the crackling fire, he took the fever-parched hand of Mrs. Pendexter, and said, "How are you to-day? Susanna thinks you are quite comfortable."—"Yes," she said, "for now I am, but somehow I think I shall have a hard night." Susanna left the two alone, and went into the kitchen to see about something tempting for Mrs. Pendexter's supper. "Who sits up to-night, Catherine?" she asked of the woman who lived with Mrs. Pendexter. "One of the Alden girls and Jane Burrows. You go home, Miss Susanna: you are most tired out, and we shall need you more."—"No, I shall stay to-night. She is very feeble, her breath is short, and she hasn't coughed any to-day."

The short winter day was waning when Mr. Bostwick left the sick woman. He felt as if she had looked into

the "promised land:" she had talked to him like one inspired. But he found that she grew weak, and her breath came short; rising, he took her hand once more, bowed his head over it, and said, "God be with you." — "Amen," said Mrs. Pendexter; and the minister passed out of the house over which the Angel of Death hovered.

After Mrs. Pendexter had been made as comfortable as possible in her bed, Dr. Carwin came in; when he stepped to the bedside, he noticed a great change. Looking up, Mrs. Pendexter said, "I know it, doctor, call Susanna."

Susanna came in; and Mrs. Pendexter said to her, "Break it easy to John. Poor boy!" Susanna felt the tears filling her eyes, and she turned away.

Ere morning Mrs. Pendexter's soul had been released, and only the shattered tenement was left.

A hard task was before Susanna. Daily she asked herself, "How shall I write John?" The posts were slow and uncertain: many weeks perhaps would pass before the black-winged letter would reach him in his desolate condition.

Many letters she wrote, and then watched them grow white and crisp between the andirons. Finally she wrote and told him of the time when his mother passed away, how happy she was to go, her loving message to him. She even told him of the snow-birds his mother had spoken of; and how the soft snow fell on the third day, and covered her grave with a fleecy covering. She carefully avoided telling him of the suffering his mother endured, and made her death seem like a happy release. Susanna carried the letter to her grandfather in his office. The old man looked up from his battered *lignum-vitæ* mortar as she came in. She

said, "Grandfather, I have written to John about his mother. Will you read it?" Without speaking, the old man reached out his hand; and leaning on the table littered with books, herbs, bottles, and a skull, he read slowly the written page. Once he took off his glasses and wiped them, and then read on. When he had finished, he said, "Susanna, you have done well. John is fortunate to have one so kind to break this sad news to him. Come, get ready and go with me up to Joel Heard's: the old man has got bad eyes, and has sent for me. I have got some medicine fixed here for him." Susanna said, "I will be ready soon." She took the letter, and went out to direct and seal it.

Dr. Carwin said to himself when the girl had gone, "How sad Susanna is! She has had so much trouble in the last year or two. I shall be glad when John's time is out, and he gets back. There! I believe that is fine enough. Now I will get the saddle-bags, and tell Peter to put on the pillion. A ride will do Susanna good." When Peter led Sorrel round to the horse-block, Susanna came out. Peter grinned and showed his white teeth, he was so glad for Miss Susanna to ride once more.

When they started off, the doctor said, "What did you do with your letter?"

"I left it on the table in the hall, for Peter to post," answered Susanna.

"Well," said the doctor, "I am glad that you have got through with that task. You mustn't dwell on these sad things. Cheer up, and be the bright girl you used to be." Susanna smiled at her grandfather's earnest words, and felt a relief herself that the sad missive was off her hands.

After a short ride over the sloppy

roads, — for there had been a rain, and it had cleared off warm, — they rode up to a great two-story double-in-width house. Joel Heard lived here with his youngest son: two of his boys were in the army with John Pendexter.

The old man was very glad to see Susanna with her grandfather; and, to show how welcome they were, he filled the wide-mouthed fire-place full of wood, and drew the kitchen chairs close to the brick hearth. "Well, Joel," said the doctor. "How are your eyes to-day? Joseph said that you were pretty bad off this morning." — "Yes," answered Joel, "I tell ye they smart awfully. I can't look out door at all without their runnin' water." With a merry look the old man said to Susanna, "I guess I shall have to have my eyes *pulled*." While the doctor and his patient were talking, Joseph's wife came in from the barn with some hens' eggs in her woollen tire. She put them in a basket standing on the black case of drawers by the window, and then came along to the hearth. She said, "How d'ye do to-day, Miss Susanna? I'm glad to see ye out. Oh dear, what a dirty hearth! Father always makes sich a clutter when he puts on wood;" and she brushed vigorously with the speckled turkey's wing, until every chip and spill was lodged between the huge iron fire-dogs. When she had pulled out the ungainly oven-stopper, and tossed the wing into the oven, she said to Susanna, "Has John Pendexter heard of his mother's death? I s'pose he'll feel orful when he hears how sick she was." — "I have written him," said Susanna, "but it will be some time before he will get it." — "Joseph got a letter from Oliver last week, and he said as how John wa'nt very well. I guess they have had a tough time this winter, and it has

told on 'em all," said Joseph's wife. "I hope that the army will be more comfortable now the spring is at hand," said Susanna. "The British have been living in Philadelphia, and having all they needed; while our poor boys have suffered every thing." — "Well, Susanna, shall we go? I have got to be at a parish meeting to-night, and we must be off," said the doctor. "Come up agin, Susanna: I hain't had no chance to talk with ye this time," said the poor old man. "I thank you," said Susanna, "and I hope your eyes will be better soon, so that you can come down to meeting." — "Thank ye, thank ye. I hope so."

When Susanna and her grandfather got home, the letter had gone, and the ride had done her good; but the little word dropped by Joseph Heard's wife troubled her. She went into the great room where she and John had stood so many months before, and tried to feel that all would be well. She could hardly realize that she was the same girl who used to be so blithe and gay, and she wondered if she had left all her happiness behind her. Her love for John Pendexter had been so strong, that at times it had been almost a pain. She had tried to live in the future, had borrowed trouble: now things had changed, — she dreaded to know the future.

CHAPTER IV.

THE spring had come, and grown into summer. All the evening in the soft twilight Susanna had been sitting in the front-door. She was looking back over the past few months. She had had so much to be thankful for. John was well, and her grandfather declared "that he was never better in his life." Bluff, the great yellow house-dog, was lying at her feet; and she stooped to pat his broad

head, when she noticed a dark cloud rising in the south. Soon after a breeze freshened up, and she thought there was going to be a shower. Bluff got up and walked around uneasily, and seemed anxious. Peter went about shutting up the stable windows and doors. He said, "Thar's gwine to be a big shower, or a sou'-east storm; 'twont last long, but 'twill be tough." Mollie shut every window in the house, and waited in terror by the kitchen hearth for the "thunder."

When Susanna retired, she opened her Bible in an absent way, thinking of the shower meanwhile. When she looked, the book lay open in Ecclesiastes, and she read the twelfth chapter. Many times had she read the beautiful words, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern;" but to-night they gave her a restless feeling, their beauty had fled, and they seemed a portent of ill. She thought, "It is the weather, something in the air, that gives me this feeling. I will go to sleep, and perhaps I shall know nothing of the shower." Just then Bluff gave out the most pitiful howl, something he seldom did; and it sounded uncanny in the thickening gloom. Poor Mollie believed that she or Peter were to be struck by *thunder* sure: "a dog's howling meant death allus."

Slowly the rain-laden clouds rolled on, and midnight had come before the fury of the storm burst over Dr. Carwin's home. Susanna had succeeded in getting to sleep; and the thunder had muttered, and the lightning had darted out its forked tongue like a venomous serpent, and finally rent the sagging clouds, and the rain rushed before the fierce south-east wind. The wiry

branches of the elms before the house rattled and scraped against the windows, as if trying to get in; the hang-bird's nest was beaten and tossed by the swinging branches. The wind boomed in the great chimney in Susanna's room, and it sounded like artillery. The thunder crashed close to them, and shook the oaken frame of their dwelling.

Susanna pulled aside the curtains of her bedstead, and saw the room filled with a garish light, and the shadow of the writhing elm branches looked like a strange writing on the wall; following this another peal of thunder, and crash after crash followed. During a momentary silence, the tall clock in the hall struck one, that lonesome hour. Although the elements were at war, and over her head the battle-ground, Susanna felt the sound to be prophetic. Was she one alone?

After a few hours of fury the tempest was over, and morning dawned on many a shattered tree and rain-washed road; the tender grass had been laid low, and the tiny birds were drowned in their nests.

One morning in July, Susanna saw Joseph Heard coming down the road in a hurried way. He walked into their yard, and went to the stable; when he passed the house, he gave a guilty look at the windows, as if he feared he might be detected in some crime.

Susanna heard him say "Good-morning" to Peter, who was currying Sorrel. All the time Joseph was looking beyond Peter in search of some one else. "Has the doctor gone out yet?" he asked. "No sar, he's in the office. Shall I speak to him?" — "No," said Joseph, "I will go in and find him." — "Is yer father wus?" asked Peter

hurriedly, as he saw Joseph moving off. "No," said Joseph; and he walked on, with his right hand thrust deep into his coat-pocket.

Joseph went in through the long hall, and halted at the doctor's door. He took a crumpled letter out of his pocket, folded it up, looked at the directions, and put it back. He took off his hat, pulled out his blue-and-white checked handkerchief, and wiped his face; then he put the handkerchief back into the hat, put the hat on, and stepped up near the door. He touched the rough brass latch, and it rattled. "Come in," said the doctor. Joseph started like a thief, but it was too late to turn back. He opened the door and walked in. "Good-morning, Joseph, good-morning," said the doctor. "How is your father this morning?" — "Oh, he is well!" and there Joseph stopped. "Have a chair, Joseph;" and the doctor motioned to a large square chair by the table. "No, I can't stop," said Joseph, but he seemed loath to make known his business. The doctor spoke of the heavy shower they had in June; and Joseph answered in an abstracted way, all the while keeping his hand in his pocket. At last he said, "Doctor, we got a letter from Oliver last night, and we have heard some bad news." — "Is Alex hurt?" inquired the doctor eagerly. "Well, yes, wounded in the arm; but you know that battle at Monmouth on the 28th of June was terrible. It was so hot," Joseph seemed overcome with the thoughts of this battle, and he dropped into the great square chair. "Where in the arm is Alex wounded, and what ails you, man?" said the doctor. "Well, doctor, to tell the truth, I have got bad news for you: John Pendexter is killed — killed outright." The doctor sat down like one

paralyzed. "Poor Susanna! Poor child!" he said. "I don't know but what this will finish her. She has seemed for a year or two like a sapling bent down by some great weight; but this summer she has been springing back. What does the letter say?" — "Here it is, you can read it;" and Joseph took out once more the small piece of paper freighted with so much sadness for Susanna. He dropped it as if he were glad to be rid of the crumpled sheet.

The doctor read how the army had crossed the Delaware, and met the British at Monmouth, N.J. Oliver described the heat of the day, how the troops suffered, and many died. He wrote that his tongue was swollen so that he couldn't keep it in his mouth, and how at times a British bullet would have been welcome. At length he wrote, "This sad news I have to write: John, Alex, and I marched together and stood together till John fell. He never spoke. Alex and I took him up, but the work was done. We buried him carefully, and wept as we would have for each other. John had got Susanna's letter telling of his mother's death,— it had been delayed. It was hard for him: he often spoke of the old home, and wanted to keep it for himself and Susanna." Oliver wrote kind words to his poor old father, and told him not to worry about Alex: he sent messages to the neighbors, and told Joseph to give the letter to Dr. Carwin. "Joseph, this is dreadful," said the doctor. "How can I tell Susanna?" Just as he was speaking, Susanna opened the door, and said, "Grandfather, I am going up in the pasture with Bluff." The old dog, hearing his name, brushed by her, wagging his tail with evident pleasure. "Why, grandfather, what is the matter? — Jo-

seph, who is ill?" — "O Susanna, no one is ill: he is past that!" said the doctor. "Who is past that?" cried Susanna in a shrill, unnatural voice. "What letter have you? O Joseph! who is killed? Is John?" Both the men were silent. The doctor's eyes grew misty behind his glasses, and Joseph had his handkerchief bound to his face. Susanna took the letter, and read it calmly through; slowly the color left her face, and her eyes seemed to fill with a suffering look. "Grandfather," she said, "is this the last? Have I reached the bottom of misery?" With one wringing clasp of her hands, she said, "John, I wish I were with you;" and she walked out of the room in a blind way, and left the two men sitting there, helpless to comfort her. Every thing was so still that they heard her uncertain steps through the long hall, heard the rattle of Bluff's nails as he followed her at a little distance; and the hall-clock ticked slow and loud as its long pendulum swung back and forth.

The doctor got up, went out, and looked after the girl as she walked on in the footpath towards the pasture. Bluff followed, with his tail dropped; and he kept behind her all the way. Joseph came out, and said, "I must go: doctor, as true as you live, I should have rather had Alex's arm, than brought that letter to you." — "I don't doubt it, Joseph," said the doctor. "You pitied us both; and you knew what such a message meant to Susanna. I feel as if my prop was gone. I intended for John to come here and live: I couldn't let Susanna go. But it is all over now: the poor child and I will plod on till we get through with affairs of this life." — "I know, doctor. I do feel awfully about John;" and Joseph went out in a sideling manner over the

oaken threshold, and walked down the wide path much as one goes from the house of the dead.

Susanna walked along through the tall, waving grass. Long shadows were chasing each other over the fields, and the pearl and blue sky was calm over her. When she reached the tall pines in the pasture beyond the field, she threw herself down on the warm ground, and tried to realize what this news meant. "Was John dead? Had he gone to the echoless shore; and was she left a wreck on the shores of time?"

"The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," went through her mind; but she felt rebellious, and thought, "No: grandfather wouldn't have made me suffer like this, because he loved me." Then she thought of John and his mother: Would they meet his father? or had they all got to sleep until the resurrection? Oh, what a muddle! Was there a heaven? She almost shuddered at this last thought. She had never been so wicked in all her life. Had she come out here to be tempted, and was she going to lose her faith? Not a tear had come to her relief: her head seemed to be bursting, and her eye-balls felt too large for their sockets. She thought of her last talk with John, of his last caress; and she pressed the tiny gold ring to her lips, and remembered that he said, "Wear it till I come." "Now I must wear it till I can go to him." When she looked at the ring, the tears burst forth, and she buried her face in her hands among the sweet pine-spills. The birds twittered above her head, and the cattle stood off chewing their cuds, and seemed to wonder at the strange figure.

At once she felt a cold, damp nose nuzzling her hair; and, looking up,

Bluff stood over her: his eyes grew dark, and he uttered a low whine, as she laid her tear-stained face on his soft, round neck. The dog sympathized with his mistress: he stood by her, with his head hung down, and his face was sad. The shadows fell towards the east, and the sun began to slip behind the western hills, when Susanna sat up, and pushed back her hair. She laid her hand on Bluff's head, and felt that even the company of this mute friend had done her good. She trembled as she looked back over the last few hours, and saw how near to the brink of unbelief she had wandered. She felt that now she must take up the burden of life again, and travel on alone. She should have no plans now, — only live from day to day.

CHAPTER V.

THE hay had been cut, and the grain garnered; the oaks had begun to drop their acorns; the squirrels, rabbits, partridges, and wild pigeons were gleaned; the air was balmy, and all nature seemed at peace.

Susanna was getting ready to ride with her grandfather: she heard his step in the hall, and hastened down to help him. "Well, dear, are you all ready?" said the doctor, with a kindly smile. "Yes, grandfather. What can I do to help you?" said Susanna. "Let me see," said her grandfather, peering into the saddle-bags: "I have got my cupping-glass, — there, just step into the office, and get that punk on the table: the old lady Crummet always wants to use punk when she is cupped;" and the doctor went on looking over his articles. He took out his often-used lancet, felt of the edges, and said to Susanna when she returned, "I suppose Jason's wife will want to be bled while

I am there; about twice a year I bleed her. — Peter," said the doctor, when he and Susanna were ready to ride off, "if any one calls, tell them that we have gone to Jason Crummet's, and sha'n't get back very early." — "Yar, sar," said Peter, with a low bow.

Sorrel seemed to feel young this fine morning; and he shook his rusty mane, and cantered along with his double burden.

"Did Jason think his mother very sick, grandfather?" — "No: her cough was a little more troublesome; and she thought winter was at hand, and wanted me to come up and attend to her before cold weather." — "What is that in the road, grandfather?" — "I don't know. Ah! it's Jabez West: he is having another crazy spell." Sorrel stopped to walk, and eyed askance the rocks rolled into the road, and the strange antics of the man before him. "Good-morning, Jabez. What's the matter here?" — "I want you to pay for going this way: this road is mine; and you must pay, or I shall murder you," said the madman. Susanna drew back behind her grandfather: a murderous look gleamed in the maniac's eye, and his hair was hanging over his face, crimson with madness. The doctor drew a small silver coin from his waistcoat pocket, and tossed it to Jabez. "How is that, Jabez?" — "All right, sir, go on;" and he rolled away the rocks so that Sorrel could get through.

Susanna felt a sense of relief when they had left the poor soul behind them: he was busily engaged in barricading the road against the next traveller.

"Do you consider him dangerous, grandfather?" asked Susanna. "At times I suppose he is; but Stephen can't do much with him unless he chains him, and he don't like to do

that." — "What caused him to have these attacks?" — "I think it was a sunstroke," answered the doctor.

As they rode up a long hill, off to the left, partly hidden by large oaks, Susanna caught a glimpse of buildings in a tumbled-down condition.

"Is that the Captain Flanders place over there?" she asked her grandfather. The doctor turned and said, "Yes; that's the old place, and there seems to be something mysterious about that farm: ill luck goes with it. My father said that Capt. Flanders had been a pirate, and got his money by sea-robbery. Father always told this story about the captain. He said that when Capt. Kidd came back from London, with his ship the "Adventure Galley," to get a crew in New York, Capt. Flanders was among the volunteers. You know that the Earl of Bellamont was sent over by King William as governor of New York and Massachusetts in the latter part of 1600. He was anxious to put down piracy in the Indian Ocean. After a good deal of talk, and by the aid of friends in England, he got a ship, and hired Capt. Kidd — an old sailor of the settlement — to take command of her. Capt. Kidd couldn't get a crew in England, the men were taken up so by the English navy: so he came back to New York, shipped a full crew, and left the Hudson in February, 1697. When he reached the Indian Ocean, he found how much easier it was to capture the slow-sailing, defenceless merchant-ships, than it was to defend them, and try to capture the armed and desperate pirates: his pay would be small in comparison to the prize he could easily take; and he decided to throw over his command as privateer, and commenced piracy on his own hook in the English ship. He made a savage pirate, we

always heard; and his deeds of cold-blooded murder were fearful." The old man paused, and Susanna said, "How did Capt. Flanders get here, grandfather?" — "Well, when Capt. Kidd knew that England had heard of his treachery, he concluded to divide the riches they had captured among the crew, and burn the ship: he thought that they could get back to America with their spoils on some pirate ships, and they did. He, with several of his crew, got berths in a pirate sloop, and came back to New York. Capt. Kidd told many plausible lies to the governor, who at first believed him, and Kidd expected to live in luxury on his blood-money; but at last the governor got his eyes open, and captured Kidd, and kept him until he was ordered to send him to England, where he was hanged. Some think that his trial was unfair, as he was tried for the murder of one of his sailors. This sailor was so dissatisfied with the way they were doing on the ship, that he said to Capt. Kidd, 'I shipped to protect these ships, and now we are stealing them, and killing the crews.' In the heat of this quarrel it is said Kidd struck the man, and killed him. Some don't believe it; but I guess he deserved hanging any way." — "And Capt. Flanders," said Susanna, trying to call her grandfather back to his story. "Capt. Flanders was never a captain, so father said, but people called him so. When he landed with Kidd, he didn't stop in New York, but came on this way, and bought that great farm. He built a nice set of buildings, a monstrous barn, over a hundred feet long, and fixed the house off in great style. His wife was some outlandish woman — a Spaniard, I believe. They had some children, and they died except one: that lived a few years, and

was foolish, and then it died. His wife took to drink; and he carried on with such a high hand, that, a year or two after she died, he sold out to the Morgan boys. These young men were two brothers from Vermont: they were married, and father said every thing looked bright for them. In a few years the eldest brother's wife died, and he was left desolate; shortly after, the younger brother broke his arm, and it withered. In the few years they lived there they lost two children, and destruction seemed to be in their midst. They sold, and went back to Vermont maimed in heart and body.

"The next man came with a family of boys and girls, some of them grown up. I can remember them. Everybody said, 'They will make things brighten up on the Captain Flanders place now; but the curse appeared to rest on them. The boys took to drink, and the girls went to the bad: the old man was hurt by his oxen, and died in a few days. The mother took what the law allowed her, and went away, I don't know where. Since that time, no one has lived there, and the house is all going to ruin. Some say that the house is haunted, but I guess not. I do think that there is something there that is wrong: some demon holds possession, and it seems to crave human life and human happiness. I don't believe in ghosts, but your grandmother always had forerunners of death: she could tell when she was going to lose a friend.'

During this long talk, Sorrel had been jogging slowly along in the grass-grown road; recollecting himself, the doctor slapped him on his neck with the reins, and told him in affectionate way that he was as stupid as a woodchuck in the spring.

Soon they turned into the long lane leading to Jason Crummet's house. The double front-door stood open, and the dog got up and welcomed them most graciously. Jason came out of the barn, and took the doctor's horse, and invited them into the house. "Miss Susanna, I am very glad to see you; you hain't been here for years," said Jason. Susanna thanked him, and said, "Not since I was a child." The old lady met them in the door, dressed in short-gown and petticoat. She was very glad to see them, and exclaimed when she shook hands with Susanna, "Massy, child! you are the picter of your mother; and Mary Carwin was the handsomest bride that ever went into the old meetin'-house!" Susanna smiled at the compliment, and thanked the old lady. The odor of roasting fowl greeted them as they went into the great front-room, and the tall clock soon told the hour of noon. The doctor was astonished to think that they had spent so much time on the road.

Soon Jason's wife came in flushed from the spit, but she greeted them cordially. The old lady said, "We sha'n't have any doctorin' done till arter dinner. I'm so glad it was pleasant to-day, so you could come. She reached down into her huge pocket, and drew out her round snuff-box: she wiped it, gave it a tap, and passed it to the doctor, saying, "Have a pinch of rappee!"—"I don't care if I do: this is good, Mrs. Crummet.—Susanna, have some." Susanna acquiesced, and the three enjoyed the pinch from the small black box.

"Come, doctor, mother, and Susanna," said Jason, standing in the kitchen-door in his shirt-sleeves, his face shining, and his hair damp, from his wash in the skillet on the door-

step, and his wife on the coarse tow towel. In the long, dark kitchen stood a cross-legged table, and the family and guests sat down to a large pewter platter of smoking birds. "Pigeons, Jason?" said the doctor. "Yes: I went out on the wheat stubble early this morning, and I got a good shot: they are very plenty this fall," said Jason.

"You have roasted the birds to a turn, Mollie," said the doctor to Jason's wife. A pleased look crossed the woman's face; and feeling that she must do something — words failing her — she jumped up and brushed the whitening coals from the Dutch oven, and flopped into a pewter plate in a skilful manner a wheaten short-cake. This dainty was hastily prepared after the arrival of the doctor and Susanna. The old lady gave Jason's wife a grateful look when this was brought on. "Now, doctor," she said, "have some o' this short-cake. I think Mollie can't be beat makin' 'em; and have some o' this cheese. We made a few small ones, and they ain't very dry yit; but new cheese goes good with short-cake."

Susanna thought that there was never a dinner cooked that tasted so good as this: the long ride in the clear air had given her an appetite, and she was glad to see her grandfather enjoy it. The old lady had always known him: she said, "I remember when you fust started here, and Debby was putty proud when you begun to keep company with her; but that was a long time ago, wa'n't it, doctor?" — "Yes, Mrs. Crummet, you and I have reached the age of man," said the doctor. "I'm living on God's time now," said the old woman. "If I live till next Jinerwary, I shall be seventy-nine year old. You ain't quite so old, doctor?" — "No, I shall be seventy-eight next March." Susanna felt

a pang of sadness when she looked at her grandfather. "How much longer should she have him?" "Not long," she feared; and she herself was a girl no longer, although people called her "a girl," and always would unless she was married.

She found herself dreaming, and hastened to talk with Jason's wife. "Are your children at school, Mrs. Crummet?" she asked. "Yes: we have only a few weeks of schoolin'; and it's way up in the north-west part, so they take their dinners."

The dinner had long been over, and the party had been talking around the table, when the doctor said, "Mollie, do you want me to bleed you to-day?" With a glance at her husband, Mollie said, "I don't care if you do, my head troubles me an awful sight; when I stoop over round the fire, I am terrible dizzy." — "All right, I'll bleed you." Turning to the old lady, he said, "I suppose you still have faith in cupping?" — "Yes indeed, I do," she said.

After attending to his patients, and when he had looked over Jason's crops, the doctor went in to call Susanna. She and the old lady were sitting in low chairs before the fire: they had evidently been talking very seriously. The old lady had been asking Susanna about John, and the trials she had passed through, and she wanted to console her.

Although a few years had sent their rain and snow on John Pendexter's unmarked grave in New Jersey, still it seemed to Susanna like a new death to have the smouldering ashes of her grief raked over by curious hands; but she bore the torture well, thinking that the old lady meant kindly. Her grandfather's voice was a welcome sound. As they rode out in the narrow lane,

they heard the old lady say in a thin, feeble voice, "Come agin." They might, but she would be missing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE months rolled on with Susanna and her grandfather, and one day was much like another, save in the failing strength of the three old people around her.

Her grandfather rode off occasionally among his patients; but Sorrel was clumsy, and often stumbled, and the doctor was talking of buying a new horse, and of giving Sorrel "his time." Mollie was so feeble that Susanna had talked with her grandfather about having one of the Samson girls come and help Mollie, and learn about the work. The doctor had thought it best, and Patty Samson was in the family. It was like sunshine to hear the young girl's voice singing so gayly, as she skipped up the wide, low stairs. Peter had given up many of his old ways, and was like Sorrel, — stiff and clumsy. Mollie sat by the kitchen fire and jogged herself in a pitiful way; but she said "she didn't think much o' that Samson gal, young 'uns was more plagüe than profit allus."

When the summer came again, Susanna helped her grandfather in the garden, where he raised many of his herbs. In the sweet summer days she walked with him, and gathered the bright saffron blossoms. At this time he talked with her about her grandmother, and her father and mother. The old man always spoke of his wife with so much tenderness and love, and once only he told of her sickness and death. Tears filled his eyes, dimmed with age, as he went over this scene again. "Your mother was a beautiful woman, Susanna: when James told me

that he was going to be married, I felt thankful to have them come home. Mollie was young when your grandmother died, but she did very well. When Mary came, she straightened every thing, and we were so happy. In a little while after you were born, I found that your mother had got to leave us, and I felt that my cup was too full. She lingered along through the winter, and died in May. You were three years old: when you were five, your father died, and you were all I had. I never realized how thankful I was for you until then. When you were eight years old, you had the throat distemper. I had almost given you up. Peter and Mollie worked and watched over you, Susanna; and, when your throat was swollen out even with your face, Peter was nearly crazy. He went down to the spring by the thick hemlocks, and dug through the frozen ground till he found a frog. He brought it up, and sat it on your chest close to your mouth: the frog drew several long breaths, and then toppled over, dead: we thought that it helped your throat." Susanna felt after this talk how good they had all been to her; and, if she could comfort them in their old age, she was glad that she had lived, had loved and lost.

Once in early autumn the doctor walked to the church with Susanna, and this sabbath Mr. Bostwick preached such a comforting sermon; often before Susanna had thought his sermons were cold. He had made God seem unapproachable, not a God to love, but a God to fear; but this day that feeling melted away, and his words floated out from under the sounding-board, and settled like a balm on his listeners. Susanna and her grandfather had many pleasant talks before the fire when the days grew colder, and the doctor had

given up going out: patients came to the house, but he was too feeble to ride.

One night he went to his room; and, when Susanna went in to see that he was made comfortable for the night, he said, "Sit down here by me, Susanna, I want to talk with you a little." Susanna gave him an anxious look. "Don't be worried, child," he said: "you know I can't live long. I have passed by my days of usefulness, and I have no desire to live longer." — "Oh, don't say so, grandfather! You are all I have," said Susanna. "Well, dear, when I am gone, you will live here just the same, of course. I have made all legal arrangements. Mollie and Peter won't last long. I want you to keep Sorrel and Bluff as long as they live, and give them a decent burial. There, that is all, now go to bed. Peter will see to the fire." Susanna bent over and kissed his forehead, and took his shrunken hand in hers. "Now go, Susanna. I shall soon sleep."

In the morning Peter knocked at Susanna's door, and said, "Somethin' is the matter with massa, he don't answer me." Susanna's heart seemed to stop as she walked into her grandfather's room. Just as she had left him, lying on his side: not a struggle had he made when death came. He had met the stern messenger fearlessly, and had gone into a better life. Susanna felt that he was ripe for the harvest, and that he longed to be with those who had crossed before.

Patty came into the sitting-room one morning with an armful of sheets, and said, "Miss Susanna, where shall I put these fine sheets? in the press in the attic? Mollie always kept them there." — "Yes, I think so," said Susanna.

"I will go up with you, and we will look them over." Standing in one end of the attic was a large press filled with homespun linen, sheets, towels, and table-cloths: they were yellow with age, and Patty said, "Hadn't I better bleach these on the grass?" — "Yes, I think so," said Susanna, and they piled them out to take down. "What's in this great chist?" asked Patty. "Things of by-gone days," answered Susanna, as she went along to open the heavy oaken lid.

"Here is my mother's wedding-dress," she said, as she unfolded a stiff white brocade. "Grandfather always said that he wanted me to be married in it." With a sigh she took out a thin white gown, and a pair of white spangled slippers. "There, Patty, this was my only party dress. I wore it to 'Squire Ricker's ball. You know the old 'Squire Ricker house? The whole upper story is a hall. I wore this dress there full twenty years ago, and I was as happy then as a mortal ever was."

Susanna lived on with Patty. Peter and Mollie had died very near each other, and Susanna cared for them as tenderly as they had watched over her in her childhood. Sorrel and Bluff were sleeping in company under the pines where Bluff had shown so much sympathy for Susanna in her hour of trial.

Susanna grew old beautifully. She mellowed, and ripened, and shed happiness in her pathway. The young people in the old town came to her for counsel; and many a disappointed maiden and jilted lover found comfort in talking with "Miss Susanna." She cared for the poor; and Patty expected always to cook extra "for stragglers," she said. The sick felt that her presence was a medicine to them, and the

afflicted hailed her with thankfulness. For years she had been tried in the furnace, and they believed that she was cleared of all earthly dross. Susanna saw, as the years rolled on, the marks of age plainly in her face and form; and she called them mile-stones. And she counted many behind, and believed that there were few ahead:

not that she wanted her life closed, she was happy now in a peaceful way; but she had thought of her own in heaven for so many years, that heaven had grown to seem like a home to her. She didn't expect to be surprised when she had crossed the dark river, but hoped for this from her Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

WHO WAS PUBLICOLA?

CAN any reader of this magazine inform me who was the author of the book with the following title?

"New Vade Mecum; or, Pocket Companion for Lawyers, Deputy Sheriffs, and Constables; suggesting many grievous abuses and alarming evils, which attend the present mode of administering the laws of New Hampshire; together with the most obvious means of redressing and removing them. In nine numbers, humbly inscribed 'To all whom it may concern.' To which is subjoined an appendix, containing all the laws relating to fees, and those requiring oaths to be administered to attorneys and sheriffs' officers." By Publicola.

"Non mihi, si linguæ centum sint, oraque
centum,
Ferreæ vox, omnes scelerum comprehendere
formas."

VIRGIL.

Boston: Published by Hews & Goss, and Isaac Hill, Concord, N.H. Hews & Goss, printers, 1819.

This is a 16mo volume of one hundred and fifty-five pages. The author opens his introduction with the following statement:—

"I have lived something more than forty years in one of the towns of this State, where there is held annually a term of the Superior

Court, and of the Court of Common Pleas. The same town being, moreover, blessed with four or five lawyers, and some half a score of deputy sheriffs and constables, is likewise favored with a weekly session of one or more of those august and dignified tribunals denominated Justices' Courts."

The book is ably and keenly written, and shows that the author had been classically educated and was a practised writer. There are, it seems to me, also unmistakable indications, all through the book, that its author had been educated for the bar, and that he was entirely familiar with the methods of court procedure. The friendly personal references to Gov. Plumer, who was in office when the volume was written, would clearly imply that the author was of the same political party; at least, that he was *anti-Federal*. A good deal of correspondence had with elderly members of the bar in New Hampshire has thus far failed to discover the name of the writer; but it would seem that there must be some one, at least, of the readers of this magazine who will be able to recall the name of the author of one of the ablest books ever written in the Granite State. There is something more than a mere antiquarian or bibliographical interest connected with the subject.

A. H. HOYT.

HISTORIC PROBLEMS.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

THERE are historic as well as mathematical problems, but there is no general similarity in them save in the name. Theorems in mathematics are susceptible of solution, if one can only get at the principles that underlie them ; but there are no known rules by which the historical student can certainly and demonstrably solve the problems that are ever appearing on Clio's scroll. A theorem of Euclid, however difficult, consists of certain logical elements ; and a series of mathematical processes will prove the truth or the fallacy of an operation indisputably and unerringly. None of the problems of history can be disposed of so readily. Assumptions of solutions can easily be made ; but these, in turn, can be overthrown by the more subtle reasoning or the profounder erudition of another. And even the assumption of the last is not received as irrevocable. They are only speculations at the best, dependent on the animus of the writer, and can never receive the credence accorded to testimony irrespective of personal considerations.

Many of these questions are perhaps silly ones, the more so as it does not appear in all cases what should be the conditions of the problems. And still the amusement experienced in their examination is not surpassed by the interest and importance many times attached to them. An acute observer has declared that the study of history makes one wise. Accepting the truth of this apothegm, as applied to history in its political and philosophical bearing, it must be no less true that an ex-

amination of its mathematical qualities, as we are pleased to term them, must render one subtle and profound. Take, for instance, that problem of Herodotus : What would have been the result if Xerxes had been victorious at Salamis? In order to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, one must read through long annals, look at this and that authority, examine the religious and civil institutions of the rival nations ; and not only must he be conversant with all the details of contemporary history, but he must stand far enough off to judge of the effects *pro* and *con* upon his own age. In fact, he must bring to the investigation a mind filled with the knowledge of long years of study. No novice, no empiric, can sit in judgment upon the declarations of astute and experienced historians.

Sir Edward Creasy, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles," maintains that Marathon was the important and decisive event of the Græco-Persian war, rather than Salamis. How this could well be, when the Persians were urged on to still more desperate undertakings by Xerxes, and the Greeks had all their glories to win over again, we fail to see. Nor do we accept the assertion that Europe was saved from a desolation greater than would have occurred from a deluge by the destruction of the Persian armament. Greece rose, indeed, to unprecedented greatness and splendor after the billows of that mighty torrent had ceased to roll ; but has one ever thought what lay at the bottom of that majestic and brilliant upheaval? The inherent genius of the Greek mind

alone would never have forced into such sudden action the arts and philosophy. Nor was it through the artificial and forced influence of the fierce struggle the Greeks had passed through. Sometimes, but not in this case, has civilization been matured by the energy of distress. What was it, then, that brought about this unexpected and glorious epoch that boasted of the Parthenon, of Plato, and of Sophocles? We answer, it was the influence of the Oriental upon the Greek mind.

The results were brilliant, but permanent: the process had been of slow growth. From the time of Cræsus, from the time when Solon and Pythagoras had studied at Asiatic courts, this influence had been going out silently and slowly. The injection of the vast hosts of Darius and Xerxes into Greece forwarded this revolution. Mere contact alone would have done much, but how much more these counter-surges of invasion. Doubtless many of the conquered — some of them were Asiaticized Greeks — remained behind, and their influence performed no unimportant work. Greece threw off the Asiatic despotism, but succumbed to Asiatic thought, Asiatic manners, Asiatic religion. To the active, subtle, restless spirit of the Greek were now joined the gravity, the philosophy, of the Oriental. All the Greek philosophers drank their wisdom from fountains in the East. All the Greek poets caught their imagery and inspiration from the Orient. Greek commanders copied the military system of Cyrus. Greek architects took their models from the grandeur, the beauty, the splendor, of Eastern monuments.

In all this no evil was done to Greece, but much good. But would there not have been good of much greater

abundance, had Persian and not Greek arms prevailed at Salamis? No, replies the modern democrat. Greek genius soared only for the reason that it was free. But when was Greece ever free? True, foreign domination did not always hold her in subjection; but her gigantic oligarchies, her rude democracies, her bad institutions, were worse than foreign masters. Besides, if democracies and oligarchies were indeed so stimulative of genius, so patronizing of letters, why sought Plato the court of the tyrant Dionysius, Pindar and Euripides the court of the Macedonian Alexander, and Aristotle the court of Philip? Moreover, did not the first soarings of Greek genius take place under the early tyrants? Oh, no! genius is not dwarfed or fettered by any thing. It flourishes at the courts of despots, under the rule of oligarchies, under the sway of democracies. Its habitat does not make nor mar it. Genius is divine, and God is everywhere.

But if Persia had conquered Greece, what then? What evil would have been done? The religion of Zoroaster was superior to that of Homer and Hesiod, less animated and picturesque indeed, but more simple and exalted. The Persians had no gods partaking of the worst characteristics of a mortal nature. They worshipped their Great One not in statues nor in temples, but upon the sublime altars of lofty mountain-tops. In many respects it resembled the religion of the Hebrews, and it was about the only other religion in the world which was not defiled by human sacrifices and brutal worship. Surely it would not have injured Greece to have received this paternal, mild monotheism over their false though very beautiful system of polytheism.

Nor were the Persians inferior in mental vigor or graceful accomplishments to their Greek neighbors. They cultivated all the elegant arts. The remains of the palace of Chil-menar at Persepolis, ascribed by modern superstition to the architecture of genii, its mighty masonry, its terrace flights, its graceful columns, its marble basins, its sculptured designs stamped with the emblems of the Magian faith, show the advance of the Persian mind in the elaborate art of architecture. The Persian kings were in most cases men of ability, of broad benevolence, of active energy. Palestine renewed her former glory under their sway. Why should not Greece have flourished the same, nay, ten times more abundantly, the active Greek blood stimulated by Oriental magnificence, had she succumbed to Xerxes? Nor would it have been the first or the last time that Asia has conquered Europe. Every thing good, exalted, and venerable has come from the East. It was the cradle of art, of poesy, of every civilizing agent. All the progressive religions of the world rose in the Orient. It would not have been so fearful, after all, if Greece had been conquered. A hundred years more of glory might have been hers; and her wise men, her artists, her poets, and her statesmen, instead of having their genius cramped by the petty jealousies, the limited ambitions, of their native states, might have developed their full powers under the fostering care and the brilliant courts of the great kings. In fact, Greece conquered by Persia, Oriental blood infused into her veins as well as Oriental thought into her brain, she would have been stronger than she could ever have been else. The Greek mind would not only have risen to greater affluence, but politically have

been stronger; and the Roman might not have succeeded against the Perso-Greek. It is suggestive that it was not democratic Athens or oligarchal Sparta that withstood Rome the longest and the last, but Macedon and Etolia, — Macedon whose king paid the tribute of earth and water to Darius, and Etolia whose wild tribes rushed to the aid of Xerxes.

It has always been a mooted question whether, if Alexander the Great had met the Romans, he himself or the Romans would have succumbed. Livy the historian, in a marked passage, undertakes to weigh the chances of success with which the mighty conqueror of the East would have encountered the growing Western Republic, had he lived to lead his veterans across the sea into Italy. He decides in favor of Rome; but Livy was a Roman, and could well do no otherwise. Besides, he was not in a position to fairly examine the question upon its merits. Livy lived in the time of Augustus; and it was not easy to contemplate, when Rome was the world, that Rome could ever have fallen. Hannibal, Antiochus, Mithridates, had been conquered: surely, Livy argued, Alexander would have been conquered too. A modern scholar will hesitate before he accepts this decision.

Alexander concluded his Oriental conquests, and died at Babylon, in the year 324 B.C. At this time Rome was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Samnite league. Hardly did she succeed against the skill of C. Pontius, the Samnite leader; and when the war closed, the victorious republic was reduced to the last stage of exhaustion. Had the Macedonian led his thirty thousand Greeks, flushed with the conquest of the Eastern world, into Italy, and joined the Samnites; or had he alone

marched up with the cities of Magna-Græcia, and presented a second foe to Rome,—what would have availed the valor of all her great captains, of a Fabius or of a Papirus, to save the republic? Rome fell once under C. Pontius unassisted, and only the most desperate measures saved her in the end. Assailed by a second and far more formidable enemy, what could she have done? Even fifty years afterwards, Pyrrhus beat her armies in three great battles when she had the Samnites under her feet; and had that hero possessed half the vast resources of Alexander, together with his persistence, he might easily have conquered Italy. Think you not, then, that a greater than Pyrrhus might have been the conqueror at this earlier date?

But, objects the disciple of Livy, mighty as Alexander's name is among military captains, there is little evidence of his capacity in conflict with equal enemies. Was not Memnon, who commanded the Persians at the Granicus, an equal enemy, and had twenty thousand trained Greeks, besides fifty thousand Persians? And was not Porus an equal enemy, who was the monarch of a highly civilized Indo-European race, and who could bring into the field a hundred thousand trained infantry, besides chariots and elephants? Yet the genius of the Macedonian overcame them both. It is well to remember, too, that the Macedonian phalanx was the most perfect instrument of warfare the world had yet seen. The Roman legion was nothing like it until Scipio improved it a hundred years later. None of the Greek soldiers showed fear before the elephants of Darius and Porus. How did the Romans withstand them in the ranks of Pyrrhus? In Alexander's day the

Romans were probably not so civilized, though they might have been as far advanced in military art, as were the Persians and the Indians. It was only through contact with the magnificence of the Greek cities of Southern Italy, and by the long campaigns with the Samnites, their equals, that Rome in the time of Pyrrhus was the powerful state she was.

Hannibal was a greater general than either Pyrrhus or Alexander, and would not his ultimate failure teach us to doubt the Macedonian's success? We answer, No. There were excellent and logical reasons why the great Carthaginian hero met with defeat. In the first place, he was not supported by the Carthaginian government. Hanno, the great enemy of the Barcine family, was all-powerful in the home senate, and Hannibal was forced to rely on the aid of the Italian tribes. In this also he was disappointed. Despite his diplomatic skill, despite his series of brilliant victories, the aid of the Italians was lukewarm and limited. Their subjugation and humiliation had been so complete that even the sentiment of revenge was obliterated; consequently, Hannibal's accession of native soldiers was wholly inadequate to enable him to press on as he had begun. He then summoned his brother from Spain, but that brother's head alone reached him: his body and the bones of his soldiers lay rotting on the banks of the Metaurus. The home government inactive, his Italian allies lukewarm, his brother defeated, there was nothing for the Carthaginian to fall back upon but his own genius; and that, unparalleled as it was, could not long avail him against the resources, the valor, the persistence, of Rome.

In Alexander's case it would have

been different. His authority was absolute in Greece, and his resources without end. Even had he been beaten in one or two battles, he could easily have summoned new contingents from Greece, from Macedon, from his Asiatic territories. He could have piled in not merely thirty thousand Macedonians, but double that force, with myriads of Syrians, Persians, and Greeks, with chariots, elephants, and horsemen. He could have exhausted the Roman armies in a twelve-month. Hannibal was always in need of a good engineer corps and siege apparatus. Alexander possessed an excellent supply of these accessories. He would have pressed right on to the siege of Rome, and the Roman capital would have fallen as Tyre fell. And the republic would have expired when the capital fell.

Another question that has been the occasion of much dispute is the more familiar one of Hannibal's chance of conquering Rome if he had not stopped at Capua. It has always been fashionable to suppose that Hannibal was guilty of a great military error in going into winter quarters, and submitting his men to the luxuries and Circean blandishments of the splendid Campanian capital. He should have marched on while Rome was paralyzed by the defeat of Cannæ, and attacked the capital itself. But had Hannibal done this latter thing, instead of fifteen years of victorious occupancy of Italy, he would have met with instantaneous and irrevocable defeat. In the first place, Hannibal's men were mercenaries, Numidians and Spaniards, fierce desert men and wilder clansmen from the hills of interior Spain, that he and his father had trained. They were fitted only for fighting in the field, and had not the determination and the pertinacity to participate

in the long and tedious siege of a powerful walled city. Secondly, Hannibal had no engineers or apparatus for a siege, and no means to organize a force of this nature. Thirdly, the idea of twenty thousand regular troops, aided perhaps by as many irregular Italian allies, even if they had possessed all the necessary siege equipments, laying leaguer to a city whose men were all warriors, and which could summon from her Italian tributaries two hundred and fifty thousand conscripts, is in itself preposterous. Hannibal would have been crushed in a moment.

Hannibal excelled in the qualities of a diplomat as well as those of a military chieftain. His emissaries were already at work among the Italian cities. His great project was to raise Italy in insurrection against Rome. The Roman conquests of that country had been so thorough, her system of colonization so perfect, that Italy in one sense was Rome, and Rome Italy. Therefore, he could not hope to prevail against Rome while all the Italian cities were free and ready to aid her. He wished to detach them from their allegiance to the republic, incorporate their soldiers into his army, and then he could march on to the capital with no enemy behind him. Meanwhile, he needed some city for headquarters; and Capua the opulent, Capua whose walls were seven miles in circumference, Capua the second city of Italy in strength and the first in wealth, offered suitable accommodations.

That Hannibal's plans did not succeed was through no fault of his. Only paltry aid was granted him by Carthage. The Italian tribes, long held in subservience to the military despotism of Rome, were slow to rally under the Carthaginian banners. Lastly, the de-

feat of his brother, who was advancing from Spain to aid him, completely destroyed all chances of his success. "I see the doom of Carthage," groaned the chieftain, when the head of the unfortunate Hasdrubal was thrown into his camp in Apulia. But he did not yet give up the field. Once, in fact, he appeared before Rome, but it was an act of mere bravado on his part. His army was small, and he was unprovided with material for a siege. Rome was strongly fortified, and would have laughed all his toils to scorn. He flitted from place to place, the Romans never daring to meet him in the field; and after a few years the needs of his own country, that was lying at the mercy of Scipio, called him home. As explanatory of his defeat at Zama, it must be remembered that he had only raw and inexperienced troops—many of them the merchants and the young patricians of Carthage, unaccustomed to toil—to pit against the experienced legions of Scipio. The fact that he made as good defence as he did alone justifies the homage which is still paid to the genius of Hannibal.

Did Cæsar pause on the Rubicon? No, we answer, despite the assertions of many to the contrary. Why should he have paused? What reason was there for his doing so? We know none. Yet Plutarch says that he paused, enumerating the calamities which the passage of that river would bring upon the world, and the reflections that might be made upon it by posterity. At last exclaiming, "The die is cast!" he drove his horse into the stream, and Rome was free no more. The tale reads like a passage from a romance, and is evidently a fiction. Although rhetorical writers of later times have delighted to refer to

this dramatic scene somewhat in the style of J. Sheridan Knowles, there are both critical and internal evidence that it is a fraudulent piece of history, either written for dramatic effect, or intended as a libel on Cæsar.

Let us glance at the authorities. Several writers give us the history of that interesting and important epoch. First of all is the unrivalled narrative of the great commander himself, who wrote as ably as he fought battles or practised state-craft. Yet Cæsar, in his Commentaries, makes no mention of this incident. His simple narrative reads, that at nightfall he left Ravenna secretly, crossed the Rubicon in the night, and at daybreak entered Ariminum. Of Livy's history of this age, we have only the Epitomes; but these Epitomes form a complete, though of course far from a detailed, narrative. Yet in them is no allusion to Cæsar's halting at the Rubicon. If such an event had happened, Livy must have known of it, for he lived in the succeeding generation; and, if he had heard of it, there is no reason why he should not have recorded it. Nor do Dion Cassius or Velleius, in their histories,—the former living in the time of Alexander Severus, the latter in that of Tiberius,—seem to know any thing about such an incident.

Suetonius, in his "Lives of the Cæsars," was the first to mention it. Who was Suetonius? He was a Roman biographer who lived in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, one hundred and thirty years after our era, and was the author of the "Lives of the First Twelve Cæsars," in eight books. They have little critical value, and abound in details and anecdotes of a questionable character. The next author who speaks of the incident is Plutarch, whom we

have already quoted. Plutarch was a Greek writer contemporary with Suetonius, whose parallel "Lives of Greek and Roman Commanders" are among the most useful and popular of ancient compositions. But Plutarch has very little historical value, and he is regarded as authority only when his statements coincide with those of other writers. In fact, he himself tells us that he does not write history: he writes the lives of great men, with a moral purpose. His life of Julius Cæsar is the most imperfect in the whole series. It is a confused jumble of facts snatched from different sources, without order, consistency, regularity, or accuracy. The writer seemed to labor like a man under restraint. He skimmed over all of Cæsar's great actions, and manifestly showed a satisfaction when he could draw the attention of the reader to other characters and circumstances, however insignificant. Where he derived his information concerning the dramatic incident of the great captain's anxious pause on the banks of the Italian river, we do not know; but this we know, that no reliable historian, contemporary or otherwise, has made mention of it.

The internal evidences are still stronger that Cæsar never acted the part ascribed to him on the Rubicon. Cæsar was not the man to hesitate after he had once determined on a thing. If he ever possessed doubts at all, they were all settled before he summoned his legions to march out of Cisalpine Gaul. The idea of his stopping in full march, and anxiously weighing the probable consequences of one irremediable step, is not consistent with Cæsar's character. He had calculated his chances, examined the whole field from every point of view,

before he left Ravenna. He never undertook an enterprise until he had carefully examined the chances of success; and, when once he had determined upon his course, his audacity and his despatch confounded his enemies, and his genius overthrew them.

Why should Cæsar have paused on the Rubicon? You answer that he was a rebel marching to enslave his country. But Rome was already enslaved. The Rome of the Fabii and the Cornelii was no more. Her republican institutions had been overthrown by Marius, by Sulla, by Pompey. Ten years previous her territories had been parcelled among the triumvirs. Cæsar was no upstart rebel. The strife was not between principles or parties, but it was a strife for power between two individuals. That Pompey was the representative of the senatorial party, made it no better for him, but worse; for it had been the subserviency of the senate that at first paved the way for the dictators and the triumvirs. That Cæsar was the representative of the people, did indeed better his circumstances; for Rome was free, you say. Pompey and the senate fled: the people welcomed him. Cæsar was no rebel then; or, if a rebel, Pompey was a tyrant. If Pompey was a tyrant, then Cæsar, instead of being a base, dishonorable wretch plotting to overthrow his country, was rather an ardent patriot seeking to deliver her. Surely there was no more need of Cæsar pausing on the Rubicon than there was of Washington pausing on the bank of the Delaware, when he was about to attack the Hessians; and as the latter did not hesitate, we have no reason to believe the other did.

It has been strongly doubted whether Jeanne d'Arc ever suffered the punishment that has made her a martyr,

though details of her execution and last moments crowd the civic records of Rouen. Several books have been published discussing the question. A Belgium lawyer is the author of one of these. He contends that the historians—who have done nothing but copy each other in the narratives of her death—err exceedingly in saying that it took place on the last day of May, 1429, the fact being that she was alive.

There are good grounds, it is also asserted, for believing that the pretty tale of Abelard and Heloise is a pure fiction.

Nobody has yet unriddled the mystery of the man in the iron mask, and nobody seems likely to do so. Of the various theories advanced by different writers, some are more probable than others. It is not likely that he was the Duke of Monmouth, or a bastard son of Anne of Austria, or a twin brother of Louis XIV. He was probably a political offender, or else a rival of the king in one of his numerous amours. Still, his identity remains unsettled, a problem as uncertain as that regarding the identity of the writer of the famous "Junius" letters. These are two insoluble enigmas, impenetrable mysteries, that baffle solutions, and about which perhaps the public has become tired of surmises.

An extremely witty and characteristic anecdote of the late Lord Beaconsfield

will bear repetition in this connection. An adherent from a distant county brought his two sons to the then Mr. Disraeli, and asked him to give them a word of advice on their introduction into life. "Never try to ascertain," said the illustrious statesman to the eldest boy, "who was the man who wore the iron mask, or you will be thought a terrible bore. — Nor do you," turning to the second, "ask who was the author of 'Junius,' or you will be thought a bigger bore than your brother."

Walpole wrote an ingenious work to show—taking for his base the conflicting statements in history and biography—that no such person as Richard the Third of England ever existed, or that, if he did, he could not have been a tyrant or a hunchback. "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte" was published in London in 1820, and created widespread amusement because of its many clear strokes of humor and satirical pungency. Napoleon, who was at the time a captive at St. Helena, admired the composition greatly. Archbishop Whately and Sydney were each reported to be the authors. Since the publication of that sketch, numerous imitations have been issued; but none have shown much originality or literary skill, and have therefore vanished into the darkness of merited oblivion.

ARRIA MARCELLA: A SOUVENIR OF POMPEII.

BY FRANK WEST ROLLINS.

THREE young men, who were travelling together in Italy, found themselves one day in the museum at Naples, where the results of the excavations in Herculaneum and Pompeii are exhibited.

They strolled through the halls; and when one of them discovered any thing curious he called his companions in a loud tone, to the great scandal of the taciturn English people who were present.

But the youngest of these three stood absorbed before one of the alcoves, and paid no attention to the cries of his friends. The object that he was looking at so intently was a mass of hardened ashes which contained the imprint of a human form. It had the appearance of a piece of the mould for a statue, broken by a fall: the eye of an artist would readily detect the form of the side and breast of a beautiful figure, as pure in style as a Greek statue. The traveller's guide will tell you that this lava formed around the body of a woman, and preserved its beautiful contour. Thanks to a caprice of the eruption which destroyed four cities, this noble form, turned into dust centuries ago, has been preserved for us: the soft roundness of a neck has survived the centuries in which so many empires have disappeared, leaving no trace.

Seeing that he obstinately refused to be turned from his contemplation, Max and Fabio returned to him, and touched him on the shoulder, upon which he trembled like a man surprised in some guilty action. Evidently he had been

too much absorbed to hear their approach.

"Come, Octavio," said Max, "don't spend the day at each alcove, or we shall miss the train, and not get to Pompeii till night."

"What are you looking at?" added Fabio. "Ah! the cast found in the house of Arrius Diomedes." And he gave a rapid and curious glance at Octavio.

The latter blushed, and taking Max's arm they finished the museum without further incident. On getting outside, they at once called a carriage, and proceeded to the railway station. The *corricolo*, with its huge red wheels, is too well known to need a description here; and, besides, we are not writing a story of Naples, but a simple, though strange, adventure, which may seem incredible, yet still is true.

The road to Pompeii follows the sea almost all the way, and the long white waves come rolling in upon the dark sand with a pleasant murmur. This beach is formed of powdered lava and cinders, and makes a fine contrast to the deep blue of the heavens and the white foam of the breakers.

On the way you pass through Portici, — made famous by M. Auber's opera, "Torre del Greco, and Torre del Annunziata," — with its galleried houses and terraced roofs. The sand here is black, and an almost impalpable soot covers every thing. One feels the nearness of the fiery Vesuvius.

The three friends got out at the station at Pompeii, laughing at the strange

mixture of the past and present suggested by the cry of the guard, "Station de Pompeii." They took a guide for the hotel, situated outside of the ramparts of the old city, and started off through a field of cotton-wood trees. It was one of those beautiful days so common in Italy, when the light of the sun is so transparent that objects have a rich color unknown in the North, and appear to belong rather to the land of dreams than to that of reality. Whoever has once seen this golden and azure light will remember it all his life. The excavated town, having raised a corner of its shroud of cinders, gleams with its thousand details under the burning sun. Vesuvius stands at the back, with its furrowed sides of many-colored lava — blue, red, violet — changing with the sun. A faint cloud, almost imperceptible in the light, encircles the summit. At first glance, you would take it for one of those mists, which, even in the clearest days, envelop the summits of high peaks; but, on looking at it more sharply, you would see that little streams of vapor are coming out of the mouth. The volcano, in good-humor to-day, smoked quietly; and, if it were not for Pompeii at your feet, you would not believe it more fierce than Montmartre. On the other side, beautiful undulating hills marked the horizon; and farther still, lay the sea, which formerly bore ships with their two or three banks of oars under the very ramparts.

The appearance of Pompeii is very surprising: this sudden leap over nineteen centuries startles even the most prosaic natures. Within a few feet of each other, ancient and modern life are mingled, Christianity and Paganism. When the three friends saw the street in which the remains of a van-

ished existence are preserved intact, they experienced a profound sensation of awe. Octavio, especially, seemed struck by a kind of stupor, and followed the guide mechanically, without listening to the monotonous description which his ready tongue was giving.

He looked with a bewildered stare at the ruts in the streets, fresh as though they were made but yesterday; the inscriptions written in a running hand upon the walls; notices of spectacles, and announcements of all sorts, as curious to them as ours would be two thousand years from now; these houses with their crushed roofs, allowing one to see all the mysteries of their interiors, all the domestic details which historians neglect; these fountains; this forum, surprised in the midst of doing an act of reparation by the catastrophe, and whose sculptured columns are as perfect to-day as when they were erected; these temples devoted to some god of the age of mythology; these shops where only the shop-keeper is wanting; these cabarets where one can still see the round glass left by the last customer; these barracks with their red and yellow columns, which the soldiers have covered with caricatures of struggles; and the double theatres of the drama and of song, opposite each other, which might go on with their performances if the troupe which occupied them were alive.

Fabio stood upon the entrance of the theatre, while Octavio and Max climbed to the highest seat by the stairs, and the latter delivered in a loud voice, and with appropriate gestures, all the bits of poetry that he could think of, to the great fright of the lizards, who ran off, twisting their tails, into the crevices in the walls; and, although the plates of brass for reflecting the sound

no longer existed, his voice was none the less full and resonant.

The guide conducted them across the agricultural land to the amphitheatre, situated at the extremity of the town. They walked under trees whose branches hung over into the now roofless houses. Among these marvels of art grew vulgar vegetables, a reminder of the forgetfulness with which time covers the most beautiful things.

The amphitheatre did not surprise them. They had seen the one at Verona, more vast and better preserved; and they knew the arrangement of these ancient arenas as well as they knew their native land. They then returned by way of the *rue de la Fortune*, listening absently to the guide, who gave the name of each house as they passed it. Each one was named for some peculiarity: the house of the Bronze Bull, the house of the Faun, the house of Fortune, the Academy of Music, the Pharmacy, the Surgeon's Office, the house of the Vestal Virgins, the inn of Albinus, and so on to the door which leads to the tombs.

This brick door, covered with bas-reliefs now effaced, has on its inner side two deep grooves through which the portcullis was raised.

"Who would have expected," said Max to his friends, "to see at Pompeii a door fit for the romantic age of chivalry? Imagine a Roman cavalier sounding his horn before this door for them to raise the portcullis, like a knight of the fourteenth century!"

"There is nothing new under the sun," continued Octavio, smiling with melancholy irony.

"My dear Octavio," said Max, stopping before an inscription on a wall, "would you like to see a combat in the arena? Here are the notices:—

COMBAT AND CHASE ON THE FIFTH OF APRIL.

Twenty pairs of Gladiators will fight; and, if you are afraid of your complexion, re-assure yourself, for there will be curtains overhead; unless you prefer to go early in the morning, and then in your hurry you will cut your throat with your knife, and will not be the happier."

In examinations of this sort the three friends passed along the edge of the tombs, which in our modern times are a lugubrious spectacle, but which were the contrary for the ancients, whose tombs, instead of a horrible corpse, contained only a mass of cinders, the abstract idea of death. Art embellished these relics; and, as Goethe said, "The pagans decorated their tombs with the representations of life."

It was this, no doubt, that made Max and Fabio look upon them with such gayety and light curiosity,—a feeling which they would not have had in one of our cemeteries. They stopped before the tomb of Mammia, the public priestess, near which grows a poplar; they sat down near it, laughing like heretics; they lazily read the epitaphs of Nevoleja, and of the family of Arria, followed by Octavio, who seemed more touched than his companions by these souvenirs of past centuries.

At last they arrived at the house of Arrius Dionædes, one of the most important in Pompeii. They mounted the brick steps; and, when they had entered the door flanked by two lateral columns, they found themselves in a sort of court, like those in the centre of a Spanish house; fourteen columns of brick covered with stucco-work formed the four sides of a portico or covered peristyle, under which one could move about without fear of the rain. The pavement of this court is a mosaic of brick and white marble, hav-

ing a soft, pleasant effect upon the eye. In the middle, a basin of marble, which still exists, received the rain-water which ran from the roof. The effect of entering upon this antique life was singular. They were treading the very floors where the contemporaries of Augustus and Cæsar had passed with their sandalled feet.

The guide then led them into the triclinium, or summer room, which opened toward the sea to allow the fresh ocean breezes to enter. Here they were accustomed to receive visitors, and pass the burning afternoons of summer, when those hot, storm-laden African winds swept over the city. From this room they entered into a long gallery, having no roof, in order to give light to the other apartments. This was the place in which visitors and clients waited until summoned to the audience-chamber. They were then conducted upon a terrace of white marble, which commanded a fine view of the rich gardens and the blue sea; then into the nymphaeum, or bath-room, with its walls painted yellow, its columns of stucco-work, and its mosaic pavement and marble bath, which had held so many beautiful forms now less than the dust; then into the cubiculum, with its curtained alcoves; the tetrastyle, or recreation-room; the chapel of the gods; the library; the picture-gallery; the women's apartments, little rooms partly ruined now, whose walls still retain traces of paintings and arabesques.

After viewing this, they descended to the lower floor; for the ground is much higher on the garden side than on the side towards the tombs. They went through eight rooms painted red, one of which is full of niches like those used at the present day for statuary; and at last they arrived at a kind of

cave or cellar, the use of which was clearly indicated by eight clay pitchers placed against the wall, and which had been filled with the wine of Crète and Falerna, as the odes of Horace tell us.

A bright ray of light passed through a crevice in the roof, and the foliage outside was turned into emeralds and topaz; and this beauty of the outer world only made the sombre interior more gloomy by the contrast.

"It was here that they found, among seventeen other skeletons, the form that you will see in the museum at Naples," said the guide in a nonchalant voice. "There were some gold rings and filaments of her tunic still adhering to the hardened cinders which preserved her form."

These words, carelessly spoken by the guide, strangely excited Octavio. He went in to see the exact place where her body had lain; and, if it had not been for the presence of his friends, he would have done something extravagant: his breast heaved, and his eyes trembled with tears. This catastrophe of two thousand years ago touched him as though it had happened yesterday. The death of a wife or a friend could not have affected him more; and a tear fell upon the spot where this woman, for whom he felt a hopeless love, had perished, stifled by the falling ashes of the volcano.

"Enough of archaeology," cried Fabio. "We do not intend to write a dissertation upon the times of Julius Cæsar. These classical souvenirs cause a vacuum in my stomach. Let's go to dinner, if such a thing is possible in this picturesque hotel, where I am afraid they will serve us fossilized beefsteak, and eggs fried before the death of Pliny."

"I will not say, like Boileau, 'A fool

sometimes says something important," said Max, laughing: "that would be unkind; but your idea is good. It would be far more pleasant, however, to dine here in the triclinium, among these antiquities, served by slaves, like Lucullus or Trimalcion. It is true that I do not see many oysters; that the turbot and roaches are absent; the wild boar of Apulia is missing in the market; the bread and cakes are seen in the museum at Naples, as hard as the stones; but macaroni, though detestable, is better than nothing. Don't you think so, Octavio?"

Octavio, who was regretting that he had not been at Pompeii on the day of the eruption, in order to save the beautiful young girl, and thus win her love, had not heard a word of this conversation. But Max's last words called him back to himself, and he made a sign of assent; and they all started towards the hotel.

The table was spread under an open porch, which served as a vestibule for the hotel. The walls were decorated by some indifferent pictures by the host, and which he described with fluent tongue.

"Venerable host," said Fabio, "do not waste your eloquence. We are not English, and we prefer young girls to old men. Send us the list of your wines by that pretty brunette, with the velvet eyes, whom I saw at the top of the stairs."

Then he ceased to vaunt his paintings, and began to praise his wines. He had all of the best vintages, — Chateaux-Margaux, Grand-Lafite, Sillery de Moët, Hochmeyer, Scarlat-wine, porter, ale and ginger-beer, Capri and Falerna.

"What! you have Falerna wine, animal, and put it at the end of your list: you are insupportable," cried Max, with

a comical expression of fury: "you are unworthy to live in this ancient neighborhood. Is your Falerna good? Was it put in casks during the reign of the consul Plancus?"

"I do not know the consul Plancus, and my wine is not in casks; but it is old, and cost me ten carlins per bottle," replied the host.

The sun had set, and night had fallen, clear and beautiful, clearer than mid-day in London: every thing had taken a rich blue hue, while the heavens were of clear silver. It was so still that a candle-flame would scarcely flicker.

A young boy with a flute came up to the table, and blew upon his instrument a few soft, melodious notes.

Perhaps this boy was descended in direct line from the flute-player who preceded Duilius.

"Our supper has all the surroundings of antiquity, except the dancing-girls and the crowns of ivy," said Fabio, drinking a large glass of Falerna wine.

"I feel like making some Latin quotations," added Max.

"Spare us," cried Octavio and Fabio, justly alarmed: "nothing is so indigestible as Latin."

The conversation of these young men, who sat with cigars in their mouths, and several empty bottles before them, soon turned upon women. Each related his experience, of which the following is a *resumé*.

Octavio declared that reality never had any charm for him; not that he was, like a student, filled with rose-colored dreams, but every beautiful woman was surrounded by too many prosaic and repulsive friends, too many stupid fathers, too many coquettish mothers, too many anxious cousins ready to propose, too many ridiculous aunts with little poodles. A water-tint engraving after

Horace Vernet or Delaroche affected him far more. More poetical than passionate, he would prefer a quiet spot on the shore of a lake by the soft light of the moon to meet his lady-love. He wished to raise his love above earthly things, even to the stars. He felt the greatest admiration for the grand types of womanhood of antiquity, preserved by art and history. Like Faust, he loved Helen; and he longed for those sublime personifications of human desires and dreams, whose forms, invisible to vulgar eyes, exist forever in space and time. Sometimes he loved statues; and once, in passing by the Venus de Milo at a museum, he had cried, "Oh, who will give you arms to press me to your marble breast!"

Fabio loved youth and beauty. Voluptuous and passionate, his illusions cost him no twinges of conscience, and he was without prejudice. A peasant pleased him as well as a duchess, provided she were beautiful; the form pleased him more than the dress; he laughed at his friends who were in love with a robe of silk, and thought it would be wiser to fall in love with a modiste's form.

Max, less artistic than Fabio, cared for nothing except difficult enterprises, complicated intrigues: he wished to overcome resistance and obstacles, and conduct a love-affair as one would a battle, by stratagem. Among a party of women he would choose the one who seemed to dislike him the most, and attempt to overcome her dislike, and turn it to love. To cause the fair one to pass by gradual steps from hatred to love, was to him a delicious pleasure; like a thorough hunter, who pursues his game in rain and sun and snow, and when it is at last killed cares nothing about it.

As Fabio had expected, the sight of the place where the form of the woman seen at the museum was found deeply agitated Octavio: he tried to forget his identity, and transport himself to the times of Titus.

Max and Fabio went to their chambers, and the wine they had drunk soon put them to sleep. Octavio, who had hardly touched his wine, not wishing to mingle it with his poetic dreams, felt that he could not sleep, and went outside to cool his heated brow in the fresh air. Unconsciously his feet carried him to the entrance of the excavated city: he took down the wooden bar which closed the gate, and entered among the shades.

The moon cast a white light on the houses, making the shadows all the deeper. This soft light covered up many of the defects of day, and made the city appear more complete. The broken columns, the façades covered with lizards, the crushed roofs, were not so noticeable as in the sunlight. The genius of the night seemed to have repaired the fossilized city for some representation of fantastic life.

Sometimes Octavio thought he saw shadowy human forms glide among the shadows, but they quickly disappeared on nearing them. Heavy falls, a vague rumbling, broke the silence. Octavio attributed them at first to his imagination. It might be caused by the wind or by a lizard. Meanwhile, he felt an involuntary fear, a slight trembling, which perhaps was caused by the cool air. He turned his head two or three times: he did not feel alone as when they were here in the day. Had his friends followed his example, and were they now wandering among the ruins? These vanishing forms, these distant noises, were they caused by Max and

Fabio chatting and walking in the distance? Octavio knew at once that this very natural explanation was not sufficient. The solitude and the shadows were filled by invisible beings whom he was disturbing; he had stumbled upon a mystery; and they all seemed to be waiting for him to depart to come out of their hiding-places. Such were the extravagant ideas which whirled through his brain, and which were strengthened by the hour, the place, and a thousand and one details which only those who have been at night in some vast ruin can comprehend.

In passing before a house which he had noticed during the day, and upon which the moon shone full, he saw a portico as perfect as the day it was built, which he had tried in vain to reconstruct in his mind only that afternoon: four columns of the Doric order fluted to the centre, and the shafts enveloped as by a purple drapery, sustained a moulding decorated with colored ornaments, which it seemed as though the decorator had finished yesterday; on the face of the door was a verse by Laconie, accompanied by a Latin inscription. Upon the sill, in mosaics, was the word "*have*," in Latin letters. The outside walls, painted in yellow and ruby color, were without a crack. The house was of one story; and the tiled roof, of bronze color, cast its profile against the sky.

This strange restoration, made at midnight by an unknown architect, troubled Octavio, who was sure he had seen it that day in hopeless ruin. The mysterious reconstructor had worked very quickly, for the neighboring houses all had the same appearance of perfect repair: all the pillars had their fluting entire; not a stone was missing, not a brick, not a piece of stucco; not a fig-

ure was wanting in the pictures which ornamented the walls; and around the fountains he could see laurels, roses, and myrtle growing. History was mistaken: the eruption had not taken place, or else the needle of time had gone backwards twenty centuries upon the dial of eternity.

Octavio, thunderstruck, asked himself if he were sleeping and this a fevered dream; but he was obliged to acknowledge that he was not asleep, nor was he drunk.

A singular change had taken place in the atmosphere: vague rosy tints, mingled with violet, succeeded to the azure light of the moon; the heavens grew light in the east; day was apparently about to dawn. Octavio took out his watch, and touched the spring: it struck twelve times. He listened, and touched it again; and, as before, it struck twelve. It was certainly midnight; but still the light grew brighter, and the moon disappeared,—the sun was up.

Then Octavio, who began to lose all idea of time, was convinced that he was not walking in a dead Pompeii, but in a living Pompeii, youthful, complete, and upon which the torrents of boiling lava had not rushed.

This was proved to him; for a man, clothed in the ancient costume of Pompeii, came out of a neighboring house. This man wore his hair short, and had no beard. A tunic of a brown color, and a gray mantle (the ends of which were held back so as not to retard his movements), constituted his dress. He walked rapidly, and passed by Octavio without seeing him. A basket made of cords hung on his arm, and he went towards the Forum Nundinarium: it was a slave going to market. There could be no mistake.

The sound of wheels caught his ear ; and a cart drawn by white oxen, and loaded with vegetables, passed through the streets. By its side walked an ox-driver, with naked legs browned by the sun, with sandals on his feet, and clothed in a kind of a shirt with a belt round the waist. He wore a conical straw hat ; its point thrown behind the neck, and fastened by a button. His head was of a type unheard of to-day : his low forehead covered with hard bunches, his hair crisp and black, his nose straight, his eyes calm as those of an ox ; and his neck like that of a Hercules. He touched the oxen gravely with his stick, with a pose which would have put Ingres into an ecstasy of delight.

The ox-driver saw Octavio, and seemed surprised ; but he went on his way. Once he turned his head ; but, finding no explanation for the strange appearance, he plodded steadily on, too stupid to examine more closely.

Some peasants passed also, driving before them asses loaded with wine. They were as different from the peasants of to-day as black is from white.

Gradually the streets became filled with people. Octavio's feelings had changed. Just now he had been a prey to an unknown fear amongst the shadows and spectres, but his vague terror was changed to stupefaction : he could no longer doubt the evidence of his senses, but nevertheless what he saw was perfectly incredible. Hardly convinced, he tried by noticing the smallest details to prove to himself that he was not the victim of an hallucination. These were not phantoms which walked by him, for the sun shone upon them, and made their reality undeniable ; and their shadows, elongated by the height of the sun, were thrown upon the walls and sidewalks.

Octavio did not understand what was happening to him, but still was filled with delight to see one of his most cherished dreams fulfilled. He resisted no longer, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of it, without pretending to account for it. He said to himself that since, by the aid of some mysterious power, he was allowed to live in a century which had long disappeared, he would not lose time by seeking for a solution of an incomprehensible problem ; and he continued bravely on his way, looking to right and left at this spectacle, so old and so new for him. But to what epoch in the life of Pompeii was he translated ? An inscription upon a wall told him the name of the public personages, and he saw that it was at the beginning of the reign of Titus ; that is, in the beginning of the year 79 of our era. A sudden idea crossed Octavio's mind : the woman whose imprint he had fallen in love with at Naples must have lived at this time, since the eruption of Vesuvius, in which she had perished, was on the 24th of August of this same year ; he might then find her, see her, speak to her. The insane desire that the sight of this lava cast had caused him would be perhaps satisfied, for nothing could be impossible to a love which had caused the centuries to roll back.

While these thoughts were passing through Octavio's mind, some beautiful young girls passed on their way to the fountain, supporting urns upon their heads with the tips of their white fingers. Some patricians, with white togas bordered with purple bands, followed by their clients, went towards the forum. Buyers pressed around the stalls, each stall having its proper design in sculpture or painting.

While walking along the sidewalks

which bordered every street in Pompeii, Octavio found himself face to face with a handsome young man of his own age, dressed in a saffron-colored tunic, and wearing a mantle of white wool, soft as cashmere. The sight of Octavio, with his frightful modern hat, wearing a black coat, and his legs imprisoned in pantaloons, his feet pinched into tight boots, appeared to surprise the young Pompeiian, as a wild Indian would surprise us upon the boulevard with his plumes. But, as he was a well-bred young man, he did not burst into laughter; but taking pity upon Octavio, whom he thought a poor barbarian, he said to him in a voice accentuated and soft, —

“Advena salve.”

Nothing was more natural than that an inhabitant of Pompeii under the Emperor Titus, very powerful and very august, should express himself in Latin; but Octavio trembled at hearing this dead language in a living mouth. Then he congratulated himself for having studied it so thoroughly. The Latin taught at the university served him on this occasion; and, recalling his knowledge of the classics, he replied to the salutation of the Pompeiian, in the style of *de viris illustribus* and of *selectæ e profanis*, in a manner sufficiently intelligible, but with a Parisian accent which caused the young man to smile.

“Perhaps it will be easier for you to speak Greek,” said the Pompeiian: “I know that language, for I studied at Athens.”

“I know still less of Greek than of Latin,” replied Octavio: “I am from the country of the Gauls, — from Paris.”

“I know of that country. My grandfather fought there under Julius Cæsar. But what a strange costume you wear! The Gauls whom I have seen at Rome were not dressed like you.”

Octavio undertook to explain to the young man that twenty centuries had rolled past since the conquest of the Gauls by Julius Cæsar, and that the styles had changed: but he got in over his head in his Latin; and, to tell the truth, it was no difficult work to do so.

“I am called Rufus Holconius, and my house is yours,” said the young man, “unless you prefer the liberty of the tavern. They would treat you well at the inn of Albinus, near the gate of the *faubourg* Augustus Felix, and at the tavern of Sarimus, son of Publius, near the second tower; but, if you wish, I will serve as your guide in this town, which is perhaps slightly unknown to you. You please me, young barbarian, although you have tried to play upon my credulity by pretending that the Emperor Titus, who is reigning to-day, died two thousand years ago; and that the Nazarene, whose infamous followers, covered with pitch, have lighted the gardens of Nero, rules single and alone in the deserted heavens from whence the gods have fallen. By Pollux!” cried he, casting his eye upon an inscription written at the corner of a street, “you arrive at a good time: they play Plautus’s ‘Casina’ at the theatre to-day. It is a curious comedy, which will amuse you, although you will only comprehend the pantomime. This is the time for it to begin: I will take you into the seats reserved for strangers.”

And Rufus Holconius turned towards the little *théâtre-comique*, which the three friends had seen during the day.

The Frenchman and the citizen of Pompeii went along the street called la Fontaine d’Abondance, passing by the temple of Isis, the school of statuary, and entered the Odeon, or *théâtre-comique*, by a lateral entrance. Thanks to the recommendation of Holconius,

Octavio was placed near the proscenium. All eyes were turned towards him with a wondering curiosity, and a wave of audible laughter passed over the house.

The play had not yet commenced. Octavio looked around him. The semi-circular rows of seats ended on each side by a magnificent lion's paw sculptured from Vesuvian lava; in front of this was an open space corresponding to our parterre, and paved with mosaics of Greek marble; a longer row of seats extended in the rear; and four stairways, corresponding to the entrances, ascended to the highest seats, dividing them into four sections. The spectators were furnished with programmes made of little leaves of ivory, and bearing the title of the piece, the name of the author, and each having the number and position of the seat which the holder was to occupy upon it. The judges, nobles, married men, young men, soldiers (whose casques of bronze glittered in the light), occupied separate rows.

It was a beautiful sight to see those elegant togas and fine mantles filling the first rows, and contrasting with the varied costumes of the women ranged behind, and the gray capes of the common people sitting in the back rows, near the columns which supported the roof, and through which the intensely blue heaven could be seen. A fine mist of perfumed water fell from the frieze in imperceptible drops, and perfumed the air which it refreshed. Octavio thought of the hot, ill-smelling interiors of our theatres, so uncomfortable that they become places of torture; and it occurred to him that civilization had not progressed much.

The curtain, sustained by a transverse beam, was lost in the depths of the

orchestra. The musicians came into their stalls; and the "prologue" appeared, grotesquely clothed, and with his head covered by an immense mask.

After having saluted the audience, he began a ridiculous argumentation. "The old pieces," said he, "were like wine which grew better with years; and 'Casina,' dear to the old ones, ought not to be less so to the young. All could take pleasure in it,—the old because they knew it, and the young because they did not know it. The piece had been, moreover, put on with care; and one must listen with a soul free from all anxiety, without thinking of one's debts nor of one's creditors, for they cannot arrest at the theatre. This was to be a happy day, and the halcyons hovered over the theatre." Then he gave an analysis of the play which they were about to give, with a detail which proved that surprise did not enter into the Roman idea of enjoyment at the theatre. He told how the old Stalino, in love with his beautiful slave Casina, wishes to marry her to his farmer, Omlympio, a weak man, whom he will replace on the wedding night; and how Lycostra, the wife of Stalino, in order to prevent the luxury of her vicious husband, wants to unite Casina to the riding-master, Chalinus, with the idea of favoring the love of her sons; and the manner in which Stalino, mystified, takes a young slave disguised for Casina, who marries the young riding-master, whom she loves, and by whom she is beloved.

The young Frenchman looked distractedly at the actors, with their masks with bronze mouths. The slaves ran here and there, to represent haste; the old wagged their heads, and held out their trembling hands; the matrons, with high voices and disdainful airs,

looked important, and quarrelled with their husbands, to the great amusement of the audience. All the characters entered and went out by three doors in the wall at the back, and communicating with the dressing-rooms of the actors. Stalino's house was at one corner of the stage, and that of Alcesimus facing it. These scenes, though very well painted, were rather representations of places than places themselves.

When the bridal train accompanying the false Casina entered, an immense burst of laughter greeted them, and thunders of applause shook the theatre ; but Octavio neither saw nor heard.

In the procession of women he saw a creature of marvellous beauty. From this moment the charming beings who had attracted his eye were eclipsed like the stars before Phœbe : all vanished, all disappeared, as in a dream ; a mist hid the people in front of him, and the voices of the actors seemed lost in the distance.

He had been struck as by an electric shock ; and, when the woman looked towards him, he felt as though his heart would leap out of his breast.

She was dark and pale. Her waving hair was black as night, and was raised slightly over the temples in the Greek style ; and under her beautiful brows there shone two wonderful eyes, dark and sombre, yet soft, filled with an indefinable expression. Her mouth, disdainfully arched at the corners, showed two beautiful red lips against the white of the mask : her neck had those perfectly pure lines only seen now in statuary. Her arms were naked to the shoulder ; and over her proud breast there hung down her tunic of a rose mauve, falling in two folds which might have been chiselled in the marble of Phidias or Cleiomene.

The sight of this perfect throat, with its pure lines, startled Octavio : it seemed to him that this form would fit exactly into the mould he had seen at Naples, and a voice from his heart told him that this was the woman stifled by the cinders and ashes of Vesuvius at the villa of Arrius Diomedes. By what miracle came she there, living, taking part in the comedy ? He sought for no explanation ; besides, how came he there himself ? He accepted her presence, as in a dream one submits to the intervention of dead persons, who act as though they were alive ; and his emotion would not permit him to reason. For him the wheel of time had left its rut. He found himself face to face with his dream, his vision, one of the most impossible of dreams, a child's wish. His life was filled with joy at a single blow.

While looking at this being, so cold yet so ardent, so dead and yet full of life, he felt that here before him was his first and last love, — his cup of supreme happiness was full. He saw the memory of all those with whom he had thought himself in love vanish like shadows, and his soul was free from every thing of the past.

Meanwhile, the beautiful Pompeian, leaning her chin upon her hand, looked at Octavio, while pretending to be occupied with the performance, with a soft, deep glance ; and this glance was piercing and burning as a ball of fire. Then she whispered in the ear of a girl seated at her side. The comedy was finished : the crowd left by the entrances. Octavio, disdaining the kind offices of Holconius, entered the first passageway that presented itself. Hardly had he reached the door when a hand was placed upon his shoulder, and a female voice said to him in a

low tone, but so that he did not lose a word,—

"I am Tyche Novoleja, companion of the pleasures of Arria Marcella, daughter of Arrius Diomedes. My mistress loves you; follow me!"

Arria Marcella had just stepped into her litter, carried by four slaves naked to the waist, their bronze skins glittering in the sun. The curtain of the litter was open; and a white hand, glittering with rings, made a sign to Octavio, as if to confirm the words of her maid. The purple curtain fell, and the litter went on its way.

Tyche conducted Octavio by short cuts and alleys, crossing the streets by stepping lightly upon the pieces of stone which connected the sidewalks, and between which were the ruts for carriage-wheels. Octavio noticed that they traversed some quarters of Pompeii that modern people have not discovered, and which were consequently unknown to him. This strange circumstance, among so many others, did not astonish him. He had decided to be astonished at nothing. In all this phantasmagoria, which would have driven an antiquary wild with happiness, he saw only the black and profound eye of Arria Marcella, and the superb throat victorious over the centuries, and which even destruction wanted to preserve. They arrived at a door, which opened and closed quickly after their entrance; and Octavio found himself in a court surrounded by columns of marble of the Ionic order, painted half their height of a lively yellow color, and the capital relieved by red and blue ornaments. A garland of birthwort suspended its large leaves, in the form of a heart, from the summit; and near a basin surrounded by plants, a flaming rose was held by a sculptured paw.

The walls were made of fancifully decorated panels. Octavio noticed all the details with a glance; for Tyche put him into the hands of some slaves, who carried him into a thermal bath, in spite of his impatience. After having passed through the different degrees of vaporized heat, being rubbed with a flesh brush, then washed in perfumed oils and cosmetics, he was clothed in a white tunic, and found Tyche at the opposite door waiting for him. She took his hand, and led him into another richly decorated room.

Upon the ceiling were paintings, exceedingly pure in design, of a richness of color, and freedom of touch, which belong to the hand of a master and not of a simple decorator; a frieze composed of stags, hares, and birds playing among foliage extended above a border of marble; the mosaic pavement, marvellously done, — perhaps by Sosimus of Pergame, — represented figures in relief, executed with a skill that rendered them lifelike.

At the rear of the room, upon a divan or bed, Arria Marcella was stretched in a position which recalled the woman in bed, by Phidias, upon the front of the Parthenon. Her stockings, embroidered with pearls, lay at the foot of the bed; and her beautiful naked foot, whiter than snow or marble, peeped out from under a light coverlid of white linen of the finest quality.

Two earrings made of strung pearls lay along her pale cheeks; a collar of balls of gold, with pear-shaped pendants, hung over her breast, left half uncovered by the negligently arranged folds of a light straw-colored handkerchief, with a Greek border of black; a band of black and gold held her ebony-black hair in place (for she had changed her costume on returning from

the theatre) ; and around her arm, like the asp around the arm of Cleopatra, was coiled several times a golden serpent, with eyes of precious stones.

A little table supported by griffins, incrustated with gold, silver, and ivory, was at the foot of the bed ; and upon it were confections in little plates of silver and gold. These plates were ornamented with precious paintings.

Every thing indicated that all was prepared for a husband or lover : fresh flowers filled the air with their perfume, and vessels laden with wine were placed in urns heaped with snow.

Arria Marcella signed to Octavio to sit down beside her on the divan, and to partake of the repast. The young man, half crazed by surprise and love, took at hazard some mouthfuls from the plates which the small Asiatic slaves with white hair held up to him. Arria did not eat ; but she sipped continually from a vase of opal tint, filled with wine of a deep purple color. As she drank, a hardly perceptible rose tint spread itself over her pale face from her heart, which had not beaten for so many years. Meanwhile, her naked arm, which Octavio slightly touched in raising his glass, was cold as marble.

"Oh ! when you stopped at Studij to contemplate the piece of hardened lava which preserved my form," said Arria Marcella, turning her long, deep glance upon Octavio, "and which caused your soul to ardently wish for me, I felt it in this world in which my soul floats invisible to human eyes. Faith made God, and love made woman. One is really dead, only when she is no longer loved. Your love has given me life : the powerful evocation of your heart has spanned the distance which separated us.

"In fact, nothing dies," she con-

tinued ; "every thing exists forever : no power can destroy that which once exists. All action, all words, all forms, all thoughts, fall into the universal ocean of things, and make circles, which go on growing larger to the confines of eternity. Material forms disappear only for the gross eye ; and the spirits, which are detached, people the Infinite. Paris is still charming Helen in the unknown regions of space. Cleopatra's galley still spreads its silken sails upon the azure of an ideal Cyanus. Some passionate and powerful natures have been able to call back the centuries apparently gone, and give life to people dead for all eternity. Faust had for his mistress the daughter of Tyndare, and has led her to his Gothic chateau at the bottom of the mysterious abyss of Hades. Octavio has now come to live an hour under the reign of Titus, and make love to Arria Marcella, daughter of Arrius Diomedes, at this moment lying near him upon an antique bed in a town destroyed for all the rest of the world."

"I was disgusted with all women," said Octavio, "and all things common, and it was for you whom I waited ; and this memento, preserved by the curiosity of man, has by its secret magnetism put me in communication with your soul. I do not know whether you are a dream or a reality, a phantom or a woman ; whether, like Ixion, I press a cloud to my breast ; or whether I am the victim of sorcery : but I do know that you will be my first and my last love."

"May Eros, son of Aphrodite, hear your promise !" said Arria, resting her head upon his shoulder with a passionate gesture. "Hold me to your young breast ; breathe upon me with your hot, sweet breath : I am cold from being

so long without love." And Octavio pressed this beautiful creature to his heart, and kissed her lips: the softness of this beautiful flesh could be felt through his tunic. The band which detained her hair became unloosed, and her ebon locks spread themselves like a black sea over her lover.

The slaves had carried away the table. There was nothing to be heard except the soft murmur of their own voices, mingled with the tinkling of falling water from the fountain. The little slaves, familiar with these loving scenes, pirouetted upon the mosaic pavement.

Suddenly the *portière* was pushed back; and an old man of severe countenance, in an ample mantle, stood in the entrance. His gray beard was separated into two points like the Nazarene's, and his face was seamed and lined; a little cross of black wood hung from his neck, and left no doubt as to his belief: he belonged to the sect, quite recent at that time, called the "Disciples of Christ."

Upon seeing him, Arria Marcella seemed covered with confusion, and hid her face under the folds of her mantle, like a bird who puts his head under his wing when he sees an enemy whom he cannot avoid; while Octavio leaned upon his elbow, and looked fixedly at the scowling personage who entered so brusquely upon them.

"Arria, Arria!" said the stern-looking man in a tone of reproach, "was your life not sufficient for your misbehaviors, and must your infamous loves encroach upon the centuries which do not belong to you? Can you not leave the living in their sphere? Has not your body had time to cool since the day in which you died, without repenting, under the ashes of the volcano? Your two thousand years of death have not

calmed you; and your voracious arms draw to your cold breast, from which your heart has disappeared, the poor insane beings intoxicated by your philtres."

"Pardon, my father: do not crush me in the name of this gloomy religion in which I never believed. I believe in our ancient gods, who loved life, youth, beauty, pleasure. Do not send me back into the shades. Leave me to enjoy this life which love has given to me."

"Be quiet, impious girl! Do not speak to me of your gods, who are really demons. Leave this young man, enchained by your affections, by your seductions; do not hold him longer outside the realms of his life, of which God has fixed the bounds; return to your paganism, to your Asiatic lovers, Roman or Greek.—Young Christian, abandon this phantom, who would seem more hideous to you than Empouse and Phorkyas if you could see her as she is."

Octavio, cold and frigid with horror, tried to speak; but the words would not leave his lips.

"Will you obey me, Arria?" cried the old man imperiously.

"No, never!" replied Arria, her eyes flashing; and with dilated nostrils and trembling lips, she threw her arms around Octavio, and pressed him to her cold breast. Her furious beauty, exasperated by the struggle, seemed almost supernatural at this supreme moment, as though to leave her young lover an ineffaceable souvenir of her presence.

"Come, unhappy girl," replied the old man, "I must use stronger means, and show this fascinated boy that you are but a phantom, a shadow;" and he pronounced in a commanding voice a

formula which caused the tender red tint which the rich wine had brought to Arria's cheeks to disappear.

At this moment the clock of one of the distant villages by the sea struck the "Angelus."

At this sound, a sigh of agony broke from the lips of the young woman. Octavio felt the arms which held him relax; the draperies which she wore, and which covered her, sunk in as though that which they enclosed had disappeared; and the unhappy young man saw nothing by his side but a handful of ashes mingled with hardened bones, among which shone the bracelets and golden jewels, crushed out of shape, as you may see them to-day at the museum at Naples.

A terrible cry broke from his lips, and he lost consciousness.

The old man had disappeared. The sun rose; and the room, just now filled with so much magnificence and beauty, was nothing but a confused ruin.

After having slept off the effect of the wine, Max and Fabio awoke; and their first thought was to call their companion, whose chamber was near their own. Octavio did not reply, for good reasons. Fabio and Max, receiving no answer, entered his room, and saw that his bed had not been slept in.

"He must have slept upon a chair," said Fabio, "not being able to undress himself, — he can't stand much wine, our dear Octavio, — then he went out early, to walk off the effects."

"But," said Max, "he drank hardly any thing. This seems very strange to me: let's look him up."

The two friends, aided by the hotel-keeper, searched every street, alley, and archway; entered into all the odd houses in which they thought Octavio

might have strayed to copy a painting or an inscription; and at last found him stretched out, unconscious, upon the mosaic floor of a half-ruined chamber. They found great difficulty in awaking him; and, when at last they succeeded, he would give no explanation of how he came there, except that he had a fancy to see Pompeii by moonlight, and that he had been overcome by dizziness probably, and had fallen where they found him.

The little party returned to Naples as they had come; and that evening, in their box at San Carlo, Max and Fabio witnessed with more delight than ever the pirouettes of two twin-sisters of the ballet. Octavio, with a pale face and troubled brow, looked at the pantomime and the jugglery which followed as though he did not much doubt its reality after the adventures of the previous night. He had hardly come to himself yet.

From this time Octavio was a prey to a mournful melancholy, which the good humor and jests of his friends aggravated rather than soothed: the memory of Arria Marcella pursued him night and day, and the sad ending of his strange adventure had not destroyed its charm.

He could not keep away, and secretly returned to Pompeii, and walked as before among the ruins, by the light of the moon, with a palpitating heart, filled with a wild hope; but the vision, or whatever it may have been, did not return. He saw only the lizards scurrying over the stones; he heard only the cries of the night-birds; he met no more his friend Rufus Holconius; Tyche did not come, and lead him by the hand; Arria Marcella obstinately refused to rise from her ashes.

At last despairing, with good cause,

Octavio married a young and charming English girl, who adores him. He is perfection, his wife thinks; but Ellen, with that instinct which nothing can escape, feels that there is something wrong with her husband. But what? Her most careful watching reveals nothing. Octavio does not visit any actress; in society he takes hardly any

notice of women; he even replied very coolly to the marked advances of a Russian princess, celebrated for beauty and coquetry. His secret drawer, opened during his absence, revealed no proof of infidelity to the suspicious Ellen. But how could she be jealous of Arria Marcella, daughter of Arrius Diomedes?

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Should there be sufficient encouragement, the Series will be continued by these: —

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THE PRELATE (by ISAAC HENDERSON, 12mo, \$1.50) is a romance of the American colony and native society at Rome, with most intense and dramatic situations, and rare power of description. The weird and brilliant designs for the covers of "The Prelate" were made by Elihu Vedder, who is a friend of the author.

THE Boston "Budget" thus recognizes one of the unseen beauties of Howells's new novel, "Indian Summer:"—

"Mr. Howells, in this the latest of his completed stories, paints life in Florence with a truthfulness begot of long acquaintance with the localities he is describing, and with that literary skill for which he is justly celebrated."

NEXT week will appear the new "Artistic Homes: In the City and Country." By Albert W. Fuller, Architect. (Fourth edition, revised, enlarged, and improved.) This rich new edition will have 76 full-page illustrations, many of which are from gelatine, supplanting designs discarded from the earlier editions. There will also be one handsome colored plate (folio, \$3.50). It is doubtful whether any of the numerous books of similar purport have succeeded so richly and steadily as Fuller's "Artistic Homes."

THE Cambridge "Tribune" says of Lowell's CHOZÖN (illustrated and richly bound, 8vo, \$5.00):—

"Mr. Lowell's book is one of rare interest and value. He has seen that which is wholly novel; and he tells his story with delightful relish, evidently enjoying the telling as well as the rest of us do the reading. He begins with a vivid monograph on the myths and traditions of the far-off East, and the geography of the peninsula. He then gives an amusing description of the journey from his landing-place in Korea up to Söul, the capital of the country, and adds scores of episodes

of his life in that great city,—diverting, pathetic, and all full of quaintness and originality. The book is rich in allusions to the architecture, costumes, government, superstitions, landscape-gardening, and other interesting features of the Korean people, set forth with scientific precision and literary grace, yet without undue obtrusion of the author's personality. The book is full of quotable passages, describing the customs and oddities of the people, and giving many enticing glimpses of beautiful scenery and enjoyable experiences."

AN admirable suggestion to architects and persons interested in interior decoration is contained in the following paragraphs from the "Scientific American" referring to Professor Edward S. Morse's "Japanese Homes, and their Surroundings" (300 illustrations, 8vo, \$5.00):—

"For cultivated people of small means, desiring to build for themselves, and having tastes which lead them to take pleasure in beautifying their homes and surroundings where this can be done in an inexpensive way, we know of no other publication so brimful of suggestion and valuable information as is this handsome and profusely illustrated volume. We do not mean, in saying this, to have any one infer that the book is not equally well worth the attention of those who can build brownstone houses, or of the architects who design the most costly residences; for, of the latter structures, too many are wanting in many of the essentials to comfortable living, that are generally found in less pretentious buildings. But the conditions of life in Japan, and the genius of its people, are such, that we often find in their work the development of an exquisite taste that makes the commonest articles they produce a source of constant pleasure. How this taste and Japanese constructive ingenuity are manifested in their residences, in those of the humblest as well as those of the higher classes, the work of

Professor Morse points out in ample detail, and in most attractive style."

THE "Hartford Courant" speaks thus of the new novel ("Two College Girls," by Helen Dawes Brown, \$1.50):—

"'Two College Girls' must be pronounced a decidedly successful story. Edna Howe of New England, and Rosamond Mills of Chicago, are the *two* girls of the tale, but around them, in the college life, are grouped others who are only a little less important and interesting; and their individual characters are sketched with a firm, sure, skilful hand. In the first chapter we are introduced to a family gathering in a New-England village, in the home of Edna Howe, at which uncle Lemuel and aunt Almira and uncle Ira and all the relations discuss the matter of Edna's going to college. And we know not where to look for a more faithful description of such a scene. But Edna goes to college; and from the day of examination to the day of graduation, her life there, interwoven with the lives of her mates and teachers, is one whose story will be read with eager delight. It is a delightful story, not in the least frivolous or superficial, but true to the life, and wrought out with ease, grace, and power."

THE "Scotsman" (of Edinburgh), which is probably the most influential journal in Scotland, thus praises Percival Lowell's "Chosön: The Land of the Morning Calm" (Korea):—

"In his capacity of Foreign Secretary and Counsellor to the Korean Special Mission, he had exceptional opportunities afforded to him of studying the structure of Korean society, from the court life down to the lowest strata; and these he has turned to excellent account. Specially interesting are the chapters on the origin, characteristics, and tendencies of Korean art, science, and philosophy."

Professor Edward S. Morse's admirable "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings" is thus commented upon (in a three-column review) by the "London Building News":—

"Mr. Morse's very interesting and instructive work is the only reliable guide to the architecture of Japan we have seen."

"Edge-Tools of Speech" is one of the best books of quotations in the language. It was a happy thought that prompted that industrious, graceful, and talented man of letters, Mr. M. M. Ballou, to prepare such a work. It is indispensable in the library and at the office. The book is handsomely issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Co.

THE covers of Isaac Henderson's novel of Roman Life, "The Prelate," are embellished with original and striking designs by Elihu Vedder, who is an intimate friend of Henderson.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Dedicated to Literature, History, and State Progress.

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Nov. 1, 4.

To men of that generation, who, refusing to be idle, have given their lives to the service of their country, in the discharge of their duties as soldiers, sailors, and statesmen, we owe a debt of gratitude. John McDuffee, the ablest of these, is in the foreground of our history.

The name of McDuffee is a Scotch-Irish name, and the name of the village, on the edge of London, where he was born, is McDuffee. Mr. McDuffee's father, John McDuffee, was a farmer, and his wife, Mary, was a daughter of a good school. John McDuffee, at the age of fifteen, the best of his sons, viz., John, William, and Daniel, went to London, England; the other three came with their parents to America in the expedition which gave New Hampshire the peaceful coast of Newry and Londonderry. John, the father of these sons, settled in Rockingham, on land on the River, adjoining the town of Dover, the farm of eighty-five acres remaining without break in the family, and now owned by the subject of this sketch. The Rockingham father was, at first named, the father of Daniel McDuffee, and also of Colonel John McDuffee, a gallant officer in the old French and Revolutionary wars, lieutenant-colonel in Col. Poor's regiment, who, never marrying,

John McDuffee

After two years' experience, he began the same business for himself on the same square, was successful, and, after a few years, took into partnership with his son, John. During the war of 1812, being out of age when appointed, and he held the office until removed on Jackson's accession to the presidency.

In the spring of the year 1821, he went to Dover, and began the same business on a broader scale. His success continued to reward his energy and industry. In February, 1831, he

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JOHN McDUFFEE.

BY REV. ALONZO H. QUINT, D.D.

To men of their own energetic stock, who, refusing all political preferment, have given comprehensive abilities, sterling integrity, and sagacious industry, to the development of business, many New-Hampshire towns owe an imperishable debt. John McDuffee's record is in the prosperity of Rochester.

The name itself suggests that strong Scotch-Irish blood which endured the siege of Londonderry, in which were Mr. McDuffee's ancestors, John McDuffee and his wife Martha, honored in tradition. John and Martha McDuffee had four sons; viz., Mansfield, Archibald, John, and Daniel. Mansfield went to London, England; the other three came with their parents to America in the emigration which gave New Hampshire the powerful stock of Derry and Londonderry. John, the father of these sons, settled in Rochester, in 1729, on land on the east side of the Cocheco River, adjoining Gonic Lower Falls, — the farm of eighty-five acres remaining without break in the family, and now owned by the subject of this sketch. The Rochester settler was, as just stated, the father of Daniel McDuffee, and also of Colonel John McDuffee, a gallant officer in the old French and Revolutionary wars, lieutenant-colonel in Col. Poor's regiment, who, never marrying,

adopted his brother Daniel's son John, and eventually made him his heir. John, the colonel's heir, was a farmer in good circumstances, married Abigail, daughter of Simon and Sarah (Ham) Torr, and was father of John McDuffee, the subject of this sketch, who was born on the farm once the colonel's, about a mile and a half from Rochester village, on the Dover road, Dec. 6, 1803.

Of course, while working on the farm more or less, he had for five or more years the advantage of a good school.

In 1818, at the age of fifteen, the boy entered Franklin Academy, in Dover. In 1821, at the age of eighteen, he went into the store of his uncle, John Greenfield, at Rochester.

After two years' experience, he began the same business for himself on the same square; was successful, and, after two years, took into partnership his uncle, Jonathan H. Torr. During this period he was commissioned postmaster of Rochester, being not of age when appointed; and he held this office until removed on Jackson's accession to the presidency.

In the spring of the year 1831 he went to Dover, and began the same business on a broader scale. Steady success continued to reward his energy and industry. In February, 1833, he

sold out his business in Dover, and returned to Rochester to settle the estate of his wife's father, Joseph Hanson, an old and wealthy merchant of Rochester, whose daughter Johanna Mr. McDuffee had married June 21, 1829.

There was no bank in Rochester. Mr. McDuffee saw that a bank was needed. He prepared the plans, secured signatures, obtained a charter from the Legislature in 1834, and organized the Rochester Bank. He became cashier, his brother-in-law, Dr. James Farrington, being president.

Cashier for twenty years, on the then renewal of its charter, Mr. McDuffee resigned the cashiership in favor of his son Franklin, and became president. The bank did not become a national bank until 1874, and in the six years previous he and his son formed the house of "John McDuffee & Co., private bankers," took up the old bank's business, and successfully carried it on. In 1874 they merged it in a national bank, the one being president and the other cashier, as before, and the two taking two-fifths of its stock.

Mr. McDuffee was one of the original grantees of the Dover National Bank, and for a short time was a director. He is a heavy stockholder in the Stratford National Bank, and has been an active director since 1870.

The Norway Plains Savings Bank, at Rochester, was chartered in 1851, and Mr. McDuffee became its treasurer, being succeeded by his son Franklin in 1867, and himself becoming president, an office in which he still remains.

Mr. McDuffee early saw the advantages of manufacturing to a community. By his own means and a liberal allowance of banking facilities he has greatly aided their development: the first such enterprise in Rochester, the Mechanics'

Manufacturing Company, being decided to locate there by the new banking facilities. Mr. McDuffee was a director. It was a manufacture of blankets, and its successor is the Norway Plains Manufacturing Company. The original company Mr. McDuffee carried safely through the crisis of 1837. The mill property at Gonic Mr. McDuffee bought in 1845 to lease to N. V. Whitehouse, that the business might not be given up. He held his purchase for about ten years. The effort was successful, and the property was eventually taken by a joint-stock company.

Stephen Shorey, owning some facilities for manufacturing at East Rochester, came to Mr. McDuffee to see if the bank would advance means to build. Mr. McDuffee at once pledged the means, and the mills were built. A stock company afterwards purchased mills and machinery, and the thriving village of East Rochester owes its prosperity to Mr. McDuffee's liberal policy. Thus have been developed the three principal water-powers of Rochester.

Mr. McDuffee's personal interests in manufacturing were also in the Great Falls Manufacturing Company, in whose great business he was a director for four years. Capital, one million five hundred thousand dollars. In 1862 he bought large interests in the Cochecho Manufacturing Company, and has there remained. Since 1874 he has been a director of that corporation.

The need of railroad facilities at Rochester was early apparent to Mr. McDuffee. In 1846 he entered into two enterprises, — the Cochecho road, from Dover to Alton Bay, and Conway road, from Great Falls to Conway. Each was to, and did, pass through Rochester.

In each road Mr. McDuffee was the

largest individual stockholder, and of each was the first treasurer. When the Conway road reached Rochester, Mr. McDuffee resigned its treasurership. The other road, after various difficulties, became the Dover and Winnepesaukee by the incorporation of its bondholders, and Mr. McDuffee continued to be a director. Rochester was thus doubly accommodated; but another avenue was needed, and Mr. McDuffee took part in the Portland and Rochester, which secured a route eastward, of which road he was a director; and he invested liberally in the Rochester and Nashua, which opened a line to the west. The result has been that Rochester is the "billing-point," and its various manufacturing interests have felt its impetus.

The beauty of the "McDuffee Block" in Rochester, built by him in 1868, exhibits the owner's public spirit.

As a Mason he joined Humane Lodge on the very day he became "of lawful age."

In religion, Mr. McDuffee was brought up under good old Parson Joseph Haven, and has remained a liberal supporter of the Congregational Society.

In politics he was an earnest Whig. His first vote was for the electors who chose John Quincy Adams president, and his postmastership was ended by Andrew Jackson. He has always been a decided Republican.

Mr. McDuffee's great amount of labor has been possible only by the vigorous constitution which he inherited. The boy who, before he left home, "carried the forward swath" in the hay-field made the man who now accomplishes an amount of work which would surprise many younger men. Monday is always given to the Strafford Bank

at Dover; Tuesday he presides at the Rochester Bank meeting; Wednesday, at the Savings bank; and no day is idle.

Of Mr. McDuffee's happy domestic relations nothing need be said. Of his eight children, naming them in the order of birth, (1) Joseph, who followed the sea, died (single) on the ocean, at the age of thirty-five. (2) Franklin, left two sons, John Edgar and Willis. (3) John Randolph, graduated at the Chandler Scientific Department in 1857, was a civil engineer in Rochester, and died single, aged twenty-five. (4) Anna M. is the wife of Frank S. Brown of Hartford, Conn., of the firm of Brown, Thompson, & Co. She has one son and two daughters. (5) Mary Abbie is the wife of Charles K. Chase, a merchant in Rochester, and has two daughters. (6) Sarah, died single. (7) George, the only surviving son, is engaged in extensive grain, mill, and lumber business in Rochester. He married, first, Lizzie Hanson, who died leaving a son; afterward he married, second, Nellie, daughter of Dr. James Farrington of Rochester, her father being nephew of Dr. James Farrington M.C. (8) Oliver, died in infancy.

Judged by the success of his work as a banker, as developing by a liberal and wise help every worthy manufacturing enterprise, and as foremost in the building of the various railways centering in Rochester, it is clear that Mr. McDuffee nobly comes into the list of those spoken of in our first paragraph, whose record is in the prosperity of his native town, where ability, sagacity, integrity, and kindness have united to make that record, as well as his own personal success.

FRANKLIN McDUFFEE.

FRANKLIN McDUFFEE, son of John and Joanna (Hanson) McDuffee, was born at Dover, Aug. 27, 1832. He entered Gilmanton Academy at the age of twelve years, and graduated with honor at Dartmouth College in 1853. He read law for a short time with Hon. Daniel M. Christie of Dover. In May, 1854, he accepted the position of cashier of the Rochester State Bank. In 1857 he was seriously injured by exposure incurred while on an expedition to the White Mountains, from the effect of which he never fully recovered.

He married, Dec. 4, 1861, Fanny Hayes of Rochester.

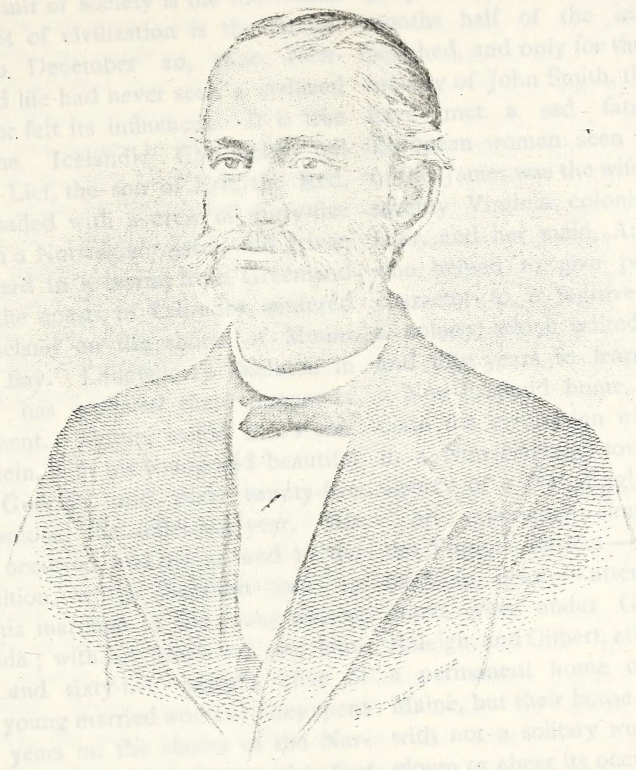
In 1866 he was appointed treasurer of the Norway Plains Savings Bank, which office he held until his death. Two years later he became one of the firm of "John McDuffee & Co., Bankers." In 1874 he was appointed cashier of the Rochester National Bank. He was initiated in the Humane Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, Dec. 9, 1856. The next year he was chosen secretary. He was master of the lodge in 1863-64. In 1866 and 1867 he officiated as District Deputy of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire. He served the town as selectman, and many years as superintending school committee; was a member of the Legislature in 1862, and of the Constitutional Convention in 1876. He joined the Congregational Church in 1868, and was chosen deacon four years later. After a sickness of a few weeks he died at Rochester, Nov. 11, 1880.

The character of Franklin McDuffee

was one of rare excellence, blending many valuable traits. As a lad he was studious, thoughtful, kind, and mature beyond his years. He was thorough and exact in his studies, faithful and exemplary as a student, and esteemed by his associates. He was industrious and honest, modest and retiring.

In politics he was a staunch Republican, an unflinching friend of temperance and good order. He had decision, energy, and sturdy pluck, without malice or bitterness. He was an effective speaker, his words having weight from the influence of his character. He was one of the most entertaining lecturers in New Hampshire. He took a deep interest in education, and zealously sought to elevate the schools of Rochester. From his interest in historical subjects, he was elected a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society; and wrote a series of valuable historical articles for the "Rochester Courier," which have lately been gathered into book form and will shortly be published. His mind was essentially mathematical, with keen powers of analytic thought. His methodical turn of mind fitted him especially for business, in which he was a model of diligence, exactness, and integrity. His neighbors and townsmen highly appreciated his sterling worth, and his intimates prized his friendship.

His firm and substantial character was beautified and crowned with the graces of a Christian life. His religion, like every other part of his character, was genuine.



Frank McDuffie.

THE FAMILY IMMIGRATION TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS W. BICKNELL, LL.D.

THE unit of society is the individual. The unit of civilization is the family. Prior to December 20, 1620, New-England life had never seen a civilized family or felt its influences. It is true that the Icelandic Chronicles tell us that Lief, the son of Eric the Red, 1001, sailed with a crew of thirty-five men, in a Norwegian vessel, and driven southward in a storm, from Greenland along the coasts of Labrador, wintered in Vineland on the shores of Mount Hope Bay. Longfellow's Skeleton in Armor has revealed their temporary settlement. Thither sailed Eric's son, Thorstein, with his young and beautiful wife, Gudrida, and their twenty-five companions, the following year. His death occurred, and put an end to the expedition, which Thorfinn took up with his marriage to the young widow, Gudrida; with his bride and one hundred and sixty-five persons (five of them young married women), they spent three years on the shores of the Narragansett Bay, where Snorre, the *first* white child, was born, — the progenitor of the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. But this is tradition, not history. Later still, came other adventurers to seek fortunes in the New World, but they came as individuals, — young, adventurous men, with all to gain and nothing to lose, and, if successful, to return with gold or fame, as the reward of their sacrifice and daring.

Six hundred years pass, and a colony of one hundred and five men, not a woman in the company, sailed from England for America, and landed

at Jamestown, Virginia. Within six months half of the immigrants had perished, and only for the courage and bravery of John Smith, the whole would have met a sad fate. The first European woman seen on the banks of the James was the wife of one of the seventy Virginia colonists who came later, and her maid, Anne Burroughs, who helped to give permanency and character to a fugitive settlement in a colony, which waited two hundred and fifty years to learn the value of a New-England home, and to appreciate the civilization which sprang up in a New-England town, through the agency of a New-England family.

An experience similar to that of the Virginia settlers — disappointment, hardship, death — attended the immigrants who, under George Popham, Raleigh, and Gilbert, attempted to make a permanent home on the coast of Maine, but their house was a log camp, with not a solitary woman to light its gloom or cheer its occupants. Failure, defeat, and death were the inevitable consequences. There was no family, and there could be no permanency of civilization.

The planting of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies was of another sort. Whole families embarked on board the Mayflower, the Fortune, the Ann, the Mary and John, and other ships that brought their precious freight in safety to a New World. Of the one hundred and one persons who came in the Mayflower, in 1620, twenty-eight were females, and eighteen were wives and mothers. They did not leave their

homes, in the truest sense, — they brought them with them. Their household goods and hearthstone gods were all snugly stowed beneath the decks of the historic ship, and the multitude of Mayflower relics, now held in precious regard in public and private collections, but testify to the immense inventory of that one little ship of almost fabulous carrying capacity. To the compact signed in Plymouth harbor, in 1620, John Carver signs eight persons, whom he represents; Edward Winslow, five; William Brewster, six; William Mullins, five; William White, five; Stephen Hopkins, Edward Fuller, and John Turner, each, eight; John Chilton, three, — one of whom, his daughter Mary, was the first woman, as tradition says, to jump from the boat upon Plymouth Rock. In the Weymouth Company, under the leadership of the Reverend Joseph Hull, who set sail from Old Weymouth, England, on the twentieth of March, 1635, and landed at Wessagusset, — now Weymouth, Massachusetts, — there were one hundred and five persons, divided into twenty-one families. Among these were John Whitmarsh, his wife Alice, and four children; Robert Lovell, husbandman, with his good wife Elizabeth and children, two of whom, Ellen and James, were year-old twins; Edward Poole and family; Henry Kingman, Thomas Holbrook, Richard Porter, and not least of all, Zachary Bicknell, his wife Agnes, their son John, and servant John Kitchen.

Families these, — all on board, — households, treasures, all worldly estates, and best of all the rich sympathies and supports of united, trusting hearts, daring to face the perils of an ocean-passage of forty-six days' duration, and the new, strange life in

the wilds of America, that they might prove their faith in each other, in their principles, and in God. "He setteth the solitary in families," says the Psalmist; and the truth was never better illustrated than in the isolated and weary life of our ancestry, two and a half centuries ago.

To the Pilgrim and the Puritan, wife, children, house, home, family, church, were the most precious possessions. Nothing human could divorce ties which nature had so strongly woven. And whenever we think of our honored ancestry, it is not as individual adventurers; but we see the good-man, the good-wife, and their children, as the representatives of the great body of those, who with them planted homes, families, society, civilization, in the Western World. They came together, or if alone, to pioneer the way for wife and children or sweetheart by the next ship, and they came to stay, as witness the names of the old families of Plymouth, Weymouth, Salem, Boston, Dorchester, in the leading circles of wealth and social position in all of these old towns. "Behold," says Dr. Bushnell, "the Mayflower, rounding now the southern cape of England, filled with husbands and wives and children; families of righteous men, under covenant with God and each other to lay some good foundation for religion, engaged both to make and keep their own laws, expecting to supply their own wants and bear their own burdens, assisted by none but the God in whom they trust! Here are the hands of industry! the germs of liberty! the dear pledges of order! and the sacred beginnings of a home!" Of such, only, could Mrs. Hemans's inspired hymn have been written: —

"There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

"There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth."

REASONS FOR FAMILY REMOVALS.

To understand the reasons why thirty-five thousand loyal and respectable subjects of Charles I should leave Old England for the New, in family relations, between 1620 and 1625, let us look, if we can, through a chink in the wall, into the state of affairs, civil, social, and religious, as they existed in the best land, and under the best government, the sun then shone upon.

Charles I succeeded his father, James I of Scotland, in 1624. The great, good act of James was the translation of our English Bible, known as King James's Version, a work which, for the exercise of learning, scholarship, and a zealous religious faith, has not been surpassed in any age. Take him all in all, James was a bigot, a tyrant, a conceited fool. He professed to be the most ardent devotee of piety, and at the same time issued a proclamation that all lawful recreations, such as dancing, archery, leaping, May-games, etc., might be used after divine service, on Sundays. An advocate of religious freedom, he attempted to enforce the most abject conformity in his own Scottish home, against the well-known independence of that section of his realm, and drove the Puritans to seek an asylum in Holland, where they might find liberty to worship God.

In the county of Somerset, the old king consented to an act of tyranny which would grace the age of Henry

VIII. One Reverend Edmund Peacham, a clergyman in Somersetshire, had his study broken open, and a manuscript sermon being there found in which there was strong censure of the extravagance of the king and the oppression of his officers, the preacher was put to the rack and interrogated, "before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture," in order to draw from him evidence of treason; but this horrible severity could wring no confession from him. His sermon was not found treasonable by the judges of the King's Bench and by Lord Coke; but the unhappy man was tried and condemned, dying in jail before the time set for his execution. Just about this time was the State murder of Overbury, and the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of England's noblest sons, brave and chivalric, who, at the executioner's block, took the axe in his hand, kissed the blade, and said to the sheriff: "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." These and kindred acts serve to illustrate the history of a king whose personal and selfish interests overruled all sentiments of honor and regard for his subjects, and who publicly declared that "he would govern according to the good of the commonweal, but not according to the common will." With such a king as James on the throne, is it a wonder that the more intelligent and conscientious of his subjects—like the Pilgrims and Puritans—sought a home on this side the Atlantic, where wild beasts and savage men were their only persecutors?

We are told that "the face of the Court was much changed in the change of the king" from James to Charles I; "that the grossness of the Court of James grew out of fashion," but the

people were slow to learn the difference. Of the two evils, James was to be preferred. Charles ascends the throne with flattering promises, attends prayers and listens to sermons, pays his father's debts and promises to reform the Court. Let us see what he does. The brilliant but profligate Buckingham is retained as prime minister. Charles marries the beautiful Henrietta Maria, the Roman Catholic princess of France. He fits out fleets against Spain and other quarters, and demands heavy taxes to meet his heavy expenses. Parliament is on its dignity, and demands its proper recognition. He dissolves it, and calls another. That is more rebellious, and that he summarily dissolves. Men of high and low degree go to prison at the king's behest, and the disobedient were threatened with severer penalties.

The people of England are aroused, as the king of the earth sets himself against their claims in behalf of the royal prerogative. The king and the people are at war. Which will come off conquerer? There is only one answer to that question, for the battle is one between the pigmy and the giant. The contest grows sharper as the months go on, and the people are in constant alarm. Murders are common, and even Buckingham, the favorite minister, dies at the point of the assassin's knife, and the murderer goes to the Tower and the scaffold accompanied by the tumultuous cheers of London. Soon comes the Parliament of 1629, in which the popular leaders make their great remonstrance against the regal tyranny. In that House sat a plain young man, with ordinary cloth apparel, as if made by an old-country tailor, "his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice

sharp and untunable," with "an eloquence full of fervor." That young man is yet to be heard from. His name is Cromwell, known in history as Oliver Cromwell. His briefly-reported speech of six lines is destined to be weightier than the edicts of a king. The session was brief. Popery and Arminianism, unjust taxation and voluntary payment of taxes not ordered by Parliament, were declared treasonable and hostile principles in Church and State,—so said Parliament. "You are a Parliament of vipers,"—so said the king; and, on the tenth of March, Parliament was dissolved, not to meet again in the old historic hall for eleven long years; until, in 1640, the majesty of an outraged people rises superior to the majesty of an outraging ruler. Now follow the attempted riveting of the chains of a despotic and unscrupulous power, which does not understand the temper of the common people, nor the methods of counteracting a great popular upheaval in society.

It is not easy to resist the iron pressure of a tyrant; but, to our ancestors, it was far better than to accept the peace and profit which might follow abject submission. To borrow the words of De Tocqueville: "They cling to freedom for its native charms independent of its gifts,—the pleasure of speaking, acting, and breathing without restraint, under no master but God and the Law." The Englishmen of the first half of the seventeenth century were the fathers of the men who fired shots at Lexington and Concord, "heard round the world."

But how do the royal prerogatives affect our ancestors in England? Our fathers were of common mould, and feel the unjust demand of the tax-gath-

er and the insolent demeanor of the Crown officers, who threaten fines and imprisonment for a refusal to obey. The people are aroused and are united; some are hopeless, some hopeful. The Crown seems to have its sway, but the far-sighted see the people on the coming throne of righteous judgment. What troubles our ancestors most is the interference with their religious life. Archbishop Laud is now supreme, and the Pope never had a more willing vassal. Ministers are examined as to their loyalty to the government, their sermons are read to private judges of their orthodoxy, the confessional is established, and the

altar-service is restored. It is a time when earnest men and women cannot be trifled with on soul concerns. Their property may perish or be confiscated, but the right to unmolested worship is older than Magna Charta, and as inalienable as life itself. What is to be done? Resistance or emigration — which? Resist and die, say Cromwell and Wentworth, Eliot and Hampden. Emigrate and live, say the men and women who came by thousands from all parts of England during the reign of this monarch, and made possible the permanent establishment of a new society, on the basis of social order and family life.

AN INCIDENT OF SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX.

BY THE HON. MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

ON the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of May, 1686, two horsemen were riding from Boston to Cambridge. By which route they left the town is not known; but most probably over the Roxbury Neck, following the path taken by Lord Percy when he went to the relief of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith's ill-starred expedition to seize the military stores at Concord, on the nineteenth of April, 1775. Of the nature of their errand — whether peaceful or hostile, — of the subject of their conversation, as they rode along the King's highway, neither history nor tradition has left any account. But when they had reached Muddy River, now the beautiful suburb of Brookline, about two miles from Cambridge, they were met by a young man riding in the opposite direction, who, as he came against them, abruptly and without

other salutation, said: "God save King James the Second!" and then rode on. But soon turning his horse towards the travelers he most inconsequentially completed his sentence by adding, "But I say, God curse King James!" and this malediction he repeated so many times and with such vehemence, that the two horsemen at last turned their horses and riding up to him, told him plainly that he was a rogue. This expression of their opinion produced, however, only a slight modification of the young man's sentiments, to this form: "God curse King James and God bless Duke James!" But a few strokes of their whips effected his complete conversion, and then, as a loyal subject, he exclaimed: "God curse Duke James, and God bless King James!"

Such is the unadorned statement of

facts as sworn to the next day in the Council by these riders, and their oath was attested by Edward Randolph, the "evil genius of New England." I present it in its legal baldness of detail. The two horsemen are no reminiscence of Mr. James's celebrated opening, but two substantial citizens of Boston, Captain Peter Bowden and Dr. Thomas Clarke; and the young man with somewhat original oburgatory tendencies was one Wiswell, as they called him — presumably not a son of the excellent Duxbury parson of the same name; and for the same reason, even less probably, a student of Cambridge University, as it was at that early day sometimes called.

The original paper in which the foregoing facts are recorded has long been in my possession; and as often as my eye has rested on it, I have wondered what made that young man swear so; and by what nicety of moral discrimination he found his justification in blessing the Duke and cursing the King — "unus et idem" — in the same breath. Who and what was he? and of what nature were his grievances? Was there any political significance in that strange mingling of curses and blessings? That his temper was not of martyr firmness was evident enough from the sudden change in the current of his thoughts brought about by the tingling of the horsewhip. All else was mystery. But the commonest knowledge of the English and colonial history of those days was sufficient to stimulate conjecture on these points. At the date of the incident recorded James II had been on the throne more than a year, and for a long time both as duke and king had been hated and feared on both sides of the ocean. The Duke of

Monmouth's ill-fated adventure for the Crown had failed at Sedgemoor, and his young life ended on the block, denied expected mercy by his uncle, the king: ended on the block: but not so believed the common people of England. They believed him to be still living, and the legitimate heir to the British crown, and that his unnatural uncle was only Duke James of England. In those days English affairs were more closely followed by the colonists than at present, and for obvious reasons; and it is quite open to conjecture at least that the feelings of English yeomen and artisans were known to, and shared by, their cousins in Massachusetts Bay, and that Master Wiswell only gave expression to a sentiment common to people of his class on both sides the water.

This, however, is mere conjecture. But there are important facts. On the preceding day, in the Town House, which stood at the head of State Street, where the old State House now stands, events culminated, in comparison with which the causes which led to the war of the Revolution sink into utter insignificance. On the twenty-third of October, 1684, in the High Court of Chancery of England, judgment was entered on the writ of *scire facias*, by which the charter of Massachusetts Bay was vacated; and as a consequence, the title to the soil, with all improvements, reverted to the Crown, to the ruin of those who had wrested it from the wilderness, and guarded it from the savage foe. The old government, so endeared to the people, and defended against kingly assault with the truest courage, was swept away by arbitrary power, and in its place a new one established, under the presidency of Joseph Dudley, and he a recreant son of the colony.

It was the inauguration of this government which had taken place on the day before Captain Bowden and Dr. Clarke encountered John Wiswell, Jr., on their ride to Cambridge. The ceremonies of the inauguration were not without circumstances of pomp, and are set forth in the Council records at the State House, from which I transcribe the following incidents: When the new government, the president, and Council were assembled, the exemplification of the judgment against the charter of the late governor and company of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, publicly (in the court where were present divers of the eminent ministers, gentlemen, and inhabitants of the town and county) was read with an audible voice. The commission was read and the oaths administered, and the new president made his speech, after which, proclamation was openly read in court, and commanded to be published by beat of drum and trumpet, which was accordingly done.

The people in the Forum heard these drums and trumpets — young Wiswell, doubtless, with the rest — and knew what they signified: the confiscation of houses and lands; the abrogation of existing laws; taxes exacted without consent or legislation; the enforced support of a religion not of the people's choice; and navigation laws ruinous to their foreign commerce, then beginning to assume importance; and from these consequences they were saved only by the revolution, which two years later drove James II from his throne. It is difficult to credit these sober facts of history, and still more to fully realize their destructive import; but they should always be borne in mind; for if any one reflecting on the causes assigned by the leaders of the great Revolution, as justifying the violent

partition of an empire, is led for a moment to question their sufficiency, let him then consider that they were assigned by a people full of the traditions of the long struggle against kingly injustice, in the days of the second Charles and the second James.

A few words — the result of later investigation — as to the actors in the events of this ride to Cambridge. When Bowden and Clarke had attested their loyalty by horsewhipping young Wiswell, they took him in charge to Cambridge, and vainly tried to persuade Nathaniel Hancock, the constable, to carry him before a magistrate. This refusal brought *him* into difficulty with Council; but his humble submission was finally accepted and he was discharged on payment of costs, on the plea that upon the change of the government there was no magistrate authorized to commit him to prison. Not quite so fortunate was John Wiswell, Jr., for on the third of August the grand jury found a true bill against him for uttering "these devilish, unnatural, and wicked words following, namely, *God curse King James.*" That he was brought to trial on this complaint I cannot find. And so the actors in these scenes pass away. Of Bowden and Clarke I know nothing more; and the little which appears of John Wiswell's subsequent life is not wholly to his credit, I am sorry to say, and the more so, as I have recently discovered that he was once a townsman of mine, and doubtless a playmate of my kindred at Rumney Marsh.

These actors have all gone, and so has gone the old Town House; not so, as yet, let us heartily thank God, has gone the old State House which stands where that stood; on the one spot — if there is but one — which ought to be

dear to the heart of every Bostonian, and sacred from his violating hand. For here, on the spot of that eastern balcony, looking down into the old Puritan Forum, what epochs in our history have been announced!—the abrogation of the First Charter—the deposition of Andros—the inauguration of the Second Charter—the

death and ascension of English sovereigns—the Declaration of Independence, and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; and here still stands the grandest historic edifice in America, and within it?—why add to the hallowing words of old John Adams?—"Within its walls Liberty was born!"

THE BOUNDARY LINES OF OLD GROTON.—III.

BY THE HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN.

THE running of the Provincial line in 1741 cut off a large part of Dunstable, and left it on the New Hampshire side of the boundary. It separated even the meeting-house from that portion of the town still remaining in Massachusetts, and this fact added not a little to the deep animosity felt by the inhabitants when the disputed question was settled. It is no exaggeration to say that, throughout the old township, the feelings and sympathies of the inhabitants on both sides of the line were entirely with Massachusetts. A short time before this period the town of Nottingham had been incorporated by the General Court, and its territory taken from Dunstable. It comprised all the lands of that town, lying on the easterly side of the Merrimack River; and the difficulty of attending public worship led to the division. When the Provincial line was established, it affected

Nottingham, like many other towns, most unfavorably. It divided its territory and left a tract of land in Massachusetts, too small for a separate township, but by its associations belonging to Dunstable. This tract is to-day that part of Tyngsborough lying east of the river.

The question of a new meeting-house was now agitating the inhabitants of Dunstable. Their former building was in another Province, where different laws prevailed respecting the qualifications and settlement of ministers. It was clearly evident that another structure must be built, and the customary dispute of small communities arose in regard to its site. Some persons favored one locality, and others another; some wanted the centre of territory, and others the centre of population. Akin to this subject I give the words of the Reverend Joseph Emerson, of Pepper-

ell. — as quoted by Mr. Butler, in his History of Groton (page 306), — taken from a sermon delivered on March 8, 1770, at the dedication of the second meeting-house in Pepperell: "It hath been observed that some of the hottest contentions in this land hath been about settling of ministers and building meeting-houses; and what is the reason? The devil is a great enemy to settling ministers and building meeting-houses; wherefore he sets on his own children to work and make difficulties, and to the utmost of his power stirs up the corruptions of the children of God in some way to oppose or obstruct so good a work." This explanation was considered highly satisfactory, as the hand of the evil one was always seen in such disputes.

During this period of local excitement an effort was made to annex Nottingham to Dunstable; and at the same time Joint Grass to Dunstable. Joint Grass was a district in the north-eastern part of Groton, settled by a few families, and so named from a brook running through the neighborhood. It is evident from the documents that the questions of annexation and the site of the meeting-house were closely connected. The petition in favor of annexation was granted by the General Court on certain conditions, which were not fulfilled, and consequently the attempt fell to the ground. Some of the papers relating to it are as follows:

A Petition of sundry Inhabitants of the most northerly Part of the first Parish in Groton, praying that they may be set off from said Groton to Dunstable, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and Ordered, That the Petitioners serve the Towns of Groton and Dunstable with Copies of this Petition, that they show Cause, if any they have, on the first

Friday of the next Sitting of this Court, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 264), March 11, 1746.]

Francis Foxcroft, Esq; brought down the Petition of the northerly Part of Groton, as entred the 11th of March last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, viz. In Council May 29th 1747. Read again, together with the Answers of the Towns of Groton and Dunstable, and Ordered, That Joseph Wilder and John Quincy, Esqrs; together with such as the honourable House shall join, be a Committee to take under Consideration this Petition, together with the other Petitions and Papers referring to the Affair within mentioned, and report what they judge proper for this Court to do thereon. Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd, and Major Jones, Mr. Fox, and Col. Gerrish, are joined in the Affair.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 11), May 29, 1747.]

John Hill, Esq; brought down the Petition of the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham, with the Report of a Committee of both Houses thereon.

Signed Joseph Wilder, per Order.

Pass'd in Council, viz. In Council June 5th 1747. The within Report was read and accepted, and Ordered, That the Petition of John Swallow and others, Inhabitants of the northerly Part of Groton be so far granted, as that the Petitioners, with their Estates petition'd for, be set off from Groton, and annexed to the Town of Dunstable, agreeable to Groton Town Vote of the 18th of May last; and that the Petition of the Inhabitants of Nottingham be granted, and that that Part of Nottingham left to the Province, with the Inhabitants thereon, be annexed to said Dunstable, and that they thus Incorporated, do Duty and receive Priviledges as other Towns within this Province do or by Law ought to enjoy.

And it is further Ordered, That the

House for publick Worship be placed two Hundred and forty eight Rods distant from Mr. John Tyng's North-East Corner, to run from said Corner North fifty two Degrees West, or as near that Place as the Land will admit of.

Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd with the Amendment, *viz.* instead of those Words, . . . *And it is further Ordered, That the House for publick Worship be. . . insert the following Words . . . Provided that within one Year a House for the publick Worship of GOD be erected, and . . .*

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 26), June 6, 1747.]

To his Excellency William Shirley Esquire Captain General and Governour in Chief in and over his Majestys Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England The Hon^{ble}: the Council and Hon^{ble}: House of Representatives of the said Province in General Court Assembled at Boston the 31st. of May 1749.

The petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Dunstable in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay

Most Humbly Shew

That in the Year 1747, that part of Nottingham which lyes within this Government and part of the Town of Groton Called Joint Grass preferred two petitions to this Great and Hon^{ble}: Court praying that they might be Annexed to the Town of Dunstable which petitions Your Excellency and Honours were pleased to Grant upon Conditions that a meeting house for the Publick Worship of God should be built two hundred and forty Eight Rods 52 Degs: West of the North from North East Corner of Mr. John Tyngs land But the Inhabitants of the Town Apprehending Your Excellency and Honours were not fully Acquainted with the Inconveniencys that would Attend placing the Meeting House there Soon after Convened in Publick Town Meeting Legally Called to Conclude upon a place for fixing said meeting house where it would best Accommodate all the Inhabitants at which meeting pro-

posals were made by some of the Inhabitants to take the Advice and Assistance of three men of other Towns which proposal was Accepted by the Town and they accordingly made Choice of The Hon^{ble}: James Minot Esqr. Majr: Lawrence and Mr. Brewer and then Adjourned the Meeting.

That the said Gentlemen mett at the Towns Request and Determined upon a place for fixing the said meeting house which was approved of by the Town and they Accordingly Voted to Raise the sum of one hundred pounds towards defreying the Charge of Building the said House But Upon Reviewing the Spot pitched upon as aforesaid many of the Inhabitants Apprehended it was more to the southward than the Committee Intended it should be And thereupon a Meeting was Called on the Twenty Sixth day of May last when the Town voted to Build the meeting house on the East side of the Road that leads from Capt: Cummings's to Mr Simon Tompsons where some part of the Timber now lyes being about Forty Rods Northward of Isaac Colburns house which they Apprehended to be the Spot of Ground the Committee Intended to fix upon.

And for as much as the place Last Voted by the Town to Build their meeting house upon will best Accommodate all the Inhabitants,

Your petrs. therefore most humbly pray Your Excellency and Honours would be pleased to Confirm the said Vote of the Town of the 26th: day of May last and order the meeting house for the Publick Worship of God to be Erected on the peice of Ground aforementioned,

And in duty bound they will ever pray
&c

Simon tompson } Comtee for the
Eben Parkhurst } Town of Dunstable

[Massachusetts Archives, cxv, 507, 508.]

The Committee appointed on the Petition of a Committee for the Town of Dunstable, reported according to Order.

Read and accepted, and thereupon the following Order pass'd, *viz.* *In as much as the House for the publick Worship of*

GOD in Dunstable was not erected within the Line limited in the Order of this Court of June 6th 1747, the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham have lost the Benefit of Incorporation with the Town of Dunstable: Therefore

Voted, That a Meeting House for the publick Worship of GOD be erected as soon as may be on the East Side of the Road that leads from Capt. Cummins to Simon Thompson's, where the Timber for such a House now lies, agreeable to a Vote of the said Town of Dunstable on the 26th of May last; and that the said Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham be and continue to be set off and annexed to the Town of Dunstable, to do Duty and receive Privilege there, their Neglect of Compliance with the said Order of June 6th 1747, notwithstanding, unless the major Part of the Inhabitants and rateable Estate belonging to said Groton and Nottingham respectively, shall on or before the first Day of September next in writing under their Hands, transmit to the Secretary's Office their Desire not to continue so incorporated with the town of Dunstable as aforesaid; provided also, That in Case the said Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham shall signify such their Desire in Manner and Time as aforesaid, they be nevertheless subjected to pay and discharge their Proportion of all Publick Town or Ministerial Rates or Taxes hitherto granted or regularly laid on them; excepting the last Sum granted for building a Meeting House. And that the present Town Officers stand and execute their Offices respectively until the Anniversary Town-Meeting at Dunstable in March next. Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 46, 47), June 26, 1749.]

Whereas the Great & Generall Court of the the [sic] Province of the Massachusetts Bay in June Last, On the Petitions of Dunstable & Nottingham has Ordered that the Inhabitants of Groton and Nottingham, Which by Order of the sd Court the 6th of June 1747 Were On Certain Conditions Annexed to sd Dunstable & (Which

Conditions not being Complied with) be Annexed to sd. Dunstable to do duty & Receive priviledge there their neglect of Compliance notwithstanding, Unless the major part of the Inhabitants and ratable Estate belonging to the sd. Groton & Nottingham respectively Shall on or before the first day of September next in Writing under their hands Transmitt to the Secretarys Office their desire not to Continue so Incorporated With the town of Dunstable as aforesd. Now therefore Wee the Subscribers Inhabitants of Groton & Nottingham Sett of as aforesd. do hereby Signifie Our desire not to Continue so Incorporated with the town of Dunstable as aforesd. but to be Sett at Liberty As tho that Order of Court had not ben passed

Dated the 10th day of July 1749

Inhabitants of Groton

Timothy Read
Joseph fletcher
John Swallow
Samuel Comings
Benjamin Robbins
Joseph Spalding iuner

Inhabitants of Nottingham

Samuell Gould
Robert Fletcher
Joseph perriaham Daken [Deacon ?]
iohn Collans
Zacheus Spaulding
and ten others

[Massachusetts Archives, cxv, 515.]

A manuscript plan of Dunstable, made by Joseph Blanchard, in the autumn of 1748, and accompanying these papers among the Archives (cxv, 519), has considerable interest for the local antiquary.

In the course of a few years some of these Groton signers reconsidered the matter, and changed their minds. It appears from the following communication that the question of the site of the meeting-house had some influence in the matter:—

Groton, May 10, 1753. We have concluded to Joine with Dunstable in settling the gospell and all other affairs hart & hand in case Dunstable woud meet us in erecting a meting house in center of Lands or center of Travel.

Joseph Spaulding jr.

John Swallow.

Timothy Read.

Samuel Cumings.

Joseph Parkhurst.

[Nason's History of Dunstable, page 85.]

The desired result of annexation was now brought about, and in this way Joint Grass became a part and portion of Dunstable. The following extracts give further particulars in regard to it: —

A Petition of a Committee in Behalf of the Inhabitants of *Dunstable*, within this Province, shewing, that that Part of *Dunstable* by the late running of the Line is small, and the Land much broken, unable to support the Ministry, and other necessary Charges; that there is a small Part of *Groton* contiguous, and well situated to be united to them in the same Incorporation, lying to the West and Northwest of them; that in the Year 1744, the Inhabitants there requested them that they might be incorporated with them, which was conceded to by the Town of *Groton*; that in Consequence of this, upon Application to this Court they were annexed to the Town of *Dunstable* with the following Proviso, *viz.* "That within one Year from that Time a House for the publick Worship of GOD should be erected at a certain Place therein mentioned": Which Place was esteemed by all Parties both in *Groton* and *Nottingham*, so inconvenient, that it was not complied withal; that on a further Application to this Court to alter the Place, Liberty was given to the Inhabitants of *Groton* and *Nottingham*, to withdraw, whereby they are deprived of that contiguous and necessary Assistance which they expected: Now as the Reasons hold good in every Respect for their Incorporation with them, they humbly pray that the

said Inhabitants of *Groton* by the same Bounds as in the former Order stated, may be reannexed to them, for the Reasons mentioned.

Read and *Ordered*, That the Petitioners serve the Inhabitants of *Groton* therein refer'd to, as also the Clerk of the Town of *Groton*, with Copies of this Petition, that so the said Inhabitants, as also the Town of *Groton*, shew Cause, if any they have, on the first Tuesday of the next *May* Session, why the Prayer thereof should not be granted.

Sent up for Concurrence.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (pages 138, 139), April 4, 1753.]

John Hill, Esq; brought down the Petition of a Committee of the Town of *Dunstable*, as entred the 4th of *April* last, and refer'd. Pass'd in Council, *viz.* In Council *June* 5th 1753. Read again, together with the Answer of the Inhabitants of that Part of *Groton* commonly called *Joint-Grass*, and likewise *William Lawrence*, Esq; being heard in Behalf of the Town of *Groton*, and the Matter being fully considered, *Ordered*, That the Prayer of the Petition be so far granted, as that *Joseph Fletcher*, *Joseph Spaulding*, *Samuel Comings*, *Benjamin Robbins*, *Timothy Read*, *John Swallow*, *Joseph Parkhurst*, and *Ebenezer Parkhurst*, Jun. with their Families and Estates, and other Lands petitioned for, be set off from the Town of *Groton*, and annexed to the town of *Dunstable*, agreeable to the Vote of the Town of *Groton* on the 18th of *May* 1747, to receive Privilege and do Duty there, provided that *Timothy Read*, Constable for the Town of *Groton*, and Collector of the said Parish in said Town the last Year, and *Joseph Fletcher*, Constable for the said Town this present Year, finish their Collection of the Taxes committed or to be committed to them respectively; and also that the said Inhabitants pay their Proportion of the Taxes that are already due or shall be due to the said Town of *Groton* for the present Year, for which they may be taxed by the Assessors of *Groton*, as tho' this Order had not

past: provided also that the Meeting-House for the publick Worship of GOD in *Dunstable* be erected agreeable to the Vote of *Dunstable* relating thereto in *May* 1753. Sent down for Concurrence.

Read and concur'd.

[Journal of the House of Representatives (page 21), June 7, 1753.]

The part of Nottingham, mentioned in these petitions, was not joined to Dunstable until a later period. On June 14, 1754, an order passed the House of Representatives, annexing "a very small Part of Nottingham now lying in this Province, unable to be made into a District, but very commodious for Dunstable;" but the matter was delayed in the Council, and it was a year or two before the end was brought about.

The west parish of Groton was set off as a precinct on November 26, 1742. It comprised that part of the town lying on the west side of the Nashua River, north of the road from Groton to Townsend. Its incorporation as a parish or precinct allowed the inhabitants to manage their own ecclesiastical affairs, while in all other matters they continued to act with the parent town. Its partial separation gave them the benefit of a settled minister in their neighborhood, which, in those days, was considered of great importance.

It is an interesting fact to note that, in early times, the main reason given in the petitions for dividing towns was the long distance to the meeting-house, by which the inhabitants were prevented from hearing the stated preaching of the gospel.

The petitioners for the change first asked for a township, which was not granted; but subsequently they changed their request to a precinct instead, which was duly allowed. The papers relating to the matter are as follows: —

Province of The Massechuetts Bay in New England.

To His Excellency Wm: Shirley Esqr: Goveinr in & over ye Same And To The Hon^{le}: his Majestis Council & House of Representetives in Gen^l: Court Assembled June 1742:

The Petition of Sundry Inhabitants & Resendant in the Northerly Part of Groton Humbly Sheweth that the Town of Groton is at Least ten miles in Length North & South & seven miles in wedth East & West And that in Runing two miles Due North from the Present Meeting House & from thence to Run Due East to Dunstable Wes. Line. And from the Ende of the S^d: two miles to Run West till it Comes to the Cuntry Rode that is Laide out to Townshend & soon S^d: Rode till it Comes to Townshend East Line then tur[n]ing & Runing Northly to Nestiquaset Corner which is for Groton & Townshend ther tur[n]ing & Runing Easterly on Dunstable South Line & So on Dunstable Line till it comes to the Line first mentioned, Which Land Lyeth about Seven miles in Length & four miles & a Quarter in Wedth.

And Thare is Now Settled in those Lines here after mentioned is about the Number of Seventy families all Redy And may [many?] more ready to Settle there and as soon as scet off to the Petitioners & those families Settled in ye Lines afore s^d: Would make A Good township & the Remaining Part of Groton Left in a regular forme And by reason of the great Distance your Petitioners are from the Present Meeting House are put to very Great Disadvantages in Attending the Public Worship of God many of Whom are Oblidged to travel Seven or Eight miles & that the Remaining Part of Groton Consisting of such good land & ye Inhabitants so Numerous that thay Can by no means be Hurt Should your Petitioners & those families Settled in ye Lines afore s^d: Be Erected to a Seprate & Distinct Township: That the in Contestable situation & accomodations on the s^d: Lands was ye one great reason of your Petitioners Settling thare & Had Not those Prospects been so Clear to us We should

by no means have under taken The Hardship We have already & must go Throu.

Wherefore Your Petitioners Would farther Shew that Part of ye Land here Prayed for all Redy Voted of by the S^d town to be a Presinct & that the most of them that are in that Lines have Subscribed with us to be a Dest[i]ncte Township Wherefore Your Petitioners Humbly Pray your Honnors to Grante us our Desire according to This our Request as we in Duty Bound Shall Ever Pray &c

Joseph Spaulding iur
Zachariah Lawrance
William Allen
Jeremiah Lawrance
William Blood
Nathaniel Parker
Enoch Lawrance
Samuel Right
James Iarwance
Josiah Tucker
Sam^ll fisk
Soloman blood
John Woods
Josiah Sartell
benj^a. Swallow
Elies Ellat
Richard Worner
Ebenezer Gillson
Ebenezer Parce
James Blood iu
Joseph Spaulding
Phiniahas Parker iur
Joseph Warner
Phineahas Chambrlin
Isacc laken
Isacc Williams
John Swallow
Joseph Swallow
Benj^a: Robins
Nathan Fisk
John Chamberlin
Jacob Lakin
Seth Phillips
John Cumings
Benj^a: Parker
Gersham Hobart
Joseph Lawrance
John Spaulding
Isaac Woods

In the House of Repives June. 10. 1742

Read and Ordered that the Pet^{rs} serve the Town of Groton with a Copy of this Petⁿ that they shew cause if any they have on the first fryday of the next session of this Court why the Prayer there f should not be granted

Sent up for concurrence

T Cu: ling Spkr

In Council June 15. 1742;

Read & Non Concur'd

J Willard Sec^y

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 779, 780.]

To his Excellency William Shirley Esqr. Captain General and Governour in Cheif in and over his Majesties Province of ye. Massachusetts Bay in New England: To ye. Honourable his Majesties Council and House of Representatives in General Court Assembled on ye. Twenty sixth Day of May. A: D. 1742.

The Petition of as the Subscribers to your Excellency and Honours Humbley Sheweth that we are Proprietors and Inhabitants of ye. Land Lying on ye. West-erly Side Lancaster River (so called) [now known as the Nashua River] in ye North west corner of ye. Township of Groton: & Such of us as are Inhabitants thereon Live very Remote from ye Publick worship of God in s^d Town and at many Times and Season of ye. year are Put to Great Difficulty to attend ye. same: And the Lands Bounded as Followeth (viz) Southerly on Townshend Rode: Westerly on Townshend Line: Northerly on Dunstable West Precint, & old Town: and Easterly on said River as it now Runs to ye. First mentioned Bounds. being of ye. Contents of about Four Miles Square of Good Land, well Scituated for a Precint: And the Town of Groton hath been Petitioned to Set of ye. Lands bounded as afores^d. to be a Distinct and Seperate Precint and at a Town Meeting of ye. Inhabitants of s^d. Town of Groton Assembled on ye. Twenty Fifth Day of May Last Past The Town voted ye. Prayer of ye. s^d. Petition and that ye. Lands before Described should be a Separate Precinct and that ye. Inhabitants thereon and Such others as hereafter Shal'

Settle on s^d. Lands should have y^e Powers and Priviledges that other Precincts in s^d. Province have or Do Enjoy: as pr. a Coppy from Groton Town Book herewith Exhibited may Appear: For the Reasons mentioned we the Subscribers as afores^d. Humbley Prayes your Excellency and Honours to Set off y^e s^d Lands bounded as afores^d. to be a Distinct and Seperate Precinct and Invest y^e Inhabitants thereon (Containing about y^e N^o. of Forty Families) and Such others as Shall hereafter Settle on s^d. Lands with Such Powers & Priviledges as other Precincts in s^d. Province have &c or Grant to your Petitioners Such other Releaf in y^e. Premises as your Excellency and Honours in your Great Wisdom Shall think Fit: and your Petitioners as in Duty bound Shall Ever pray &c.

Benj Swallow
Wm: Spalden
Isaac Williams
Ebenezer Gilson
Elias Ellit
Samuel Shattuck iu
James Shattuck
David Shattuck
David Blood
Jonathan Woods
John Blood iuner
Josiah Parker
Jacob Ames
Jonas Varnum
Moses Woods
Zachery Lawrence Junr
Jeremiah Lawrence
John Mozier
Josiah Tucher
Wm Allen
John Shadd
Jam^s. Green
John Kemp
Nehemiah Jewett
Eleazar Green
Jonathan Shattuck
Jonathan Shattuck Junr

In the House of Rep^{tives} Novr. 26. 1742
In Answer to the within Petition ordered that that Part of the Town of Groton Lying on the Westerly Side of Lancaster

River within the following bounds viz^t bounding Easterly on said River Southerly on Townsend Road so called Wisterly on Townsend line and Northerly on Dunstable West Precinct with the Inhabitants thereon be and hereby are Set off a distinct and seperate precinct and Vested with the powers & priviledges which Other Precincts do or by Law ought to enjoy Always provided that the Inhabitants Dwelling on the Lands abovementioned be subject to pay their Just part and proportions of all ministeriall Rates and Taxes in the Town of Groton already Granted or Assessed.

Sent up for Concurrence.

T Cushing Spkr.

In Council Novr. 26 1742 Read and Concurr'd

J Willard Secry
W Shirley.

Consented to,

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiv, 768, 769.]

When the new Provincial line was run between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, in the spring of 1741, it left a gore of land, previously belonging to the west parish of Dunstable, lying north of the territory of Groton and contiguous to it. It formed a narrow strip, perhaps three hundred rods in width at the western end, running easterly for three miles and tapering off to a point at the Nashua River, by which stream it was entirely separated from Dunstable. Shaped like a thin wedge, it lay along the border of the province, and belonged geographically to the west precinct or parish of Groton. Under these circumstances the second parish petitioned the General Court to have it annexed to their jurisdiction, which request was granted. William Prescott, one of the committee appointed to take charge of the matter, nearly a quarter of a century later was the commander of the American forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. It has

been incorrectly stated by writers that this triangular parcel of land was the gore ceded, in the summer of 1736, to the proprietors of Groton, on the petition of Benjamin Prescott. The documents relating to this matter are as follows: —

To his Honnor Spencer Phipes Esqr
Capt Geniorl and Commander In Cheaf in
and ouer his majists prouince of the Mas-
sachusetts Bay in New england and to The
Honble his majestys Counsel and House of
Representatiues In Geniral Courte assam-
bled at Boston The 26 of December
1751

The Petition of Peleg Lawrance Jarimah
Lawrance and william Prescott a Cumttee.
for the Second Parish In Groton in The
County of Middle sikes.

Humbly Shew That Theare is a strip of
Land of about fwe or six hundred acors
Lys ajoyning To The Town of Groton
which be Longs To the town of Dun-
stable the said strip of land Lys near
fouer mill in Length and bounds on the
North Line of the said second Parrish in
Groton and on the South Side of New-
hampsher Line which Peeace by Runing
the sd Line of Newhampsher was Intierly
Cut off from the town of Dunstable from
Receueing any Priuellidge their for it Lys
not Less then about Eight mill from the
Senter of the town of Dunstable and but
about two mill and a half from the meeting
house in the said second Parish in Groton
so that they that settel on the sd Strip of
Land may be much beter accomadated to
be Joyned to ye town of Groton and to the
sd second Parish than Euer thay Can any
other way in this Prouince and the town of
Dunstable being well sencable thare of
haue at thare town meeting on the 19 Day
of December Currant voted of the sd Strip
of Land allso James Colburn who now
Liues on sd Strip Land from the town of
Dunstable to be annexed to the town of
Groton and to the sd second Parish in sd
town and the second Parish haue aCord-
ingly voted to Recue the same all which
may appear by the vote of sd Dunstable

and said Parish which will be of Grate
advantage to the owners of the sd. strip of
Land and a benefit to the said second
Parish in Groton so that your Petitioners
Humbly Pray that the sd. strip of Land
may be annexed to the said second Parish in
Groton so far as Groton Nor west corner
to do Duty and Recue Priulidge theare and
your petionrs In Duty bound shall Euer
Pray

Peleg Lawrence
Willm Prescott
Jeremiah Lawrence

Dunstable December 24 1751

this may Certifye the Grate and Geniorl
Courte that I Liue on the slip of Land
within mentioned and it tis my Desier that
the prayer of this Petition be Granted

James Colburn

In the House of Reptives Janry 4. 1752

Voted that the prayer of the Petition be
so farr granted that the said strip of Land
prayed for, that is the Jurisdiction of it be
Annex'd to the Town of Groton & to ye
Second Precinct in said Town & to do
dutys there & to recieve Priviledges from
them.

Sent up for Concurrence

T. Hubbard Spkr.

In Council Janry 6. 1752 Read & Con-
cur'd

J Willard Secry.

Consented to

S Phips

[Massachusetts Archives, cxvi, 162, 163.1

The west parish of Groton was made
a district on April 12, 1753, the day the
Act was signed by the Governor, which
was a second step toward its final and
complete separation. It then took the
name of Pepperell, and was vested with
still broader political powers. It was so
called after Sir William Pepperrell, who
had successfully commanded the New
England troops against Louisburg; and
the name was suggested, doubtless, by
the Reverend Joseph Emerson, the first
settled minister of the parish. He had
accompanied that famous expedition in

the capacity of chaplain, only the year before he had received a call for his settlement, and his associations with the commander were fresh in his memory. It will be noticed that the Act for incorporating the district leaves the name blank, which was customary in this kind of legislation at that period ; and the governor, perhaps with the advice of his council, was in the habit subsequently of filling out the name.

Pepperell, for one "r" is dropped from the name, had now all the privileges of a town, except the right to choose a representative to the General Court, and this political connection with Groton was kept up until the beginning of the Revolution. In the session of the General Court which met at Watertown, on July 19, 1775, Pepperell was represented by a member, and in this way acquired the privileges of a town without any special act of incorporation. Other similar districts were likewise represented, in accordance with the precept calling that body together, and they thus obtained municipal rights without the usual formality. The precedent seems to have been set by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which was made up of delegates from the districts as well as from the towns. It was a revolutionary step taken outside of the law. On March 23, 1786, this anomalous condition of affairs was settled by an act of the Legislature, which declared all districts, incorporated before January 1, 1777, to be towns for all intents and purposes.

The act for the incorporation of Pepperell is as follows : —

Anno Regni Regis Georgij Secundi
vicesimo Sexto

An Act for Erecting the second Precinct in the Town of Groton into a separate District

Be it enacted by the Leiu^t. Gov^r Council and House of Representatives

That the second Precinct in Groton bounding Southerly on the old Country Road leading to Townshend, Westerly on Townshend Line Northerly on the Line last run by the Govern^{mt}. of New Hampshire as the Boundary betwixt that Province and this Easterly to the middle of the River, called Lancaster [Nashua] River, from where the said Boundary Line crosses said River, so up the middle of ye. said River to where the Bridge did stand, called Kemps Bridge, to the Road first mentioned, be & hereby is erected into a separate District by the Name of and that the said District be and hereby is invested with all the Priviledges Powers and Immunities that Towns in this Province by Law do or may enjoy, that of sending a Representative to the generall Assembly only excepted, and that the Inhabitants of said District shall have full power & Right from Time to time to joyn with the s^d. Town of Groton in the choice of Representative or Representatives, in which Choice they shall enjoy all the Priviledges which by Law they would have been entitled to, if this Act had not been made. And that the said District shall from Time to time pay their proportionable part of the Expence of such Representative or Representatives According to their respective proportions of ye. Province Tax.

And that the s^d. Town of Groton as often as they shall call a Meeting for the Choice of a Representative shall give seasonable Notice to the Clerk of said District for the Time being, of the Time and place of holding such Meeting, to the End that said District may join them therein, and the Clerk of said District shall set up in some publick place in s^d. District a Notification thereof accordingly or otherwise give Seasonable Notice, as the District shall determine.

Provided Nevertheless and be it further enacted That the said District shall pay their proportion : of all Town County and Province Taxes already set on or granted

to be raised by sd. Town as if this act had not been made, and also be at one half the charge in building and repairing the Two Bridges on Lancaster River aforesaid in sd. District.

Provided also and be it further Enacted That no poor Persons residing in said District and Who have been Warn'd by the Selectmen of said Groton to depart sd. Town shall be understood as hereby exempted from any Process they would have been exposed to if this Act had not been made.

And be it further enacted that W^m Lawrence * Esq^r Be and hereby is impowered

* This name apparently inserted after the original draft was made.

to issue his Warrant directed to some principal Inhabitant in sd. District requiring him to notify the Inhabitants of said District to meet at such Time & place as he shall appoint to choose all such Officers as by Law they are Impowered to Choose for conducting the Affairs for sd. District.

In the House of Rep^{tives} April 5, 1753
Read three several times and pass'd to be Engross'd

Sent up for Concurrence

T. Hubbard Spk^r.

In Council April 5 1753 AM

Read a first and Second Time and pass'd a Concurrence

Thos. Clarke Dp^{ty}. Sec^y

[Massachusetts Archives, cxvi, 360-362.]

WACHUSETT MOUNTAIN AND PRINCETON.

BY ATHERTON P. MASON.

ALMOST the first land seen by a person on board a vessel approaching the Massachusetts coast is the summit of Wachusett Mountain; and any one standing upon its rocky top beholds more of Massachusetts than can be seen from any other mountain in the State. For these two reasons, if for no others, a short historical and scenographical description of this lonely and majestic eminence, and of the beautiful township in which it lies, would seem to be interesting.

Wachusett, or "Great Wachusett Hill," as it was originally called, lies in the northern part of the township of Princeton, and is about fifty miles due west from Boston. The Nashaways, or Nashuas, originally held this tract and all the land west of the river that still

bears their name, and they gave to this mountain and the region around its base the name of "Watchusett." Rising by a gradual ascent from its base, it has the appearance of a vast dome. The Reverend Peter Whitney,* speaking of its dimensions, says: "The circumference of this monstrous mass is about three miles, and its height is 3,012 feet above the level of the sea, as was found by the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq., LL.D., in the year 1777: and this must be 1,800 or 1,900 feet above the level of the adjacent country." More recent measurements have not materially changed these figures, so they may be regarded as substantially correct.

The first mention, and probably the

* History of Worcester County. Worcester: 1793.

first sight, of this mountain, or of any portion of the region now comprised in Worcester County, is recorded in Governor Winthrop's journal, in which, under the date of January 27, 1632, is written: "The Governour and some company with him, went up by Charles River about eight miles above Watertown." The party after climbing an eminence in the vicinity of their halting-place saw "a very high hill, due west about forty miles off, and to the N. W. the high hills by Merrimack, above sixty miles off." The "very high hill" seen by them for the first time was unquestionably Wachusett.

"On the 20th of October, 1759, the General Court of Massachusetts, passed an act for incorporating the east wing, so called, of Rutland, together with sundry farms and some publick lands contiguous thereto," as a district under the name of Prince Town, "to perpetuate the name and memory of the late Rev. Thomas Prince, colleague pastor of the Old South church in Boston, and a large proprietor of this tract of land." The district thus incorporated contained about nineteen thousand acres; but on April 24, 1771, its inhabitants petitioned the General Court, that it, "with all the lands adjoining said District, not included in any other town or District," be incorporated into a town by the name of Princeton; and by the granting of this petition, the area of the town was increased to twenty-two thousand acres.

The principal citizen of Princeton at this period was the Honorable Moses Gill, who married the daughter of the Reverend Thomas Prince. He was a man of considerable note in the county also, holding office as one of the judges of the court of common pleas for the

county of Worcester, and being "for several years Counsellor of this Commonwealth." His country-seat, located at Princeton, was a very extensive estate, comprising nearly three thousand acres. Mr. Whitney appears to have been personally familiar with this place, and his description of it is so graphic and enthusiastic, that it may be interesting to quote a portion of it.

"His noble and elegant seat is about one mile and a quarter from the meeting-house, to the south. The mansion-house is large, being fifty by fifty feet, with four stacks of chimneys. The farmhouse is forty feet by thirty-six. In a line with this stands the coach and chaise house, fifty feet by thirty-six. This is joined to the barn by a shed seventy feet in length — the barn is two hundred feet by thirty-two. Very elegant fences are erected around the mansion-house, the outhouses, and the garden. When we view this seat, these buildings, and this farm of so many hundred acres under a high degree of profitable cultivation, and are told that in the year 1776 it was a perfect wilderness, we are struck with wonder, admiration, and astonishment. Upon the whole, the seat of Judge Gill, all the agreeable circumstances respecting it being attentively considered, is not paralleled by any in the New England States: perhaps not by any this side the Delaware."

Judge Gill was a very benevolent and enterprising man, and did much to advance the welfare of the town in its infancy. During the first thirty years of its existence, it increased rapidly in wealth and population, having in 1790 one thousand and sixteen inhabitants. For the next half-century it increased slowly, having in 1840 thirteen hundred and forty-seven inhabitants. Since

then, like all our beautiful New-England farming-towns, it has fallen off in population, having at the present time but little over one thousand people dwelling within its limits. Yet neither the town nor the character of the people has degenerated in the last century. Persevering industry has brought into existence in this town some of the most beautiful farms in New England, and in 1875 the value of farm products was nearly a quarter of a million dollars. Manufacturing has never been carried on to any great extent in this town. "In Princeton there are four grist mills, five saw mills, and one fulling mill and clothiers' works," says Whitney in 1793. Now lumber and chair-stock are the principal manufactured products, and in 1875 the value of these, together with the products of other smaller manufacturing industries, was nearly seventy thousand dollars.

Princeton is the birthplace of several men who have become well known, among whom may be mentioned Edward Savage (1761-1817), noted as a skilful portrait-painter; David Everett (1770-1813), the journalist, and author of those familiar schoolboy verses beginning:—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage";

and Leonard Woods, D.D., the eminent theologian.

This locality derives additional interest from the fact that Mrs. Rowlandson, in her book entitled *Twenty Removes*, designates it as the place where King Philip released her from captivity in the spring of 1676. Tradition still points out the spot where this release took place, in a meadow near a large boulder at the eastern base of the mountain. The boulder is

known to this day as "Redemption Rock." It is quite near the margin of Wachusett Lake, a beautiful sheet of water covering over one hundred acres. This is a favorite place for picnic parties from neighboring towns, and the several excellent hotels and boarding-houses in the immediate vicinity afford accommodations for summer visitors, who frequent this locality in large numbers.

The Indian history of this region is brief, but what there is of it is interesting to us on account of King Philip's connection with it. At the outbreak of the Narragansett War, in 1675, the Wachusetts, in spite of their solemn compact with the colonists, joined King Philip, and, after his defeat, "the lands about the Wachusetts" became one of his headquarters, and he was frequently in that region. For many years their wigwams were scattered about the base of the mountain and along the border of the lake, and tradition informs us that on a large flat rock near the lake their council-fires were often lighted.

Until 1751, but three families had settled in the Wachusett tract. In May of that year Robert Keyes, a noted hunter, settled there with his family, upon the eastern slope of the mountain, near where the present carriage-road to the summit begins. On April 14, 1755, a child of his named Lucy, about five years old, strayed away, presumably to follow her sisters who had gone to the lake, about a mile distant. She was never heard of again, though the woods were diligently searched for weeks. Whitney speaks of this incident, and concludes that "she was taken by the Indians and carried into their country, and soon forgot her relations, lost her native language, and became as one of the aborigines." In 1765 Keyes peti-

tioned the General Court to grant him "ye easterly half of said Wachusett hill" in consideration of the loss of "100 pounds lawful money" incurred by him in seeking for his lost child. This petition was endorsed "negative" in the handwriting of the secretary. With this one exception the early settlers of Princeton seem to have suffered very little at the hands of the Indians.

Princeton, in common with its neighbors, underwent much religious controversy during the first half-century of its existence. The first meeting-house, "50 foote long and 40 foote wide," was erected in 1762 "on the highest part of the land, near three pine trees, being near a large flat rock." This edifice was taken down in 1796, and replaced by a more "elegant" building, which in turn was removed in 1838. The three pine trees are now no more, but the flat rock remains, and on account of the fine sunset view obtained from it has been named "Sunset Rock."

The first minister in Princeton was the Reverend Timothy Fuller, settled in 1767. In 1768 the General Court granted him Wachusett Mountain to compensate him for his settlement over "a heavily burdened people in a wilderness country." It was certainly at that time neither a profitable nor useful gift, and it was a pity to have this grand old pile pass into private hands. Mr. Fuller continued as pastor until 1776. His successors were the Reverend Thomas Crafts, the Reverend Joseph Russell, and the Reverend James Murdock, D.D. At the time when Dr. Murdock left, in 1815, Unitarian sentiments had developed extensively, and "the town and a minority of the church" called the Reverend Samuel

Clarke, who had been a pupil of Dr. Channing. The call was accepted and, as a result, a portion of the church seceded and built a small house of worship; but in 1836 the church and society reunited and have remained so ever since.

In 1817 a Baptist society was organized, and had several pastors; but in 1844 the society began to diminish, and not long after ceased to exist. The meeting-house was sold and is now an hotel—the Prospect House. In 1839 a Methodist Episcopal Church was organized which still flourishes.

Besides Wachusett Mountain there are two other hills in Princeton that are deserving of mention—Pine Hill and Little Wachusett. The former is about two miles from the centre of the town and not far from Wachusett, and the latter is about half a mile to the north of the centre. Neither of these hills is large or high, their elevation being about one thousand feet less than that of Wachusett, but they appear like two beautiful children of the majestic father that looms above them. All these hills were once heavily wooded, but much timber has been cut off during the last century, and forest-fires have devastated portions at different times; yet there is still an abundance left. Whitney speaks of the region as abounding in oak of various kinds, chestnut, white ash, beech, birch, and maple, with some butternut and walnut trees. The vigorous growth of the primeval forest indicated the strength and richness of the soil which has since been turned to such profitable use by the farmers. The houses in which the people live are all substantial, convenient, and, in many cases, beautiful, being surrounded by neatly kept grounds and well-tilled land.

In a hilly country such as this is, springs and brooks of course abound. The height of land upon which Princeton is situated is a watershed between the Connecticut and Merrimack Rivers, and of the three beautiful brooks having their source in the township, one, Wachusett Brook, runs into Ware River, and thence to the Connecticut, while the other two, East Wachusett and Keyes Brooks, get to the Merrimack by Still River and the Nashua.

Mention has been made of Wachusett Lake. Properly speaking, this cannot perhaps be considered as being in Princeton, inasmuch as about four fifths of its surface lie in the adjoining township of Westminster. Besides Wachusett Lake there is another called Quinneboxet, which lies in the southwestern part of the township, a small portion of it being in Holden. It is smaller than its northern neighbor, covering only about seventy acres, but it is a very charming sheet of water.

A brief account of the geology of this region may perhaps prove interesting. In the eastern portion of Princeton the underlying rock is a kind of micaceous schist, and in the western is granitic gneiss. The gneiss abounds in sulphuret of iron, and for this reason is peculiarly liable to undergo disintegration; hence the excellent character of the soil in this portion of Worcester County where naked rock is seldom seen in place, except in case of the summits of the hills scattered here and there; and these summits are rounded, and show the effects of weathering. As we go westerly upon this gneiss range, and get into the limits of Franklin and Hampshire Counties, a larger amount of naked rock appears, the hills are more craggy and precipitous, and

in general the soil is poorer. The three principal elevations in Princeton are mainly composed of gneiss. This variety of rock is identical with granite in its composition, the distinctive point between the two being that gneiss has lines of stratification while granite has none. The rock of which Wachusett is mainly composed has rather obscure stratification, and hence may be called granitic gneiss. What stratification there is does not show the irregularity that one would suppose would result from the elevation of the mountain to so great a height above the surrounding country; on the other hand the rock does not differ essentially in hardness from that in the regions below, and hence the theory that all the adjacent land was once as high as the summit of the mountain, and was subsequently worn away by the action of water and weather, is hardly tenable. The gneiss of this region is not especially rich in other mineral contents. Some fine specimens of mica have however been obtained from the summit of Wachusett. The only other extraneous mineral found there to any great extent is the sulphuret of iron before mentioned. The common name of this mineral is iron pyrites, and being of a yellow color has in many localities in New England, in times past, caused a vast waste of time and money in a vain search for gold. It does not appear that the inhabitants of Princeton were ever thus deceived, though Whitney wrote in 1793: "Perhaps its bowels may contain very valuable hid treasure, which in some future period may be descried." In describing the summit of the mountain he speaks of it as "a flat rock, or ledge of rocks for some rods round; and there is a small pond of

water generally upon the top of it, of two or three rods square; and where there is any earth it is covered with blueberry bushes for acres round." The small pond and blueberry bushes are visible at present, or were a year or two ago at any rate, but the area of bare rock has increased somewhat as time went on, though the top is not as bare as is that of its New Hampshire brother, Monadnock, nor are its sides so craggy and precipitous.

The people of Princeton have always kept abreast of the times. From the first they were ardent supporters of the measures of the Revolution, and foremost among them in patriotic spirit was the Honorable Moses Gill, previously mentioned in this paper, who, on account of his devotion to the good cause, was called by Samuel Adams "The Duke of Princeton." Their strong adherence to the "state rights" principle led the people of the town to vote against the adoption of the Constitution of the United States; but when it was adopted they abided by it, and when the Union was menaced in the recent Rebellion they nobly responded to the call of the nation with one hundred and twenty-seven men and nearly twenty thousand dollars in money — exceeding in both items the demand made upon them. Nor is their record in the pursuits of peace less honorable, for in dairy products and in the rearing of fine cattle they have earned an enviable and well-deserved reputation. As a community it is cultured and industrious, and has ever been in full sympathy with

progress in education, religion, and social relations.

But few towns in Massachusetts offer to summer visitors as many attractions as does Princeton. The air is clear and bracing, the landscape charming, and the pleasant, shady woodroads afford opportunities for drives through most picturesque scenery. Near at hand is the lake, and above it towers Wachusett. It has been proposed to run a railroad up to and around the mountain, but thus far, fortunately, nothing has come of it. A fine road of easy ascent winds up the mountain, and on the summit is a good hotel which is annually patronized by thousands of transient visitors.

The view from here is magnificent on a clear day. The misty blue of the Atlantic, the silver thread of the Connecticut, Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and cloud-clapped Monadnock, the cities of Worcester and Fitchburg — all these and many other beautiful objects are spread out before the spectator. But it cannot be described — it must be seen to be appreciated; and the throngs of visitors that flit through the town every summer afford abundant evidence that the love of the beautiful and grand in nature still lives in the hearts of the people.

Brief is the sketch of this beautiful mountain town, which is neither large nor possessed of very eventful history: but in its quiet seclusion dwell peace and prosperity, and its worthy inhabitants are most deeply attached to the beautiful heritage handed down to them by their ancestors.

WASHINGTON AND THE FLAG.

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

"Strike, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings!"

NOTE. — On a pavement slab in Brighton Chapel, Northamptonshire, England, the Washington coat-of-arms appears: a bird rising from nest (coronet), upon azure field with three five-pointed stars, and parallel red-and-white bands on field below; suggesting origin of the national escutcheon.

I.

STRIKE, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings;
And fill with melody the clear blue sky!
Give swell to chorus full, — to gladness wings,
And let swift heralds with the tidings fly!
Faint not, nor tire, but glorify the record
Which honors him who gave the nation life;
Fill up the story, and with one accord
Our people hush their conflicts — end their strife!

II.

Tell me, ye people, why doth this appeal
Go forth in measure swift as it has force,
To quicken souls, and make the nation's weal
Advance, unfettered, in its onward course,
Unless that they who live in these our times
May grasp the grand, o'erwhelming thought,
That he who led our troops in battle-lines,
But our best interests ever sought!

III.

What is this story, thus redolent of praise?
Why challenge Liberty herself to lend her voice?
Why must ye hallelujah anthems raise,
And bid the world in plaudits loud rejoice?
Why lift the banner with its star-lit folds,
And give it honors, grandest and the best,
Unless its blood-stripes and its stars of gold
Bring ransom to the toilers — to the weary rest?

IV.

O yes, there's a secret in the stars and stripes:
It was the emblem of our nation's sire;
And from the record of his father's stripes,
He gathered zeal which did his youth inspire.
Fearless and keen in the border battle,

Careless of risk while dealing blow for blow,
What did he care for yell or rifle-rattle
If he in peril only duty e'er could know!

v.

As thus in youth he measured well his work,
And filled that measure ever full and true,
So then to him to lead the nation looked,
When all to arms in holy frenzy flew.
Great faith was that, to inspire our sires,
And honor him, so true, with chief command,
And fervid be our joy, while beacon-fires
Do honor to this hero through the land.

vi.

Strike, strike! O Liberty, thy silver strings!
Bid nations many in the contest try!
Tell them, O, tell, of all thy mercy brings
For all that languish, be it far or nigh!
For all oppressed the time shall surely come,
When, stripped of fear, and hushed each plaintive cry,
All, all, will find in Washington
The model guide, for now — for aye, for aye.

A SUMMER ON THE GREAT LAKES.

BY FRED. MYRON COLBY.

WHERE shall we go this year? is the annual recurring question as the summer heats draw near. We must go somewhere, for it will be no less unwholesome than unfashionable to remain in town. The body needs rest; the brain, no less wearied, unites in the demand for change, for recreation. A relief from the wear and tear of professional life is a necessity. The seaside? Cape May and York Beach are among our first remembrances. We believe in change. The mountains? Their inexhaustible variety will never pall, but then we have "done" the White Mountains, explored the Catskills, and encamped among the Adirondacks in years gone by. Saratoga? We have never been there, but we have an abhorrence for a great fashionable crowd. To say the truth, we are heartily sick of "summer resorts," with their gambling, smoking, and drinking. The great watering-places hold no charms for us. "The world, the flesh, and the devil" there hold undisputed sway: we desire a gentler rule.

"What do you say to a trip on the Great Lakes?" suggests my friend, Ralph Vincent, with indefatigable patience.

"I—I don't know," I answered, thoughtfully.

"Don't know!" cried "the Histo-

rian" -- (we called Hugh Warren by that title from his ability to always give information on any mooted point). He was a walking encyclopædia of historical lore. "Don't know! Yes, you do. It is just what we want. It will be a delightful voyage, with scenes of beauty at every sunset and every sunrise. The Sault de Ste. Marie with its fairy isles, the waters of Lake Huron so darkly, deeply, beautifully green, and the storied waves of Superior with their memories of the martyr missionaries, of old French broils and the musical flow of Hiawatha. The very thought is enough to make one enthusiastic. How came you to think of it, Vincent?"

"I never think: I scorn the imputation," replied Vincent, with a look of assumed disdain. "It was a inspiration."

"And you have inspired us to a glorious undertaking. The Crusades were nothing to it. Say, Montague," to me, "you are agreed?"

"Yes, I am agreed," I assented. "We will spend our summer on the Great Lakes. It will be novel, it will be refreshing, it will be classical."

So it was concluded. A week from that time found us at Oswego. Our proposed route was an elaborate one. It was to start at Oswego, take a bee-line across Lake Ontario to Toronto, hence up the lake and through the Welland Canal into Lake Erie, along the shores of that historical inland sea, touching at Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, and Toledo, up Detroit River, through the Lake and River of St. Clair, then gliding over the waters of Lake Huron, dash down along the shores of Lake Michigan to Chicago, and back past Milwaukee, through the Straits of Mackinaw and the ship-canal into the placid waves of Superior, mak-

ing Duluth the terminus of our journey. Our return would be leisurely, stopping here and there, at out-of-the-way places, camping-out whenever the fancy seized us and the opportunity offered, to hunt, to fish, to rest, being for the time knights-errants of pleasure, or, as the Historian dubbed us, peripatetic philosophers, in search, not of the touchstone to make gold, but the touchstone to make health. Our trip was to occupy two months.

It was well toward the latter part of June in 1881, on one of the brightest of summer mornings, that our steamer, belonging to the regular daily line to Toronto, steamed slowly out from the harbor of Oswego. So we were at last on the "beautiful water," for that is the meaning of Ontario in the Indian tongue. Here, two hundred years before us, the war-canoes of De Champlain and his Huron allies had spurned the foaming tide. Here, a hundred years later the bateaux of that great soldier, Montcalm, had swept round the bluff to win the fortress on its height, then in English hands. Historic memories haunted it. The very waves sparkling in the morning sunshine whispered of romantic tales.

Seated at the stern of the boat we looked back upon the fading city. Hugh Warren was smoking, and his slow-moving blue eyes were fixed dreamily upon the shore. He did not seem to be gazing at anything, and yet we knew he saw more than any of us.

"A centime for your thoughts, Hugh!" cried Vincent, rising and stretching his limbs.

"I was thinking," said the Historian, "of that Frenchman, Montcalm, who one summer day came down on the English at Oswego unawares with his gunboats and Indians and gendarmes.

Of the twenty-five thousand people in yonder city I don't suppose there are a dozen who know what his plans were. They were grand ones. In no country on the face of the globe has nature traced outlines of internal navigation on so grand a scale as upon our American continent. Entering the mouth of the St. Lawrence we are carried by that river through the Great Lakes to the head of Lake Superior, a distance of more than two thousand miles. On the south we find the Mississippi pouring its waters into the Gulf of Mexico, within a few degrees of the tropics after a course of three thousand miles. 'The Great Water,' as its name signifies, and its numerous branches drain the surface of about one million one hundred thousand square miles, or an area twenty times greater than England and Wales. The tributaries of the Mississippi equal the largest rivers of Europe. The course of the Missouri is probably not less than twenty-five hundred miles. The Ohio winds above a thousand miles through fertile countries. The tributaries of *these* tributaries are great rivers. The Wabash, a feeder of the Ohio, has a course of above five hundred miles, four hundred of which are navigable. If the contemplated canal is ever completed which will unite Lake Michigan with the head of navigation on the Illinois River, it will be possible to proceed by lines of inland navigation from Quebec to New Orleans. There is space within the regions enjoying these advantages of water communication, and already peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, for four hundred millions of the human race, or more than double the population of Europe at the present time. Imagination cannot conceive the new influences which will be exercised

on the affairs of the world when the great valley of the Mississippi, and the continent from Lake Superior to New Orleans, is thronged with population. In the valley of the Mississippi alone there is abundant room for a population of a hundred million.

"In Montcalm's day all this territory belonged to France. It was that soldier's dream, and he was no less a statesman than a soldier, to make here a great nation. Toward that end a great chain of forts was to be built along the line from Ontario to New Orleans. Sandusky, Mackinaw, Detroit, Oswego, Du Quesne, were but a few links in the contemplated chain that was to bind the continent forever to French interests. It was for this he battled through all those bloody, brilliant campaigns of the old French war. But the English were too strong for him. Montcalm perished, and the power of France was at an end in the New World. But it almost overwhelms me at the thought of what a mighty empire was lost when the English huzza rose above the French clarion on the Plains of Abraham."

"Better for the continent and the world that England won," said Vincent.

"Perhaps so," allowed Hugh. "Though we cannot tell what might have been. But that does not concern this Ulysses and his crew. Onward, voyagers and voyageresses."

"Your simile is an unfortunate one. Ulysses was wrecked off Circe's island and at other places. Rather let us be the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece."

"Mercenary wretch!" exclaimed Hugh. "My taste is different. I am going in search of a dinner."

Hugh Warren's ability for discovering anything of that sort was proverbially

good, so we, having the same disposition, followed him below to the dining-saloon.

We arrived at Toronto, one hundred and sixty miles from Oswego, a little before dusk. This city, the capital of the province of Ontario, is situated on an arm of the lake. Its bay is a beautiful inlet about four miles long and two miles wide, forming a capacious and well-protected harbor. The site of the town is low, but rises gently from the water's edge. The streets are regular and wide, crossing each other generally at right angles. There is an esplanade fronting the bay which extends for a distance of two miles. The population of the city has increased from twelve hundred in 1817 to nearly sixty thousand at present. In the morning we took a hurried survey of its chief buildings, visited Queen's Park in the centre of the city, and got round in season to take the afternoon steamer for Buffalo.

The district situated between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, as it has been longest settled, so also is it the best-cultivated part of Western Canada. The vicinity to the two Great Lakes renders the climate more agreeable, by diminishing the severity of the winters and tempering the summers' heats. Fruits of various kind arrive at great perfection, cargoes of which are exported to Montreal, Quebec, and other places situated in the less genial parts of the eastern province. Mrs. Jameson speaks of this district as "superlatively beautiful." The only place approaching a town in size and the number of inhabitants, from the Falls along the shores of Lake Erie for a great distance, beyond even Grand River, is Chippewa, situated on the river Welland, or Chippewa, which empties itself into Niagara Strait, just where the rapids commence

and navigation terminates. One or more steamers run between Chippewa and Buffalo. Chippewa is still but a small village, but, as it lies directly on the great route from the Western States of the Union to the Falls of Niagara and the Eastern States, it will probably rise into importance. Its greatest celebrity at present arises from the fact of there having been a great battle fought near by between the British and Americans in the war of 1812.

The line of navigation by the St. Lawrence did not extend beyond Lake Ontario until the Welland Canal was constructed. This important work is thirty-two miles long, and admits ships of one hundred and twenty-five guns, which is about the average tonnage of the trading-vessels on the lakes. The Niagara Strait is nearly parallel to the Welland Canal, and more than one third of it is not navigable. The canal, by opening this communication between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, has conferred an immense benefit on all the districts west of Ontario. The great Erie Canal has been still more beneficial, by connecting the lakes with New York and the Atlantic by the Hudson River, which the canal joins after a course of three hundred and sixty miles. The effect of these two canals was quickly perceptible in the increased activity of commerce on Lake Erie, and the Erie Canal has rendered this lake the great line of transit from New York to the Western States.

Lake Erie is the most shallow of all the lakes, its average depth being only sixty or seventy feet. Owing to this shallowness the lake is readily disturbed by the wind; and for this reason, and for its paucity of good harbors, it has the reputation of being the most dangerous to navigate of any of the

Great Lakes. Neither are its shores as picturesquely beautiful as those of Ontario, Huron, and Superior. Still it is a lovely and romantic body of water, and its historic memories are interesting and important. In this last respect all the Great Lakes are remarkable. Some of the most picturesque and interesting chapters of our colonial and military history have for their scenes the shores and the waters of these vast inland seas. A host of great names—Champlain, Frontenac, La Salle, Marquette, Perry, Tecumseh, and Harrison—has wreathed the lakes with glory. The scene of the stirring events in which Pontiac was the conspicuous figure is now marked on the map by such names as Detroit, Sandusky, Green Bay, and Mackinaw. The thunder of the battles of Lundy's Lane and the Thames was heard not far off, and the very waters of Lake Erie were once canopied with the sulphur smoke from the cannon of Perry's conquering fleet.

We spent two days in Buffalo, and they were days well spent. This city is the second in size of the five Great Lake ports, being outranked only by Chicago. Founded in 1801, it now boasts of a population of one hundred and sixty thousand souls. The site is a plain, which, from a point about two miles distant from the lake, slopes gently to the water's edge. The city has a water front of two and a half miles on the lake and of about the same extent on Niagara River. It has one of the finest harbors on the lake. The public buildings are costly and imposing edifices, and many of the private residences are elegant. The pride of the city is its public park of five hundred and thirty acres, laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead in 1870. It has the reputation of

being the healthiest city of the United States.

Buffalo was the home of Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States. Here the great man spent the larger part of his life. He went there a poor youth of twenty, with four dollars in his pocket. He died there more than fifty years afterward worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and after having filled the highest offices his country could bestow upon him. He owned a beautiful and elegant residence in the city, situated on one of the avenues, with a frontage toward the lake, of which a fine view is obtained. It is a modern mansion, three stories in height, with large stately rooms. It looks very little different externally from some of its neighbors, but the fact that it was for thirty years the home of one of our Presidents gives it importance and invests it with historic charm.

On board a steamer bound for Detroit we again plowed the waves. The day was a delightful one; the morning had been cloudy and some rain had fallen, but by ten o'clock the sky was clear, and the sunbeams went dancing over the laughing waters. Hugh was on his high-horse, and full of historic reminiscences.

"Do you know that this year is the two hundredth anniversary of a remarkable event for this lake?" he began. "Well, it is. It was in 1681, in the summer of the year, that the keel of the first vessel launched in Western waters was laid at a point six miles this side of the Niagara Falls. She was built by Count Frontenac who named her the Griffen. I should like to have sailed in it."

"Its speed could hardly equal that

of the Detroit," observed Vincent, complacently.

"You hard, cold utilitarian!" exclaimed the Historian; "who cares anything about that? It is the romance of the thing that would charm me."

"And the romance consists in its being distant. We always talk of the good old times as though they were really any better than our own age! It is a beautiful delusion. Don't you know how in walking the shady places are always behind us?"

The Historian's only answer to this banter was to shrug his shoulders scornfully and to light a fresh cigar.

Lake Erie is about two hundred and forty miles in length and has a mean breadth of forty miles. Its surface is three hundred and thirty feet above Lake Ontario, and five hundred and sixty-five above the level of the sea. It receives the waters of the upper lakes by means of the Detroit River, and discharges them again by the Niagara into Lake Ontario. Lake Erie has a shallow depth, but Ontario, which is five hundred and two feet deep, is two hundred and thirty feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is much higher, are all, from their vast depths, on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through Detroit River, after allowing all the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the other three lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not improbable, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all

the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must always have existed, it would puzzle the naturalists to say how those fish got into the upper lakes unless there is a subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and influx of the lakes.

Some after noon we steamed past a small city on the southern coast which had a large natural harbor.

"Erie and Presque Isle Bay," announced the Historian. "A famous place. From it sailed Oliver Hazard Perry with his fleet of nine sail to most unmercifully drub the British lion on that tenth day of September, 1813. The battle took place some distance from here over against Sandusky. I will tell you all about it when we get there. My grandfather was one of the actors."

He said no more, and for a long time the conversation was sustained by Vincent and myself. The steamer put in at Cleveland just at dusk. The stop was brief, however, and we left the beautiful and thriving city looking like a queen on the Ohio shore under the bridal veil of night. The evening was brilliant with moonlight. The lake was like a mirror or an enchanted sea. Hour after hour passed, and we still sat on deck gazing on the scene. Far to the south we saw the many lights of a city shining. It was Sandusky.

"How delightful it is!" murmured Vincent.

"Beautiful," I replied. "If it were only the Ionian Sea, now, or the clear Ægean"—

"Those classic waters cannot match this lake," interrupted Hugh. "The battle of Erie will outlive Salamis or

Actium. The laurels of Themistokles and Augustus fade even now before those of Perry. He was a hero worth talking about, something more human altogether than any of Plutarch's men. I feel it to be so now at least. It was right here somewhere that the battle raged."

"He was quite a young man, I believe," said I, glad to show that I knew something of the hero. I had seen his house at Newport many times, one of the old colonial kind, and his picture, that of a tall, slim man, with dash and bravery in his face, was not unfamiliar to me.

"Yes; only twenty-seven, and just married," continued the Historian, settling down to work. "Before the battle he read over his wife's letters for the last time, and then tore them up, so that the enemy should not see those records of the heart, if victorious. 'This is the most important day of my life,' he said to his officers, as the first shot from the British came crashing among the sails of the Lawrence; 'but we know how to beat those fellows,' he added, with a laugh. He had nine vessels, with fifty-four guns and four hundred and ninety officers and men. The British had six ships mounting sixty-three guns, with five hundred and two officers and men.

"In the beginning of the battle the British had the advantage. Their guns were of longer range, and Perry was exposed to their fire half an hour before he got in position where he could do execution. When he had succeeded in this the British concentrated their fire on his flag-ship. Enveloped in flame and smoke, Perry strove desperately to maintain his ground till the rest of his ships could get into action. For more than two hours he sustained

the unequal conflict without flinching. It was his first battle, and, moreover, he was enfeebled by a fever from which he had just risen; but he never lost his ease and confidence. When most of his men had fallen, when his ship lay an unmanageable wreck on the water, 'every brace and bowline shot away,' and all his guns were rendered ineffective, he still remained calm and unmoved.

"Eighteen men out of one hundred stood alive on his deck; many of those were wounded. Lieutenant Yarnell, with a red handkerchief tied round his head and another round his neck to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, stood bravely by his commander. But all seemed lost when, through the smoke, Perry saw the Niagara approaching uncrippled.

"'If a victory is to be won I will win it,' he said to the lieutenant. He tore down his flag with its glorious motto, — 'Don't give up the ship,' — and leaping into a boat with half a dozen others, told the sailors to give way with a will. The Niagara was half a mile distant to the windward, and the enemy, as soon as they observed his movement, directed their fire upon his boat. Oars were splintered in the rowers' hands by musket-balls, and the men themselves covered with spray from the roundshot and grape that smote the water on every side. But they passed safely through the iron storm, and at last reached the deck of the Niagara, where they were welcomed with thundering cheers. Lieutenant Elliot of the Niagara, leaving his own ship, took command of the Somers, and brought up the smaller vessels of the fleet, which had as yet been little in the action. Perry ran up his signal for close action, and from vessel to vessel

the answering signals went up in the sunlight and the cheers rang over the water. All together now bore down upon the enemy and, passing through his line, opened a raking crossfire. So close and terrible was that fire that the crew of the *Lady Prevost* ran below, leaving the wounded and stunned commander alone on the deck. Shrieks and groans rose from every side. In fifteen minutes from the time the signal was made Captain Barclay, the British commander, flung out the white flag. The firing then ceased; the smoke slowly cleared away, revealing the two fleets commingled, shattered, and torn, and the decks strewn with dead. The loss on each side was the same, one hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded. The combat had lasted about three hours. When Perry saw that victory was secure he wrote with a pencil on the back of an old letter, resting it on his navy cap, the despatch to General Harrison: 'We have met the enemy, and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.'

"It was a great victory," concluded the eloquent narrator. "The young conqueror did not sleep a wink that night. Until the morning light he was on the quarter-deck of the *Lawrence*, doing what he could to relieve his suffering comrades, while the stifled groans of the wounded men echoed from ship to ship. The next day the dead, both the British and the American, were buried in a wild and solitary spot on the shore. And there they sleep the sleep of the brave, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual requiem."

We sat in silence a long time after; no one was disposed to speak. It came to us with power there on the moonlit lake, a realization of the hard-fought battle, the gallant bearing of the

young commander, his daring passage in an open boat through the enemy's fire to the Niagara, the motto on his flag, the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy's line, and then closed in half pistol-shot. His laconic account of the victory to his superior officer, the ships stripped of their spars and canvas, the groans of the wounded, and the mournful spectacle of the burial on the lake shore.

Our next stopping-place was at Detroit, the metropolis of Michigan, on the river of the same name, the colony of the old Frenchman De la Mothe Cadillac, the colonial Pontchartrain, the scene of Pontiac's defeat and of Hull's treachery, cowardice, or incapacity. Grandly seated on the green Michigan shore, overlooking the best harbor on the Great Lakes, and with a population of more than one hundred thousand. Two stormy days kept us within doors most of the time. The third day we were again "on board," steaming up the Detroit River into Lake St. Clair. On and on we kept, till the green waters of Huron sparkled beneath the keel of our steamer. All the way over the lake we kept the shores of Michigan in sight, beaches of white sand alternating with others of limestone shingle, and the forests behind, a tangled growth of cedar, fir, and spruce in impenetrable swamps, or a scanty, scrubby growth upon a sandy soil. Two hours were spent at Thunder Bay, where the steamer stopped for a supply of wood, and we went steaming on toward Mackinaw, a hundred miles away. At sunset of that day the shores of the green rocky island dawned upon us. The steamer swept up to an excellent dock, as the sinking sun was pouring a stream of molten gold across the flood, out of the amber gates of the west.

"At last Mackinaw, great in history and story," announced the Historian leaning on the taffrail and gazing at the clear pebbly bottom and through forty feet of water.

"My history consists of a series of statues and tableaux — statues of the great men, tableaux of the great events," said Vincent. "Were there any such at Mackinaw?"

"Yes," answered Hugh, "two statues and one tableau — the former Marquette and Mae-che-ne-mock-quah, the latter the massacre at Fort Michilimackinack."

"The event happened during Pontiac's war, I believe," I hastened to observe. "The Indians took the place by stratagem, did they not?"

"They did. It was on the fourth of July, 1763. The fort contained a hundred soldiers under the command of Major Etherington. In the neighborhood were four hundred Indians apparently friendly. On the day specified the savages played a great game of ball or baggatiway on the parade before the fort. Many of the soldiers went out to witness it and the gate was left open. During the game the ball was many times pitched over the pickets of the fort. Instantly it was followed by the whole body of players, in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. The garrison feared nothing; but suddenly the Indians drawing their concealed weapons began the massacre. No resistance was offered, so sudden and unexpected was the surprise. Seventy of the soldiers were murdered, the remainder were sold for slaves. Only one Englishman escaped. He was a trader named Henry. He was in his own house writing a letter to his Montreal friends by the canoe which was just on the eve of departure, when the

massacre began. Only a low board fence separated his grounds from those of M. Longlade, a Frenchman, who had great influence with the savages. He obtained entrance into the house, where he was concealed by one of the women, and though the savages made vigorous search for him, he remained undiscovered. You can imagine the horrible sight the fort presented when the sun went down, the soldiers in their red uniforms lying there scalped and mangled, a ghastly heap under the summer sky. And to just think it was only a short time ago, a little more than a hundred years."

We could hardly realize it as we gazed up the rocky eminence at the United States fort, one hundred and fifty feet high, overlooking the little village. And yet Mackinaw's history is very little different from that of most Western settlements and military stations. Dark, sanguinary, and bloody tragedies were constantly enacted upon the frontiers for generations. As every one acquainted with our history must know, the war on the border has been an almost interminable one. As the tide of emigration has rolled westward it has ever met that fiery counter-surge, and only overcome it by incessant battling and effort. And even now, as the distant shores of the Pacific are wellnigh reached, that resisting wave still gives forth its lurid flashes of conflict.

Mackinaw Island is only about three miles long and two in breadth, with a circuit of nine miles in all. It rises out of the lake to an average height of three hundred feet, and is heavily wooded with cedar, beech, maple, and yew. Three of its sides are bold and rocky, the fourth slopes down gradually toward the north to meet the blue

waters of the lake. The island is intersected in all directions with carriage-roads and paths, and in the bay are always to be seen the row and sail boats belonging to pleasure-seekers. From four to seven steamers call at the wharf daily, while fleets of sailing-vessels may at any time be descried from old Fort Holmes, creeping noiselessly on to the commercial marts of those great inland seas.

Tradition lends its enchantment to the isle. According to the Indian legend it rose suddenly from the calm bosom of the lake at the sunset hour. In their fancy it took the form of a huge turtle, and so they bestowed upon it the name of Moe-che-ne-nock-e-nung. In the Ojibway mythology it became the home of the Great Fairies, and to this day it is said to be a sacred spot to all Indians who preserve the memory of the primal times. The fairies lived in a subterranean abode under the island, and an old sagamore, Chees-a-kee, is related to have been conducted *à la* Æneus, in Virgil, to the halls of the spirits and to have seen them all assembled in the spacious wigwam. Had some bard taken up the tale of this fortunate individual, the literature of the red man might have boasted an epic ranking perhaps with the Æneid or the Iliad.

From the walls of old Fort Holmes, two hundred feet above the lake, a fine view is obtained of the island and its surroundings. Westward is Point St. Ignace, a sharply defined cape running out from the mainland into the strait. There rest the bones of good Father Marquette, who, in 1671, erected a chapel on the island and began to Christianize the wild natives of this region. On the northwest we see the "Sitting Rabbits," two curious-looking

rockhills which bear a singular resemblance to our common American hare. Eastward stretches away the boundless inland sea, a beautiful greenish-blue, to the horizon. The mountains of St. Martin, and the hills from which flow Carp and Pine Rivers meet the northern vision. To the south is Boisblanc Island, lying like an emerald paradise on the bosom of Lake Huron, and close beside it, as if seeking protection, is lovely Round Island. Among all these islands, and laving the shores of the adjacent mainland, are the rippling waves of the lake, now lying as if asleep in the flooding light, anon white-capped and angry, driven by the strong winds. Beneath us are the undulations of billowy green foliage, calm and cool, intersected with carriage-roads, and showing yonder the white stones of the soldiers' and citizens' graves. Here, down by the water, and close under the fort, the white, quaint houses lie wrapped in light and quiet. Breezes cool and delightful, breezes that have traversed the broad expanse of the lakes, blow over your face softly, as in Indian myth blows the wind from the Land of Souls. The scene and the hour lulls you into a sense of delicious quietude. You are aroused by the shrill whistle of a steamer, and you descend dockward to note the fresh arrivals.

Several days' excursions do not exhaust the island. One day we go to see Arch Rock, a beautiful natural bridge of rock spanning a chasm some eighty feet in height and forty in width. The summit is one hundred and fifty feet above the level. Another day we visit Sugar-loaf Rock, an isolated conical shape one hundred and forty feet high, rising from a plateau in the centre of the island. A hole half-way up its side is large enough to hold a

dozen persons, and has in it the names of a hundred eager aspirants after immortality. On the southwest side of the island is a perpendicular rock bluff, rising one hundred and fifty feet from the lake and called "Lover's Leap." The legend was told us one afternoon by Hugh, as follows:—

"In the ancient time, when the red men held their councils in this heart of the waters, and the lake around rippled to the canoe fleets of warrior tribes going and returning, a young Ojibway girl had her home on this sacred isle. Her name was Mae-che-ne-mock-qu, and she was beautiful as the sunrise of a summer morning. She had many lovers, but only to one brave did the blooming Indian girl give her heart. Often would Mae-che-ne-mock-qu wander to this solitary rock and gaze out upon the wide waters after the receding canoes of the combined Ojibway and Ottawa bands, speeding south for scalps and glory. There, too, she always watched for their return, for among them was the one she loved, an eagle-plumed warrior, Ge-win-e-gnon, the bravest of the brave. The west wind often wafted the shouts of, the victorious braves far in advance of them as they returned from the mainland, and highest above all she always heard the voice of Ge-win-e-gnon. But one time, in the chorus of shouts, the maiden heard no longer the voice of her lover. Her heart told her that he had gone to the spirit-land behind the sunset, and she should no more behold his face among the chieftains. So it was: a Huron arrow had pierced his heart, and his last words were of his maiden in the Fairy Isle. Sad grew the heart of the lovely Mae-che-ne-mock-qu. She had no wish to live. She could only stand on the cliff and gaze at the

west, where the form of her lover appeared beckoning her to follow him. One morning her mangled body was found at the foot of the cliff; she had gone to meet her lover in the spirit-land. So love gained its sacrifice and a maiden became immortal."

A well-earned night's sleep, bathed in this highly ozoned lake atmosphere, which magically soothes every nerve and refreshes every sense like an elixir, and we are off again on the broad bosom of the Mackinaw strait, threading a verdant labyrinth of emerald islets and following the course of Father Jacques Marquette, who two hundred years before us had set off from the island in two canoes, with his friend Louis Joliet, to explore and Christianize the region of the Mississippi. We looked back upon the Fairy Island with regretful eyes, and as it sunk into the lake Hugh repeated the lines of the poet:—

"A gem amid gems, set in blue yielding waters,
Is Mackinac Island with cliffs girded round,
For her eagle-plumed braves and her true-hearted daughters;
Long, long ere the pale face came widely renowned.

"Tradition invests thee with Spirit and Fairy;
Thy dead soldiers' sleep shall no drum-beat awake,
While about thee the cool winds do lovingly tarry
And kiss thy green brows with the breath of the lake.

"Thy memory shall haunt me wherever life reaches,
Thy day-dreams of fancy, thy night's balmy sleep,
The plash of thy waters along the smooth beaches,
The shade of thine evergreens, grateful and deep.

"O Mackinac Island! rest long in thy glory!
Sweet native to peacefulness, home of delight!
Beneath thy soft ministry, care and sad worry
Shall flee from the weary eyes blessed with thy sight."

"That poet had taste," remarked our friend when he had concluded.

"Beautiful Isle! No wonder the great missionary wished his bones to rest within sight of its shores. Marquette never seemed to me so great as now. He was one of those Jesuits like Zinzendorf and Sebastian Ralle, wonderful men, all of them, full of energy and adventure and missionary zeal, and devoted to the welfare of their order. At the age of thirty he was sent among the Hurons as a missionary. He founded the mission of Sault de Ste. Marie in Lake Superior, in 1668, and three years later that of Mackinaw. In 1673, in company with Joliet and five other Frenchmen, the adventurous missionary set out on a voyage toward the South Sea. They followed the Mississippi to the Gulf, and returning, arrived at Green Bay in September. In four months they had traveled a distance of twenty-five hundred miles in an open canoe. Marquette was sick a whole year, but in 1674, at the solicitation of his superior, set out to preach to the Kaskaskia Indians. He was compelled to halt on the way by his infirmities, and remained all winter at the place, with only two Frenchmen to minister to his wants. As soon as it was spring, knowing full well that he could not live, he attempted to return to Mackinaw. He died on the way, on a small river that bears his name, which empties into Lake Michigan on the western shore. His memory enwreathes the very names of Superior and Michigan with the halo of romance."

"Thank you," said Vincent, looking out over the dark water. "I can fancy his ghost haunting the lake at midnight."

"Speak not of that down at the Queen City," returned Hugh, with a tragic air. "Pork and grain are more

substantial things than ghosts at Chicago, and they might look on you as an escaped lunatic. Nathless, it was a pretty idea to promulgate among the Indians two centuries ago. Observe how civilization has changed. Two hundred years ago we sent missionaries among them: now we send soldiers to shoot them down, after we have plundered them of their lands."

Neither of us were disposed to discuss the Indian question with Hugh Warren, and the conversation dropped after a while.

At noon of the next day the steamer made Milwaukee, and the evening of the day after Chicago. These two cities are excellent types of the Western city, and both show, in a wonderful degree, the rapid growth of towns in the great West. Neither had an inhabitant before 1825, and now one has a population of one hundred thousand, and the other of five hundred thousand. Chicago is, in fact, a wonder of the world. Its unparalleled growth, its phoenix-like rise from the devastation of the great fire of 1871, and its cosmopolitan character, all contribute to render it a remarkable city.

The city looks out upon the lake like a queen, as in fact she is, crowned by the triple diadem of beauty, wealth, and dignity. She is the commercial metropolis of the whole Northwest, an emporium second only to New York in the quantity of her imports and exports. The commodious harbor is thronged with shipping. Her water communication has a vast area. Foreign consuls from Austria, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Germany, and the Netherlands, have their residence in the city. It is an art-centre, and almost equally with Brooklyn is entitled to be called a city of churches.

A week is a short time to devote to seeing all that this queen city has that is interesting, and that included every day we spent there. Neither in a sketch like the present shall we have space to give more than we have done — a general idea of the city. One day about noon we steamed out of the harbor, on a magnificent lake-steamer, bound for Duluth. We were to have a run of over seven hundred miles with but a single stopping-place the whole distance. It would be three days before we should step on land again.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to the city of the Indian sachem," said Hugh, as the grand emporium and railway-centre grew dim in the distance. "By the way," continued he, "are you aware that the correct etymology of the name Chicago is not generally known?"

Vincent and I confessed that we did not even know the supposed etymology of the name.

"No matter about that," went on the Historian. "The name is undoubtedly Indian, corrupted from *Cheracaqua*, the name of a long line of chiefs, meaning strong, also applied to a wild onion. Long before the white men knew the region the site of Chicago was a favorite rendezvous of several Indian tribes. The first geographical notice of the place occurs in a map dated Quebec, Canada, 1683; as 'Fort Chicagon.' Marquette camped on the site during the winter of 1674-5. A fort was built there by the French and afterward abandoned. So you see that Chicago has a history that is long anterior to the existence of the present city. Have a cigar, Montague?"

Clouds of fragrant tobacco-smoke soon obscured the view of the Queen City of the Northwest, busy with life above the graves of the Indian saga-

mores whose memories she has forgotten.

On the third day we steamed past Mackinaw, and soon made the ship-canal which was constructed for the passage of large ships, a channel a dozen miles long and half a mile wide. And now, hurrah! We are on the waters of Lake Superior, the "Gitche Gumee, the shining Big Sea-Water," of Longfellow's musical verse. The lake is a great sea. Its greatest length is three hundred and sixty miles, its greatest breadth one hundred and forty miles; the whole length of its coast is fifteen hundred miles. It has an area of thirty-two thousand square miles, and a mean depth of one thousand feet. These dimensions show it to be by far the largest body of fresh water on the globe.

Nothing can be conceived more charming than a cruise on this lake in summer. The memories of the lake are striking and romantic in the extreme. There is a background of history and romance which renders Superior a classic water. It was a favorite fishing-ground for several tribes of Indians, and its aboriginal name *Ojibwakechegun*, was derived from one of these, the *Ojibways*, who lived on the southern shore when the lake first became known to white men. The waters of the lake vary in color from a dazzling green to a sea-blue, and are stocked with all kinds of excellent fish. Numerous islands are scattered about the lake, some low and green, others rocky and rising precipitately to great heights directly up from the deep water. The coast of the lake is for the most part rocky. Nowhere upon the inland waters of North America is the scenery so bold and grand as around Lake Superior. Famous among travelers

are those precipitous walls of red sandstone on the south coast, described in all the earlier accounts of the lake as the "Pictured Rocks." They stand opposite the greatest width of the lake and exposed to the greatest force of the heavy storms from the north. The effect of the waves upon them is not only seen in their irregular shape, but the sand derived from their disintegration is swept down the coast below and raised by the winds into long lines of sandy cliffs. At the place called the Grand Sable these are from one hundred to three hundred feet high, and the region around consists of hills of drifting sand.

Half-way across the lake Keweenaw Point stretches out into the water. Here the steamer halted for wood. We landed on the shore in a beautiful grove. "What a place for a dinner!" cried one of the party.

"Glorious! glorious!" chimed in a dozen voices.

"How long has the boat to wait?" asked Hugh.

"One hour," was the answer of the weather-beaten son of Neptune.

"That gives us plenty of time," was the general verdict. So without more ado lunch-baskets were brought ashore. The steamer's steward was prevailed upon, by a silver dollar thrust slyly into his hand, to help us, and presently the whole party was feasting by the lakeside. And what a royal dining-room was that grove, its outer pillars rising from the very lake itself, its smooth brown floor of pine-needles, arabesqued with a flitting tracery of sun shadows and fluttering leaves, and giving through the true Gothic arches of its myriad windows glorious views of the lake that lay like an enchanted sea before us! And whoever dined more regally, more di-

vinely, even, though upon nectar and ambrosia, than our merry-makers as they sat at their well-spread board, with such glowing, heaven-tinted pictures before their eyes, such balmy airs floating about their happy heads, and such music as the sunshiny waves made in their glad, listening ears? It was like a picture out of *Hiawatha*. At least it seemed to strike our young lady so, who in a voice of peculiar sweetness and power recited the opening of the twenty-second book of that poem:—

"By the shore of Gitche Gumees,
By the shining Big Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every treetop had its shadow
Motionless beneath the water."

"Thank you, Miss," said Hugh, gallantly. "We only need a wigwam with smoke curling from it under these trees, and a 'birch canoe with paddles, rising, sinking on the water, dripping, flashing in the sunshine,' to complete the picture. It's a pity the Indians ever left this shore."

"So the settlers of Minnesota thought in '62," observed Vincent, ironically.

"The Indians would have been all right if the white man had stayed away," replied the Historian, hotly.

"In that case we should not be here now, and, consequently"—

What promised to be quite a warm discussion was killed in the embryo by the captain's clear cry, "All aboard!"

Once more we were steaming westward toward the land of the Dacotahs. That night we all sat up till after midnight to see the last of our lake, for in the morning Duluth would be in sight. It was a night never to be forgotten. The idle words and deeds of my companions have faded from my mind, but never will the memory of the bright lake rippling under that moonlit sky.

A city picturesquely situated on the side of a hill which overlooks the lake and rises gradually toward the northwest, reaching the height of six hundred feet a mile from the shore, with a river on one side. That is Duluth. The city takes its name from Juan du Luth, a French officer, who visited the region in 1679. In 1860 there were only seventy white inhabitants in the place, and in 1869 the number had not much increased. The selection of the village as the eastern terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad gave it an impetus, and now Duluth is a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and rapidly growing. The harbor is a good one, and is open about two hundred days in the year. Six regular lines of steamers run to Chicago, Cleveland, Canadian ports, and ports on the south shore of Lake Superior. The commerce of Duluth, situated as it is in the vicinity of the mineral districts on both shores of the lake, surrounded by a well-timbered country, and offering the most convenient outlet for the products of the wheat region further west, is of growing importance. In half a century Duluth will be outranked in wealth and population by no more than a dozen cities in America.

Our stay at Duluth was protracted

many days. One finds himself at home in this new Western city, and there are a thousand ways in which to amuse yourself. If you are disposed for a walk, there are any number of delightful woodpaths leading to famous bits of beach where you may sit and dream the livelong day without fear of interruption or notice. If you would try camping-out, there are guides and canoes right at your hand, and the choice of scores of beautiful and delightful spots within easy reach of your hotel or along the shore of the lake and its numerous beautiful islands, or as far away into the forest as you care to penetrate. Lastly, if piscatorially inclined, here is a boathouse with every kind of boat from the steam-yacht down to the birch canoe, and there is the lake, full of "lakers," sturgeon, whitefish, and speckled trout, some of the latter weighing from thirty to forty pounds apiece, — a condition of things alike satisfactory and tempting to every owner of a rod and line.

The guides, of whom there are large numbers to be found at Duluth, as indeed at all of the northern border towns, are a class of men too interesting and peculiar to be passed over without more than a cursory notice. These men are mostly French-Canadians and Indians, with now and then a native, and for hardihood, skill, and reliability, cannot be surpassed by any other similar class of men the world over. They are usually men of many parts, can act equally well as guide, boatman, baggage-carrier, purveyor, and cook. They are respectful and chivalrous: no woman, be she old or young, fair or faded, fails to receive the most polite and courteous treatment at their hands, and with these qualities they possess a manly independence that is

as far removed from servility as forwardness. Some of these men are strikingly handsome, with shapely statuesque figures that recall the Antinous and the Apollo Belvidere. Their life is necessarily a hard one, exposed as they are to all sorts of weather and the dangers incidental to their profession. At a comparatively early age they break down, and extended excursions are left to the younger and more active members of the fraternity.

Camping-out, provided the weather is reasonably agreeable, is one of the most delightful and healthful ways to spend vacation. It is a sort of woodman's or frontier life. It means living in a tent, sleeping on boughs or leaves, cooking your own meals, washing your own dishes and clothes perhaps, getting up your own fuel, making your own fire, and foraging for your own provender. It means activity, variety, novelty, and fun alive; and the more you have of it the more you like it; and the longer you stay the less willing you are to give it up. There is a freedom in it that you do not get elsewhere. All the stiff formalities of conventional life are put aside: you are left free to enjoy yourself as you choose. All in all, it is the very best way we know to enjoy a "glorious vacation."

At Duluth, at Sault de Ste. Marie, at Mackinaw, at Saginaw, we wandered away days at a time, with nothing but our birch canoe, rifles, and fishing-rods, and for provisions, hard bread, pork, potatoes, coffee, tea, rice, butter, and sugar, closely packed. Any camper-out can make himself comfortable with

an outfit as simple as the one named. How memory clings around some of those bright spots we visited! I pass over them again, in thought, as I write these lines, longing to nestle amid them forever.

Following along the coast, now in small yachts hired for the occasion, now in a birch canoe of our own, we passed from one village to another. Wherever we happened to be at night, we encamped. Many a time it was on a lonely shore. Standing at sunset on a pleasant strand, more than once we saw the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains or the western waves, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heavens, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the night-hawk, circling in his flight, and, with a strange whining sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

But all good things, as well as others, have an end. The season drew to a close at last. August nights are chilly for sleeping in tents. Our flitting must cease, and our thoughts and steps turn homeward. But a few days are still left us. At Buffalo once more we go to see the Falls. Then by boat to Hamilton, thence to Kingston at the foot of the lake, and so on through the Thousand Isles to Montreal, and finally to Quebec, — a tour as fascinating in its innumerable and singularly wild and beautiful "sights" as heart could desire.

OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

BY CHARLES COWLEY, LL.D.

THERE are circumstances generally attending the death of the soldier or the sailor, whether on battle-field or gun-deck, whether in the captives' prison, the cockpit, or the field-hospital, which touch our sensibilities far more deeply than any circumstances which usually attend the death of men of any other class; moving within us mingled emotions of pathos and pity, of mystery and awe.

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And freedom weeps above the brave;

"For them is sorrow's purest sigh,
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent;
In vain their bones unburied lie,—
All earth becomes their monument.

"A tomb is their's on every page;
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hours, the future age,
Nor them bewail, to them belong.

"A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?"

A similar halo invests our National Cemeteries—which are the most permanent mementos of our sanguinary Civil War.

Nature labors diligently to cover up her scars. Most of the battle-fields of the Rebellion now show growths of use and beauty. Many of the structures of that great conflict have already ceased to be. Some of them have been swept away by the winds or overgrown with weeds; others, like Fort Wagner, have been washed away by the waves. But neither winds nor waves are likely to disturb the monuments or the cemeteries of our soldiers and sailors. Where they were placed,

there they remain; "and there they will remain forever."

The seventy-eight National Cemeteries distributed over the country contain the remains of three hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty-five men, classed as follows: known, 170,960; unknown, 147,495; total, 318,455. And these are not half of those whose deaths are attributable to their service in the armies and navies of the United States and the Confederate States, who are buried in all sections of the Union and in foreign lands.

In some of these cemeteries, as at Gettysburg, Antietam, City Point, Winchester, Marietta, Woodlawn, Hampton, and Beaufort, by means of public appropriations and private subscriptions, statues and other monuments have at different times been erected; and many others doubtless will be erected in them hereafter. Some of them are in secluded situations, where for many miles the population is sparse, and the few people that live near them cherish tenderer recollections of the "Lost Cause" than of that which finally won. But such of them as are contiguous to cities are places of interest to more or less of the neighboring population; and, in some of them, there are commemorative services upon Memorial Days.

These cemeteries have many features in common; and much that may be said of one of them may also be said of the others—merely changing the names.

It happened to the present writer to visit the National Cemetery at Beaufort, South Carolina, to deliver an oration on Memorial Day, 1881, in the

midst of ten thousand graves of the soldiers and sailors of the department of the South and South Atlantic blockading squadron. The dead interred in these thirty acres of graves are : known, 4,748, unknown, 4,493 ; total, 9,241. Among the trees planted in this cemetery is a willow, grown from a branch of the historic tree which once overshadowed the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Generals Thomas W. Sherman and John G. Foster, who commanded that department, and Admirals Dupont and Dahlgren, who commanded that squadron, all died in their Northern homes since the peace, and their graves are not to be looked for here. The same may be said of hundreds of military and naval officers who performed valuable services on these shores and along these coasts, and have since "passed over to the great majority."

That neither General Strong nor General Schimmelfennig is buried here might be accounted for by the fact that, though they died by reason of their having served in this department, they died at the North. But even General Mitchell, whose flag of command was last unfurled in this department, who died in Beaufort, and was originally buried under the sycamores of the Episcopal churchyard, now sleeps in the shades of Greenwood, and not (as he would probably have preferred, could he have foreseen this cemetery) among the brave men whom he commanded.

The best known names among those here buried (to use a pardonable Hibernianism) are among the "unknown." For here, as we may believe, in unknown graves, rest the remains of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), Colonel Haldimand S. Putnam, of the

Seventh New Hampshire, Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Green, of the Forty-eighth New York, and many other gallant officers and men who were killed in the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, and who were first buried by the Confederates in the sands of Morris Island.

Many a Northern college is represented here. Among those to whom tablets have been erected in the Memorial Hall of Harvard University, who are buried here, besides Colonel Shaw, are Captains Winthrop P. Boynton and William D. Crane, who were killed at Honey Hill, November 30, 1864 ; and Captain Cabot J. Russell, who fell with Shaw at Fort Wagner. Yet these are but the beginning of the list of the sons of Massachusetts who rest in this "garden of graves."

Among the many gallant men of the navy buried here is Acting-Master Charles W. Howard, of the ironclad steam-frigate *New Ironsides*, whom Lieutenant Glassell shot during his bold attempt to blow up the *New Ironsides* with the torpedo steamer *David*, October 5, 1863. Another is Thomas Jackson, coxswain of the *Wabash*, the *beau ideal* of an American sailor, who was killed in the battle of Port Royal, November 7, 1861.

Death, like a true democrat, levels all distinctions. Still, it may be mentioned that Lieutenant-Colonel William N. Reed, who was mortally wounded at Olustee while in command of the Thirty-fifth United States colored troops, February 20, 1864, was, while living, the highest officer in rank, whose grave is known here. Other gallant officers, killed at Olustee, are buried near him. Among these, probably, is Colonel Charles W. Fribley, of the Eighth United States colored troops ; though

he may be still sleeping beneath the sighing pines of Olustee.

As far as practicable, all Federal soldiers and sailors buried along the seaboard of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, have been removed to Beaufort Cemetery; and, as Governor Alexander H. Bullock said: "Wherever they offered up their lives, amid the thunder of battle, or on the exhausting march, in victory or in defeat, in hospital or in prison, officers and privates, soldiers and sailors, patriots all, they fell like the beauty of Israel on their high places, burying all distinctions of rank in the august equality of death."

One section of the cemetery is devoted to the Confederates. There are more than a hundred of these, including several commissioned officers; and on Memorial Days the same ladies who decorate the graves of the Federals decorate also in the same manner the graves of the Confederates; recognizing that, though in life they were arrayed as mortal enemies, they are now reconciled in "the awful but kindly brotherhood of death." Sir Walter Scott enjoins:—

"Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb."

And One infinitely greater than Sir Walter has inculcated still loftier sentiments.

Among the graves to which the attention of the writer was particularly attracted was that of Charley —, a boy of Colonel Putnam's regiment, who had now been dead more years than he

had lived. His parents, living on the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, and walking daily over the paths which he had often trod, had plucked the earliest flower of their northern clime and sent it to the superintendent of the cemetery, to be planted at Charley's grave. The burning sun of South Carolina had not spared that flower; but something of it still remained. Its mute eloquence spoke to the heart of the tender recollections of a father and of a mother's undying love. How truly does Wordsworth say, —

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

For us who have survived the perils of battle and the far more fatal diseases that wasted our forces, and for all who cherish the memory of these dead, it will always be a consoling thought that the Federal government has done so much to provide honorable sepulture for those who fell in defence of the Union. We can all appreciate Lord Byron's lament for the great Florentine poet and patriot:—

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore."

But we can have no such regret for our lost comrades, buried not upon a foreign, nor upon an unfriendly shore, but in the bosom of the soil which their blood redeemed. Sacred is the tear that is shed for the unreturning brave.

"'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded."

OGUNQUIT FISHING FLEET.

WILLIAM HALE.

I SEE the fishing boats put out
 Each morn upon the sea,
 And from my early window watch
 Them floating far and free.

Ere the first flush of day appears,
 While stars are in the sky,
 Out steal the boats all silently,
 And to their moorings hie.

While rest their wives and little ones,
 And all the world's asleep,
 These hardy fishers launch their boats,
 And sail forth on the deep.

To feed the little hungry mouths,
 To cover little feet,
 Each day, when wind and wave allow,
 Toils hard the fishing fleet.

To keep their wives and little ones.
 And their snug homes maintain,
 They draw a well-earned livelihood
 From the begrudging main.

A league or more out from the shore,
 They fish with trawl and line;
 With cunning hand draw deftly in
 The trophies of the brine.

I see them stealing here and there,
 In distance small and slow;
 And with my glass I find each one
 As in and out they go.

I know each boat, I find them all,
 And count them one by one;
 Dark spots upon the waters bright,
 Like motes upon the sun.

By heart and rote I know each boat,
 Name each familiar friend;
 And out to each, in earnest speech,
 A hearty God-speed send.

To each familiar form I turn,
 A-bending o'er the bay;
 And ask of Him who made the sea,
 To guide them in his way.

O friends of mine, O fishers free,
 Sail on, and nobly on,
 Until the voyage of life be o'er,
 And the safe harbor won.

Sail on, and learn to prize full well
 The joys of simple life;
 Let not the great world beat for you
 Her noisy wings of strife.

Sail on, and ever fearless on,
 The billows bravely breast;
 Nor let the hollow world entice
 You from your port of rest.

Sail on, and lean your trusting hearts
 Upon God's ocean wide;
 And learn to prize his love more than
 The great round world beside.

O friends of mine, O sailors strong,
 O hearts that beat so true;
 Ye cannot know these earnest thoughts
 That go out after you.

Good friends, ye cannot hear this song,
 Nor feel this heart of mine,
 That warm and loving beats for you
 Far out upon the brine.

But heart shall read each heart one day,
 And friend with friend shall meet.
 Peace be with ye, O sailors of Ogunquit,
 Ogunquit fishing fleet!

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

Vol. IX.

No. 1.

It has been said that Colonel Cogswell was a man of many parts. The
 Thoma Cogswell, of the Granite Hills, in the State of New Hampshire, is a
 didate for Congress from the Second District. He is a man of many parts,
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 having a long and honorable record in the military service of his country,
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 farmer who possesses a long and honorable record in the military service of his country,
 cultivation of his land, and is a man of many parts, is a man of many parts,
 land, a scholar who lives in the State of New Hampshire, is a man of many parts,
 with the literature of the period, a friend of his great grandfather, General Joseph
 and considerate neighbor, a citizen, a soldier, and which stood a few rods
 always at the command of his country, is a man of many parts, is a man of many parts,
 citizens, a brave soldier in the late war, under the shade of a great oak tree
 an easy and graceful public speaker, a man of many parts, is a man of many parts,
 man with a multitude of personal wounds, is a man of many parts, is a man of many parts,
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 liked as the granite hills which hem in the State of New Hampshire, is a man of many parts,
 his paternal farm, there is no doubt that is a man of many parts, is a man of many parts,
 his ancestors are in part responsible, is a man of many parts, is a man of many parts,
 If a man's life will live after him for his father's generation so also will the noble actions
 his father's generation so also will the noble actions

Engraved by F. H. Fitts

Thomas Cogswell

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No. 7.

HON. THOMAS COGSWELL.

BY JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A. M.

It has been suggested that Colonel Thomas Cogswell, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, is a blue-blooded aristocrat. If having a long line of honorable, Christian ancestors, the record of whom extends back to the old country, to the days when the Stuarts ruled England and Cromwell was unheard of, if pious, patriotic, and sagacious forefathers give a man blue blood, the Colonel is really afflicted with blue blood. If being a hard working and practical lawyer, a farmer who personally superintends the cultivation of five hundred acres of land, a scholar who tries to keep up with the literature of the period, a kind and considerate neighbor, a citizen always at the command of his fellow-citizens, a brave soldier in the late war, an easy and graceful public speaker, a man with a multitude of personal friends, if these are the characteristics of an aristocrat, then is Colonel Cogswell an aristocrat. If in his veins flows the best New England blood, if his character for honor and integrity is as established as the granite hills which hem in his paternal farm, there is no doubt that his ancestors are in part responsible. If a man's sins will live after him for generations so also will the noble actions

of a man's ancestors be reflected in him and help him in the race. The Colonel's ancestors were among the first settlers who planted the Massachusetts Bay Colony early in the seventeenth century. In every generation they have been law-abiding, God-fearing, and patriotic citizens, ready to serve their country in war or peace.

BOYHOOD.

HON. THOMAS COGSWELL, son of Hon. Thomas and Mary (Noyes) Cogswell, was born February 8, 1841, in Gilmanton, in the house which in the early part of this century was the homestead of his great grandfather, General Joseph Badger, and which stood a few rods east of the Colonel's present residence, under the shade of a great elm tree lately injured by lightning. The frame of the old house was taken and used in the construction of the residence of James W. Cogswell, another son of Hon. Thomas and Mary (Noyes) Cogswell, who lives a quarter of a mile away on the main highway from Gilmanton Iron Works to Laconia. The present residence was built in 1784 by Colonel Thomas Cogswell, of the Continental Army, his father's uncle, and came into his father's possession over forty years.

ago, reuniting the old General Badger estate. It is a large, square, two-story, old-fashioned mansion, built in the substantial manner in vogue about the time of the American Revolution, and as serviceable to-day as when erected by the old patriot. Here was passed the boyhood and youth of our friend, Colonel Cogswell. Here on his father's farm of a thousand acres he acquired a practical knowledge of farming, of stock raising, and of the many duties and obligations of a successful farmer's career. Here he was surrounded by scenery unsurpassed in the hill country of New Hampshire. The farm occupies the summit and sides of a hill; and the house, not far from the highest ground, commands a very extended view of hill and mountain, valley, stream and lake, woodland and cultivated field, reaching to the horizon formed by distant elevations.

EDUCATION.

With the boys of the neighborhood he received the first rudiments of an education at the little red school-house of the district. Here he developed a fondness not only for boyish sports but for books, and at an early age determined to acquire a classical education with a view to becoming a lawyer. He entered Gilmanton Academy in 1857, and continued his studies there two years under the instruction of Professor Chase Parsons and of Professor Andrew Marshall. The Cogswell family have always been actively interested in maintaining this venerable institution, founded in 1794; and it is a noteworthy fact that in its board of directors the name of Thomas Cogswell has appeared every year since its charter was granted. It is also remarkable that since 1794 Gilmanton Academy has never missed a

term of school. Here young Cogswell formed a close friendship with his roommate and classmate, John B. Peaslee, with whom he went to Hanover in 1859, and entered the Freshman class of Dartmouth College. Of that class of eighty-nine members, forty-eight were living three years ago who graduated with their class in 1863. The class has given to the world fourteen lawyers, ten physicians, seven clergymen, ten teachers, besides nine patriots who laid down their lives for the good of their country. In his class was Alfred K. Hamilton, of Milwaukee, Charles C. Pearson, of Concord, Charles A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, John Scales, of Dover, Isaac Walker, of Pembroke, Evarts W. Farr, of Littleton, Stephen B. Kenrick, of Fort Madison, Iowa, and Hon. W. H. Clement, of Brooklyn, New York. Young Cogswell was a good scholar, ranking well in his class, and excelling as a speaker and debater. He was out all of the Senior year but graduated with his class. Before and during his college course young Cogswell taught school, first in Alton, when he was sixteen years of age, and afterwards in Deerfield, East Concord, and Laconia. Frequently he had scholars older than himself, and during one term of school he "boarded round."

ARMY LIFE.

At the end of his Junior year in Dartmouth College the fate of the Republic was in doubt. Those were the darkest days of the Great Rebellion. More soldiers were needed to fill the ranks of veteran regiments, and new regiments were needed at the front. The herculean task of suppressing treason began to be realized by the loyal North, and in the summer of 1862 300,000 more volunteers were called

for. Twenty boys from the class of 1863 responded to the call, among whom was Thomas Cogswell. He enlisted in that summer as a private in Company A, Fifteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, a company recruited in Gilmanton, Guilford, Alton, and Belmont, and entered the service for nine months. He was chosen by his company first lieutenant and was presented by his command with sword and equipments. For the ensuing year his history and that of the regiment are identical.

In October, 1862, the regiment was in camp in Concord, going to Long Island, New York, in November of the same year. The regiment was destined to join the expedition of General Banks and proceeded to Louisiana, where in the following spring Lieutenant Cogswell was taken sick with the chills and fever. He lost twenty-five pounds in weight in one week. He recovered sufficiently to join his company, of which he was commissioned captain April 8, 1863, before Port Hudson, and participated in the memorable attack. For a day and a half during the siege his command were without food. His weakened constitution could not withstand such exposure and deprivation, and again he was sent to the hospital. When the regiment was embarking to return north, after their term of service had expired, the physicians forbade his being moved, but he ordered four of his men, who came to see him, to carry him upon the boat with the regiment. This they did and he was brought home with them almost a physical wreck. When he entered the service he was a strong, rugged, healthy boy of twenty-one, weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds; he weighed one hundred and six when he arrived at Gass' hotel

in Concord, August 8, 1863. He was then twenty-two years old and wore the epaulets of a captain gained by gallant service before the enemy.

It is unnecessary to add that Captain Cogswell was a brave soldier. He left a sick bed to join his regiment on the eve of a great battle. He was a good executive officer, kind and considerate to his men, and thoughtful of their needs and interests. When the regiment was ordered from Long Island to embark on a transport for the Gulf of Mexico, he joined with his captain in refusing to march his company on board of a boat manifestly unsafe and overloaded. This refusal led to a court-martial, by which the young officers were exonerated from blame. He never wanted his men exposed to danger in which he could not share, and looked after them like younger brothers. For a year after his return from the south he was recuperating and regaining his lost health, six months of the time being confined to his house and room. In the fall of 1864 Captain Cogswell was employed as a clerk in the commissary department and reported to Captain John R. Hynes, but saw no more active service.

LAW.

Mr. Cogswell commenced to read law in the office of Stevens & Vaughan, of Laconia, and afterwards studied at the Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Belknap County bar during the September term, 1866. In December of the same year he opened a law office in the village of Gilmanton Iron Works, where no lawyer had been settled for the previous twenty years. Formerly some noted lawyers had practiced law there, among whom may be mentioned James Bell, George Minot,

Arthur St. Loe Livermore and his brother, William Butterfield, George G. Fogg, and O. A. J. Vaughan. Here for twenty years has Mr. Cogswell practiced law, doing the legal business for all the country round. He enjoys an excellent standing at the bar, not only with his clients and the people generally, but with his brother lawyers and with the court. It has always been his policy to discourage litigation, and many a promising lawsuit has been nipped in the bud by his advice. He has had the confidence of his neighbors and townsmen, and has done a large probate business, written many wills, settled many estates and accepted many fiduciary trusts. He has had no specialty but has done a general law business in Belknap and in Strafford counties, and in the United States Courts, to which he has been admitted to practice. He is bold and aggressive in the trial of causes and is a strong advocate before a jury. He is generally considered a well educated, well read, and safe lawyer, careful in giving advice, and careful not to be drawn into a suit when his client is in the wrong. A compromise with him is a very common and effective mode of procedure. Possibly had he been more dependent upon his profession for a livelihood, he might have been more industrious, but he could not have been more conscientious or more careful of the interests of his clients.

In 1884 he was elected solicitor of Belknap County, running ahead of his party ticket, which office he now holds.

POLITICS.

The town of Gilmanton was divided in 1859, when Belmont was set off; but as it was against the will of the people of that section, they retained the old

organization and the records, while the new town kept the old name. Of Gilmanton Mr. Cogswell was chosen representative to the General Court in 1871 and 1872, although the town was Republican. (The first office to which he was elected was that of superintending school committee, which office he held for one year.) During the latter term he received the nomination of his party for speaker of the House of Representatives. He was elected Senator from the old district, Number Six, in 1878, and was the candidate the following year for re-election in the new district, Number Six. In this election there was no choice by the people and he lost his election in the Senate. In 1880 he was candidate for councillor in the Second Councillor District, but found it impossible to overcome a Republican majority of from sixteen to eighteen hundred. In June, 1886, he received of the Democratic State Convention the nomination for Governor.

Mr. Cogswell is a Democrat. His father before him was a Democrat, a loyal supporter of the administration during the Rebellion, and a firm believer in the great underlying principles of the Democratic party. He believes in the sacredness of the Constitution which forms the union of the States, in maintaining our national honor at home and abroad, in the equality of American citizens, and, with President Cleveland, heartily endorses the doctrine that public office is a public trust. He is, and has always been, a conservative Democrat. Although he was defeated for councillor in 1880, that was the year he was elected by his fellow-citizens of Gilmanton to the office of selectman, succeeding in raising that most important office out of the realm of party politics and inaugurating a non-partisan board, which

the town has continued to this day. At that time the town was then, as it is now, strongly Republican, and this overturn was only accomplished after a hard fight. He was re-elected in 1881, and 1882, during both of which years he served as chairman of the board. During his term of office the financial affairs of the town were straightened out and a system of reform inaugurated which saved money to the town and benefited everybody. For many years he has been a delegate to the State Conventions and other conventions of his party, and has always been ready and willing to serve his party on the stump. His own nomination in June, 1886, although given by a very large majority on the first ballot, came unsolicited and apparently spontaneously. This result was brought about by his very large circle of personal friends, men who know him, who believe in him, who want to vote for him and who hope to elect him. They know his strength as a speaker, as an executive, as a man of affairs, and his great personal popularity.

EDUCATIONAL AFFAIRS.

For many years Mr. Cogswell has been interested in educational affairs. Mention has been made of his service one year as superintending school committee of Gilmanton. Since 1868 he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of Gilmanton Academy. He has been President of the Board since the death of Judge Eastman, and is now its Treasurer. To the affairs of the institution he has given a great deal of time and attention. In no small degree is its increasing reputation owing to his interest in it. At all times he has

been generous in helping students who are seeking an education.

FARM.

Since the death of his father in 1868 he has had the charge of a farm of over four hundred acres, now increased to five hundred acres, and this he has steadily improved, not only in its capacity for yielding crops, but in its buildings, fences, and orchards. Its chief crop is hay, of which he cuts from seventy-five to one hundred tons annually. He winters from forty to sixty head of cattle, and keeps from six to ten horses. His cattle are Durham and Devon grades, well adapted to his hillside farm. His horses are of the Wilkes stock. Only a few sheep remain at present of what was formerly a large flock. For sixty-five years the farm has produced a crop of wheat, sometimes amounting to one hundred bushels; and in 1869 he received a silver medal for the best wheat from the New Hampshire Agricultural Society. Corn, beans, potatoes, and vegetables enough are raised on the farm for home consumption. There is much valuable wood and timber land on the estate. Mr. Cogswell requires the services of two assistants through the whole year, and during the haying and harvest seasons of as many as are available. There is a system in all his farm operations, and for the last ten years that of calling ten hours' labor a day's work on his farm has been in force. This is true even in haying weather. His men are always well treated, and, as a matter of course, it is considered very desirable to obtain work on the Cogswell farm.

Mr. Cogswell was one of the first members of the Board of Agriculture,

and served two years, and as his successor named Professor Jeremiah W. Sanborn, who has since done so much to elevate the farm and the farmer. He was President of the Belknap County Agricultural Society in 1883 and in 1884, and was a charter member of Crystal Lake Grange, number one hundred and one, Patrons of Husbandry, of Gilmanton Iron Works, and has been its Lecturer since its formation. He takes especial pride in his horses, for one of which he took the first prize at the New England Fair a few years since. His farm, as a whole, is one of the best in the town of Gilmanton, and is excelled by only a few in the State. It is good, strong land, and is very carefully cultivated.

CITIZEN.

Mr. Cogswell was commissioned colonel by Governor Weston. His fighting rank was captain, won on the field of battle at the age of twenty-two years, and very acceptable to him when used in addressing him by an old comrade of army days. The Colonel is a very generous man to his needy townsmen. Many good men are ready to help the "Lord's poor;" Colonel Cogswell always has a kind word and a helping hand and purse for that other kind of poor not so often in high favor. A ten-dollar bill, given or loaned at times by him, has saved many a poor fellow from trouble and distress of a serious nature. The Colonel is public-spirited. He supports all measures calculated to better his immediate locality, his native town, the State, or the nation. The village at the Iron Works has been improved and the value of property enhanced by his efforts with others in erecting there a shoe factory, which

gives employment to above one hundred operatives. His large house is the home for the whole family of Cogswells wherever scattered, and his many personal friends are there hospitably entertained. For many years he has been a liberal supporter of the Congregational Church of Gilmanton Iron Works, of which society he is a member, and he attends meeting regularly every Sunday. He is a member of the executive committee, which has charge of a fund of some \$3500. He is not bigoted in his religious views, however, but contributes to the support of the gospel in all the neighboring churches. He is a member of the John L. Perley, Jr., Post, No. 37, G. A. R., of Laconia, and has frequently been called upon to deliver Memorial Day addresses. He is a member of the Winnipisseogee Lodge, F. and A. Masons, of Alton, and for two years was Master of the Lodge. He possesses a retentive memory and is an eloquent speaker, his off-hand addresses being especially pleasing to his audiences. He is a storehouse of facts relating to the early history of Gilmanton and its pioneers, and is especially interested in genealogies and subjects of antiquarian interest. He is a man of large frame, large head, large heart, popular with all who know him and with all who can appreciate a thoroughly good fellow. In the entertainment of company at his hospitable home he is ably seconded by his bright and vivacious wife, who heartily enters into all plans and aspirations of the Colonel's life.

ANCESTRY.*

The Cogswell family of America can trace their descent from John Cogswell,

—*Largely compiled from "The Cogswells of America," by E. O. Jameson.

the emigrant ancestor, who came to this country with his wife and family in 1635 and settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

I. JOHN COGSWELL, son of Edward and Alice Cogswell, and grandson of Robert and Alicia Cogswell, was born in 1592 in Westbury Leigh, County of Wilts, England. His father and his grandfather and his ancestors for generations had been engaged in the manufacture of woollen cloths in the neighborhood of his birthplace; and members of the Cogswell family continue to this day making cloth in the same locality. He married, September 10, 1615, Elizabeth Thompson, daughter of Rev. William and Phillis Thompson, and settled down in the old homestead. His parents died soon after his marriage, and he succeeded to the business. This business he carried on successfully for a score of years, when he was impelled to migrate with his family. Those were troublesome times in the mother country, and the tide of emigration had already commenced to flow towards the New England coast. With his wife, the daughter of the parish vicar of Westbury Leigh, and eight of their nine children, he embarked May 23, 1635, at Bristol, England, on the ship *Angel Gabriel*, to find the home of religious freedom in the new world. He had previously disposed of his "mylls," his houses, his land, and his business, and took with him several farm and household servants, an amount of valuable furniture, farming implements, house-keeping utensils, and a considerable sum of money. After a very long passage the vessel approached the harbor of Pemaquid, on the coast of Maine, when, within sight of their haven, they were overtaken by a fearful gale, which made a wreck of the *Angel Gabriel* and caused the loss of much of Mr. Cogs-

well's property. The whole family, however, reached the shore in safety. Mr. Cogswell soon after settled in Ipswich, where he became a leading citizen, and died full of years and honors, November 29, 1869. Mrs. Cogswell, who "was a woman of sterling qualities and dearly beloved by all who knew her," died, June 2, 1876.

II. WILLIAM COGSWELL, eldest son of John and Elizabeth (Thompson) Cogswell, was baptized in March, 1619, and came with his parents to America. He settled on the home place in Ipswich, now in the town of Essex, Massachusetts, and was an influential and highly respected citizen. He married, in 1649, Susanna Hawkes, daughter of Adam and Mrs. Anne (Hutchinson) Hawkes. She was born in 1633, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and died in 1696. He died December 15, 1700.

III. LIEUTENANT JOHN COGSWELL, son of William and Susanna (Hawkes) Cogswell, was born May 12, 1665, in Chebacco, Ipswich, where he lived until his death. He was called to fill various public offices in the town and was a member of the church. He married before 1693 Hannah Goodhue, daughter of Deacon William, Jr., and Hannah (Dane) Goodhue. He died in 1710. Mrs. Cogswell, born July 4, 1673, after the death of her first husband married in 1713 Lieutenant Thomas Perley. She died December 25, 1742.

IV. NATHANIEL COGSWELL, son of Lieutenant John and Hannah (Goodhue) Cogswell, was born January 19, 1707, in Chebacco Parish, Ipswich. He was three years old when his father died and in early boyhood entered a store in Haverhill, Massachusetts. He became a leading merchant and a prominent citizen of the town. He was a

man of integrity and business capacity, and was a devoted and efficient member of the church. He married January 31, 1740, Judith Badger, daughter of Joseph and Hannah (Peaslee) Badger. Mrs. Cogswell was the only surviving daughter of her father, who was a merchant of Haverhill. She was born February 3, 1724, and died May 7, 1810. After a successful business life, Mr. Cogswell retired in 1766, and settled upon a farm in Atkinson, New Hampshire. He at once became active in religious and educational matters in the town. During the Revolutionary War his patriotism was declared by large loans of money to provide equipments and provisions for the soldiers. These loans of money, by reason of a depreciated currency, proved almost a total loss. Besides providing money Mr. Cogswell gave eight sons to the army who served with distinction and fulfilled an aggregate term of service of more than thirty-eight years. The aggregate height of these eight brothers was about fifty feet. They all survived the war and became prominent in professional and civil life. Mr. Cogswell died March 23, 1783.

V. DR. WILLIAM COGSWELL, son of Nathaniel and Judith (Badger) Cogswell, was born July 11, 1760, in Haverhill, Massachusetts. At the breaking out of the Revolution he entered the army at the age of fifteen years, enlisting in the company commanded by his older brother, Captain Thomas Cogswell, in Colonel Baldwin's regiment. He served through the year 1776. For the next year he studied medicine and surgery with Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, at Atkinson. In 1778 he served with General Sullivan in Rhode Island. Having completed his medical studies he was appointed, July 19, 1781, surgeon's

mate in the Military Hospital at West Point. January 5, 1784, he was promoted to the position of surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, and chief medical officer of the United States Army, June 20, 1784. Dr. Cogswell resigned September 1, 1785, after five years' service, married, and settled in Atkinson, where he continued in the practice of his profession until his death, nearly half a century later. He was one of the original members of the New Hampshire Medical Society, which was incorporated in 1791, and was appointed one of its nineteen Fellows by the General Court. Many medical students were under his instruction. He was one of the founders of Atkinson Academy, and a member and President of its Board of Trustees for many years. He gave the land on which the Academy was erected. He married, July 22, 1786, Judith Badger, daughter of General Joseph and Hannah (Pearson) Badger, of Gilmanton. She was born May 15, 1766, and died September 30, 1859. Dr. Cogswell died January 1, 1831, leaving behind him a distinguished family of children. One of his daughters was the wife of Governor William Badger.

VI. HONORABLE THOMAS COGSWELL, son of Dr. William and Judith (Badger) Cogswell, and father of Honorable Thomas Cogswell, of Gilmanton, the subject of this sketch, was born December 7, 1798, in Atkinson. He married, February 25, 1820, Mary Noyes, daughter of James and Mary (Weston) Noyes, and settled and resided in Gilmanton until his death, nearly fifty years later. He was an extensive farmer, owning the homestead of his maternal grandfather, General Joseph Badger, which he increased to one thousand acres. He was a man of great influ-

ence in the town and State. Mr. Cogswell was justice of the peace some forty years, county treasurer, deputy sheriff, selectman, representative, judge of Court of Common Pleas, 1841-1855, of Belknap county, member of the Governor's Council in 1856, trustee of Gilmanton Academy and Theological Seminary, and deacon of the Congregational Church in Gilmanton Iron Works. For many years he was moderator of that stormy legislative assembly, the annual town-meeting, and his voice always commanded the attention and respect of that critical and exacting body of citizens.

Mrs. Cogswell was born in Plaistow, April 25, 1801. She died May 3, 1886. Mr. Cogswell died August 8, 1868.

VII. HON. THOMAS COGSWELL, son of Hon. Thomas and Mary (Noyes) Cogswell, was born February 8, 1841, in Gilmanton. He married, October 8, 1873, Florence Mooers, daughter of Reuben D. and Betsey S. (Currier) Mooers. She was born July 21, 1851, in Manchester, N. H.

CHILDREN.

Anna Mooers, born Sept. 17, 1874.

Thomas, born November 23, 1875.

Clarence Noyes, born Nov. 3, 1877.

The firm of James R. Hill & Co. have lately been obliged to enlarge their accommodations in the city of Concord for the manufacture of their Concord Harness, so much has their business increased. This is no doubt owing to their judicious advertising in the pages

of the GRANITE MONTHLY. The addition to their premises is a two story brick block, already fully occupied by their skilled workmen making harness for every land and every people the sun shines upon.

HON. LYCURGUS PITMAN.

BY F. B. OSGOOD, ESQUIRE.

Hon. Lycurgus Pitman, of North Conway, the Democratic candidate for Senator in the Grafton District, Number 2, is a young man of great business ability, always ready to forward any enterprise that may be beneficial to the town or to the State. He is the son of G. W. M. Pitman, a lawyer of northern New Hampshire, and Emeline Pitman, and was born in Bartlett April 9, 1848. He received his education at the common schools of his native town and North Conway, and as a young man was for several terms a successful

teacher of youth. He finally embarked in business in 1870 as a pharmacist and settled in North Conway. He is an earnest Democrat, prominent in his party and ready to promote its interests in all legitimate ways. As a neighbor and townsman he is open handed and generous; no one, irrespective of party, ever called on him for assistance in vain. His circle of acquaintances, both in and out of the State, is large; and no one in this section is better or more favorably known than he to the many tourists who annually visit the White

Hills, and no one stands higher as a man, a citizen, and a gentleman, among his friends and intimates.

He was married December 25, 1870, to Lizzie I. Merrill, and their home is graced by three daughters, the oldest fourteen years of age. Mr. Pitman was one of the projectors of the North Conway & Mt. Kearsarge Railroad, is one of the directors, and is clerk of the corporation.

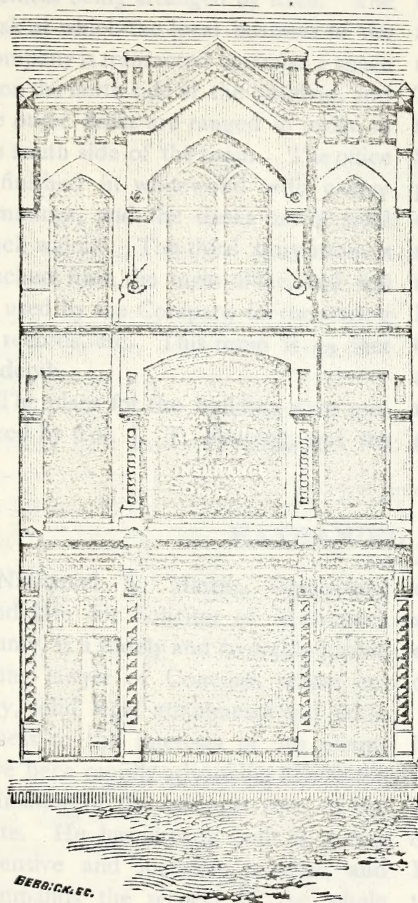
During the last session of the Legislature Hon. Harry Bingham represented the district in the Senate, receiving 3,074 votes, a plurality of 697 over his Republican antagonist, Joseph M. Jackman, so we may naturally infer that Mr. Pitman's chances of election are well assured. Mr. Pitman is a genial, whole souled citizen, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and a Knight of Pythias.

HON. HOSEA B. CARTER.

Hosea B. Carter, Democratic candidate for State Senator in District Number 21, is a resident of Hampstead, where he was born September 5, 1834. His education was obtained at the common schools, and he was master of a good trade when he came of age. Tiring of home life he got employment as a canvasser, meeting with fair success. During the war he was active in helping towns fill their quotas, and in 1862 was keeping a hotel at Camp Stanton, Boxford, Mass. Thence he went to Canada in the interests of the secret service, and had the pleasure of attending the Peace Conference at the Clifton House in 1864. He was at Montreal and St. Johns during the rebel raid into Vermont, the following year was an important witness in the Mrs. Surratt trial in Washington. From 1865 to 1870 he was superintendent of agencies for New England for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. In 1872 he opened a store for a short time in Concord, and that same year he became a disciple of Ruel Durkee, obtaining active employment in the lobby. In 1876 he divided the State into councillor and senatorial Districts, giving the Republican party

four of the five councillors and eight of the twelve senators. In 1879 he drew up the apportionment bill, displaying his statesmanship on that occasion, for the bill gives the Democratic towns a vote in the legislature in off years, while the Republican towns are fully represented when a United States Senator is to be chosen. He was also the author of the bill dividing the State into 24 Districts, giving the Republicans sixteen senators. In 1880 he was chairman of the Committee on Credentials in the Republican State Convention, and the next day held the same office in the Democratic State Convention. He was postmaster at Hampstead from 1874 to 1879, railroad commissioner for the Boston & Maine Railroad from 1876 to 1880. He is married and has two children and four grandchildren. His wife was Kate E. Martin, of Malone, N. Y. He was publishing in Haverhill in 1880 when he was burned out by the great fire; since then he has represented a St. Louis Safe Co. He is remarkable for his knowledge of men and figures, and if elected to the Senate will be a heavy weight.

NEW BUILDING OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.



This engraving gives but a slight idea of the sound, solid, and substantial fire-proof building of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company at Manchester. The new building just completed is 30 feet front and 100 feet deep, situate on the west side of Elm Street, nearly opposite the office formerly occupied by the Company. The front is Nova Scotia sandstone lined with brick, the facade being of a modified Queen

Anne style of architecture. The walls are of brick, 20 inches in thickness. The floors and roof are 12 inches thick, and of the most solid description. They are built of spruce plank, placed side by side and spiked together, and both underneath and above this planking is a wire lathing and layer of asbestos paper. The first floor and basement are leased by a dry goods establishment at a rental that pays the Company fair interest on the investment.

The northerly entrance leads by an easy flight of stairs to the second story, where is found a permanent home for the Company. Competent judges pronounce it one of the best arranged, best lighted and ventilated insurance offices in the country, specially adapted to the growing wants of the Company. The office, or working room, is 100 feet long by 30 wide, 14 feet stud. The front is lighted by one plate glass window, 8x10 feet in size, and two, 5x8 feet, and the rear in a similar way, and supplemented by two large turret skylights, furnishing the room with a flood of light. Four handsomely finished fire-places, one in each corner, furnish ample ventilation to this story. Over these fire-places are handsome mantles and large plate glass mirrors. This story is also amply supplied with lavatories, closets and coat rooms, most conveniently arranged. Upon the south wall of the office is a row of cherry casings, 65 feet long and 14 feet high, divided into two sections, provided with sliding glass doors, and shelves and pigeon-holes to accommodate the accumulation of records and other docu-

ments. The upper section is reached by means of a narrow balcony provided with a hand rail. All of the officers and clerks of the Company have desks in this room, each department of the business being arranged by itself. The desk at which the local business of the Company is transacted occupies a space upon the north side of the building, and the other desks are ranged in order in the south side of the room. The office is finished in whitewood with cherry trimmings, and the desks are of solid black walnut. The third story room is reached from the main office, and will be used by the Company for the storing of records, etc. This room is 54 feet in depth.

The plans for the building were prepared by Col. J. T. Fanning, and the

building has been constructed under the personal direction of the architect. Head & Dowst were the contractors. The building is heated thoroughly by steam from a large boiler located in the basement. The work throughout is of a character to reflect the utmost credit upon those by whom it was performed. The building in its manner of construction is a new departure for the city and State, being the first absolutely fire-proof structure of the kind to be erected. It will undoubtedly mark a new era in the construction of the better class of mercantile blocks in New Hampshire. Here in their new home the Company solicit increased business and will gladly welcome agents, patrons, members of the insurance fraternity, and all who will make a friendly call.

NATHANIEL E. MARTIN.

Nathaniel E. Martin, Democratic candidate for Solicitor of Merrimack county, is a widely and favorably known young lawyer of Concord, whose energy, solid legal attainments and faithfulness to the interests of his clients have been rapidly advancing him in the estimation of the business men of the State. He has already built up a very extensive and lucrative practice, and commands the respect of the whole community. His paternal ancestors were among the first settlers of Londonderry. Nathaniel Martin and his son, William Martin, migrated from the north of Ireland and settled in Londonderry in the early part of the eighteenth century. James Martin, the son of William Martin, was a soldier in the Continental army during the Revolution, and settled on Buck Street, in the town of Pembroke. Gov. Noah Martin was a

descendant of his. Nathaniel Martin, a son of James Martin and grandfather of Nathaniel E. Martin settled in Loudon in 1808.

Nathaniel E. Martin, son of Theophilus B. and Sarah L. (Rowell) Martin, was born in Loudon, August 9, 1855; was educated in the common schools of his native town and in the Concord High School, his family having moved to Concord in 1870; read law with Tappan & Albin, and was admitted to the bar in 1879.

From the first he has been a persevering and industrious lawyer, winning many friends and keeping them. By his brother lawyers he is considered well read, and he has one of the finest private legal libraries in the State. He has been called upon to settle many estates, and with his partner, John H. Albin, Esquire, he enjoys his share of the

legal business of Concord and Merrimack county. Mr. Martin is well read on a great variety of subjects outside of his profession, and has developed a taste for historical studies which he is cultivating. He is an Odd Fellow, a Past Grand of a Concord Lodge and

an officer of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire. We regret to add that Mr. Martin is still a bachelor, but that is a fault which we hope may be soon corrected, and he need not go outside of Merrimack county to choose a fair bride.

CAPT. JOHN MCCLINTOCK.

We cannot but regret the loss of a life in youth and middle age, but when the allotted span of life is fully completed, we bow to the inexorable law of nature and lay our loved ones away with their kindred, shed tears over their graves, and build a monument to perpetuate their memory. A man's life, however, is but a single link in the family history, in the countless generations which have preceded him, and in the generations which will live after him. His acts and his character make an impression on his surroundings; and as his forefathers are in great measure responsible for his personality, so also he impresses and stamps his descendants with qualities and characteristics peculiar to himself. In sketching a man's life, therefore, it is but just to give the meagre details obtainable of his forefathers, their surroundings, their actions, and their character.

The origin of the McClintock family is lost in antiquity. The coat-of-arms of the Irish branch translated means that some member of the family went on several pilgrimages to the Holy Land and was in command of a body of horsemen in two or more of the crusades. The ermine indicates the descent of the family from royalty. The motto is *Virtute et Labore*. The family is of Scotch origin. In the north of Ireland,

where a branch of the family has been settled for over three hundred years, there are six distinct families of the name enumerated with the English gentry. The best known of this branch is Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer, who discovered the traces and fate of Sir John Franklin's expedition.

I. William McClintock, the progenitor of the New England branch of the family, was born in Scotland about 1670, migrated at an early age to the north of Ireland, and was engaged in the memorable defense of Londonderry in 1689. He came to America about 1730 and settled in Medford, Mass., before 1732. He was an industrious farmer, busy with Scotch thrift in increasing his property, and not entering into the politics of the day. He was married three times before migrating, and his third wife accompanied him to New England. He was married a fourth time in this country, was the father of nineteen children, and died at the age of ninety, about 1760. He belonged to the Presbyterian church and was the father of the Rev. Samuel McClintock, D. D., of Greenland, N. H., an ancestor of the Rev. John McClintock, D. D., of Philadelphia, and of the New Hampshire branch of the family.

II. William McClintock and his

wife, Jane, settled in Medford for a few years after their marriage. Upon her death he moved to Boothbay, in the District of Maine, where he married Margaret Fullerton. March 11, 1770, the New Hampshire Legislature voted "giving leave to William McClintock, of Boothbay, in the State of Massachusetts, to export 70 bushels of corn for said Boothbay." He died June 3, 1779, aged 49 years, of yellow fever.

III. William McClintock, born in Boothbay September 26, 1778, commenced his sea-faring life at the age of seventeen and pursued that calling for forty years. In 1798 he was mate with Capt. Dickey, in the schooner *Hester*, bound to Bristol from the West Indies. She was captured August 18 by a French privateer and a prize crew put aboard. The vessel was recovered by her old crew, who overpowered their captors and completed her voyage to Bristol. The Frenchmen accepted the situation so gracefully and behaved so well that the intention was not to deliver them up to the authorities, but they were found out and lodged in Wiscasset jail. While there Capt. McClintock supplied the officer with clothing and made him as comfortable as possible. On a subsequent voyage, while master of the sloop *Hunter*, Capt. McClintock was overhauled by a French privateer, who boarded him in his own boat. The officer no sooner stepped on deck than he seized the captain, hugged and kissed him, and began to inquire for people in Bristol. He was his old friend, the prize officer of the *Hester*, who suffered him and his vessel to go in peace.

In October, 1800, while master of the sloop *Hunter*, from the West Indies to Bristol, Capt. McClintock providentially rescued from death a portion of the crew of the *Galgo*, a wrecked Brit-

ish sloop-of-war. Of 121 but 29 were saved. A few days later, October 12, the *Hunter* was hove to by an armed vessel under Spanish colors that took two puncheons of rum from the cargo, robbed the vessel of spare cordage, twine, arms and other things, and left her. Next day the same cruiser hove the *Hunter* to again and took another puncheon of rum, leaving word that if he fell in with the vessel the next day he would take two more. What the real character of this queer craft was Capt. McClintock never knew, but he was certainly what the sailors call "a rum customer." Probably he was one of those cruisers that were either privateer or pirate, as opportunity offered. For some years Capt. McClintock sailed a sloop packet between Ireland and the United States.

Capt. McClintock enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of all with whom he was associated in business, and was a remarkably successful commander. No vessel under his command was wrecked or seriously damaged. In the intervals of his sea life Capt. McClintock filled various offices of trust conferred by his fellow citizens. His proficiency in mathematics was such that when disputes arose between the proprietors of Bristol and the settlers he was selected as referee, and made a survey of the whole town, which quieted the differences and marks the boundaries of lots to this day. He held justice commissions from Gov. Gerry in 1810 and from Gov. Brooks in 1817. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1809, 1810 and 1811. When Maine separated from Massachusetts in 1820, he was a member of the convention that formed a constitution for the new State. He was twice a member of the Maine Legisla-

ture, the last time in 1835. He held a commission in the custom house under Collectors Farley and McCobb. Capt. McClintock was a man of deep religious feeling. It was his custom to have daily prayers on board his vessel, and to discourage profanity and every form of irreligion and vice. A man of temperate life and regular habits, he enjoyed vigorous health almost to his latest days, and his mental faculties were strong and clear to the last. To such a man death could have neither terrors nor pangs. In calmness he awaited the hour of dissolution. He died March 18, 1875, in his ninety-seventh year. [The above account of Capt. William McClintock is condensed from an article in the *Republican Journal*, of Belfast, Me.]

He was very much interested in historical subjects, and his retentive memory was stored with facts and traditions. A delegation of the Maine Historical Society visited him after he was eighty years of age and gained many important facts from oblivion. With his young grandson he would start off for a week's cruise over the winding roads of the old town of Bristol, and would make every moment interesting by stories and legends. Old Pemaquid was a source of never failing interest to him, and all the inlets and points about the bay were crowded with memories. He always maintained that the settlement founded at the old fort before Jamestown was settled was permanent and therefore first in the thirteen colonies. Many historians and antiquarians now believe as he did. The old tombstone at the fort dated 1694 is of one of his ancestors.

IV. John McClintock, born in Bristol, Maine, April 9, 1807, died in Chelsea, September 8, 1886. He was the second son of William and Francis

(Young) McClintock, and on his mother's side a direct descendant of John Rogers, the martyr. His boyhood was passed on his father's farm and on the adjacent ocean, and he was at home on either. His education was received at the district schoolhouse, and so well did he improve his opportunities that he taught school seven winters while a young man. His natural bent was to follow the sea, and soon after he was twenty-one he was in command of a coaster. In 1833 he bought an interest in the *Eliza*, the first of a long list of vessels of which he owned a part. There was the *Increase*, the *Mary* and *Susan*, *Araxene*, *Briganza*, *Genesee*, *Narcoochee*, *Roderick Dhu*, *Medalion*, *Dashaway*, *Harry Hammond*, *Clara* and *Hattie*—making his last voyage in the latter vessel in 1880,—an almost continuous sea service of fifty-three years. During those years he had several times circumnavigated the globe and has been into nearly every foreign and domestic port. He was a very fortunate ship master, never having lost a vessel.

He was a skilful navigator and appreciated the science of taking advantage of winds and currents to help him on his way. He was popular with his brother sea captains and generous to all in distress. He was a very modest man, shunning evil, honorable in all his dealings, scrupulously honest in all his business relations. He was fond of music, a game of whist, a good story, and good company generally. He was deferential in his treatment of ladies, his manner being courtly, if a little old-fashioned. He reveled in good books. The standard authors, from Herodotus to Dickens, were familiar to him. He found delight in the conceptions of the poets, and had such a retentive mem-

ory that he would quote page after page from his favorite author. His voyages up the Mediterranean Sea gave life to the ancient writers whose works he eagerly read from the best translations, and he was a critic on classical literature. As a matter of course he was an advanced student in mathematics. One winter, when he was ice-bound, he attended for several weeks the lectures at a Connecticut college, and always regretted his lack of opportunity to take the whole course.

As a ship master he was kind to his men and to his junior officers, helping them to become thorough sailors and navigators. Young men up the Kennebec River considered it a great privilege to ship for a voyage with Capt. McClintock, and sometimes half a dozen youths of good families would be in his crew. In his prime he was a very athletic and powerful man physically; his muscles were of iron. His chief officer once said that the captain could, single-handed, handle the whole crew of a score or more of men. He was a very strong man. He was an indefatigable reader as shown by his reading consecutively the whole of Apple-

ton's Encyclopædia. As a citizen he was highly respected in Hallowell where he passed the most of his married life. He was liberal to the church, to fellow-mariners, to all in need of aid. He gave first and made inquiries afterwards.

In the domestic relations Capt. McClintock was a dutiful and respectful son, a brother ever thoughtful of his sisters and brothers, a devoted and affectionate husband, proud of his home, considerate in every act, and a model father, tender, loving, indulgent and forgiving. He gave his children the benefit of true counsel and prudent example, and early inculcated in them the principles of truthfulness, sobriety, manly courage, honor and honesty. He placed a good name above riches. He encouraged each of them to obtain a liberal education.

He was of high rank in the Masonic fraternity, a Knight Templar well skilled, and an authority in the usages and in several of the mystic rites. For many years he was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but very liberal in his creed, believing in the goodness and justice of his Heavenly Father.

(Continued on page 240.)

In this age of sharp competition, when every line of business is crowded to its utmost capacity, the merchant must not only fill his stores with wares calculated to please the people, in both quality and price, but he must announce his bargains and inducements clearly and forcibly to the community from

which he expects his trade. We try to conform ourselves to facts, and when we assure our readers that E. W. Willard & Co., Concord, have an extra nice stock, we speak the plain, unvarnished truth. Read their advertisement in this number.

THE OLD STORES AND THE POST-OFFICE OF GROTON.

BY THE NON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.

TRADITION has preserved little or nothing in regard to the earliest trading stores of Groton. It is probable, however, that they were kept in dwelling-houses, by the occupants, who sold articles in common use for the convenience of the neighborhood, and at the same time pursued their regular vocations.

Jonas Cutler was keeping a shop on the site of Mr. Gerrish's store, before the Revolution; and the following notice, signed by him, appears in *The Massachusetts Gazette* (Boston), November 28, 1768:—

A THEFT.

Whereas on the 19th or 20th Night of November Instant, the Shop of the Subscriber was broke open in *Groton*, and from thence was stolen a large Sum of Cash, viz. four Half Johannes, two Guineas, Two Half Ditto, One Pistole mill'd, nine Crowns, a Considerable Number of Dollars, with a considerable Quantity of small Silver & Copper, together with one Bever Hat, about fifteen Yards of Holland, eleven Bandannas, blue Ground with white, twelve red ditto with white, Part of a Piece of Silk Romails, 1 Pair black Worsted Hose, 1 strip'd Cap, 8 or 10 black barcelona Handkerchiefs, Part of a Piece of red silver'd Ribband, blue & white do, Part of three Pieces of black Sattin Ribband, Part of three Pieces of black Tafferty ditto, two bundles of Razors, Part of 2 Dozen Penknives, Part of 2 Dozen ditto with Seals, Part of 1 Dozen Snuff Boxes, Part of 3 Dozen Shoe Buckels, Part of several Groce of Buttons, one Piece of gellow [yellow?] Ribband, with sundry Articles not yet known of—Whoever will apprehend the said Thief or Thieves, so that he or they may be brought

to Justice, shall receive TEN DOLLARS Reward and all necessary Charges paid.

JONAS CUTLER.

Groton, Nov. 22, 1763 [8 ?].

✍ If any of the above mentioned Articles are offered to Sail, it is desired they may be stop'd with the Thief, and Notice given to said *Cutler* or to the Printers.

On October 21, 1773, a noted burglar was hanged in Boston for various robberies committed in different parts of the State, and covering a period of some years. The unfortunate man was present at the delivery of a sermon, preached at his own request, on the Sunday before his execution; and to many of the printed copies is appended an account of his life. In it the poor fellow states that he was only twenty-one years old, and that he was born at Groton of a respectable family. He confesses that he broke into Mr. Cutler's shop, and took away "a good piece of broad-cloth, a quantity of silk mitts, and several pieces of silk handkerchiefs." He was hardly seventeen years of age at the time of this burglary. To the present generation it would seem cruel and wicked to hang a misguided youth for offences of this character.

Mr. Cutler died December 19, 1782; and he was succeeded in business by Major Thomas Gardner, who erected the present building known as Gerrish's block, which is soon to be removed. Major Gardner lived in the house now owned by the Waters family.

Near the end of the last century a store, situated a little north of the late

Mr. Dix's house, was kept by James Brazer, which had an extensive trade for twenty miles in different directions. It was here that the late Amos Lawrence served an apprenticeship of seven years, which ended on April 22, 1807; and he often spoke of his success in business as due, in part, to the experience in this store. Late in life he wrote that "the knowledge of every-day affairs which I acquired in my business apprenticeship at Groton has been a source of pleasure and profit even in my last ten years' discipline."

The quantity of New-England rum and other liquors sold at that period would astonish the temperance people of the present day. Social drinking was then a common practice, and each forenoon some stimulating beverage was served up to the customers in order to keep their trade. There were five clerks employed in the establishments; and many years later Mr. Lawrence, in giving advice to a young student in college, wrote:—

"In the first place, take this for your motto at the commencement of your journey, that the difference of going *just right*, or a *little wrong*, will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters, or in a miserable bog or slough, at the end of it. Of the whole number educated in the Groton stores for some years before and after myself, no one else, to my knowledge, escaped the bog or slough; and my escape I trace to the simple fact of my having put a restraint upon my appetite. We five boys were in the habit, every forenoon, of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, &c., with biscuit, — all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks, I found myself admonished by my appetite of the approach of the hour for indulgence.

Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my seniors I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain for a week, and, when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the rest of my apprenticeship, which was for five years longer. During that whole period, I never drank a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers." *

The following advertisement is found in the *Columbian Centinel* (Boston), June 8, 1805:—

James Brazer,

Would inform the public that having dissolved the Copartnership lately subsisting between AARON BROWN, Esq. SAMUEL HALE and the subscriber; he has taken into Copartnership his son WILLIAM F. BRAZER, and the business in future will be transacted under the firm of

JAMES BRAZER & SON;

They will offer for sale, at their store in *Groton*, within six days a complete assortment of English, India, and W. India GOODS, which they will sell for ready pay, at as low a rate as any store in the Country.

JAMES BRAZER.

Groton, May 29, 1805.

"Squire Brazer," as he was generally called, was a man of wealth and position. He was one of the founders of Groton Academy, and his subscription of £15 to the building-fund in the year 1792 was as large as that given by any other person. In the early part of this century he built the house now belonging to the Academy and situated just south of it, where he lived until his death, which occurred on November 10, 1818. His widow, also, took a deep interest in the institution, and at her

* Diary and Correspondence of Amos Lawrence, pages 24, 25.

decease, April 14, 1826, bequeathed to it nearly five thousand dollars.

After Mr. Brazer's death the store was moved across the street, where it still remains, forming the ell of Gerrish's block. The post-office was in the north end of it, during Mr. Butler's term as postmaster. About this time the son, William Farwell Brazer, built a store nearly opposite to the Academy, which he kept during some years. It was made finally into a dwelling-house, and occupied by the late Jeremiah Kilburn, whose family still own it.

James Brazer's house was built on the site of one burnt down during the winter season a year or two previously. There was no fire-engine then in town, and the neighbors had to fight the flames, as best they could, with snow as well as water. At that time Loammi Baldwin, Jr., a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1800, was a law-student in Timothy Bigelow's office. He had a natural taste for mechanics; and he was so impressed with the need of an engine that with his own hands he constructed the first one the town ever had. This identical machine, now known as Torrent, No. 1, is still serviceable after a use of more than eighty years, and will throw a stream of water over the highest roof in the village. It was made in Jonathan Loring's shop, then opposite to Mr. Boynton's blacksmith shop, where the iron work was done. The tub is of copper, and bears the date of 1802. Mr. Baldwin, soon after this time, gave up the profession of law, and became, like his father, a distinguished civil engineer.

The brick store, opposite to the High School, was built about the year 1836, by Henry Woods, for his own place of business, and afterward kept by him and George S. Boutwell, the

style of the firm being Woods and Boutwell. Mr. Woods died on January 12, 1841; and he was succeeded by his surviving partner, who carried on the store for a long time, even while holding the highest executive position in the State. The post-office was in this building during the years 1839 and 1840. For the past twenty-five years it has been occupied by various firms, and now is kept by D. H. Shattuck and Company.

During the last war with England, Eliphalet Wheeler had a store where Miss Betsey Capell, in more modern times, kept a haberdasher's shop. It is situated opposite to the Common, and now used as a dwelling-house. She was the daughter of John Capell, who owned the sawmill and gristmill, which formerly stood near the present site of the Tileston and Hollingsworth paper-mills, on the Great Road, north of the village. Afterward Wheeler and his brother, Abner, took Major Thomas Gardner's store, where he was followed by Park and Woods, Park and Potter, Potter and Gerrish, and lastly by Charles Gerrish, who has kept it for more than thirty years. It is said that this building will soon give way to modern improvements.

Near the beginning of the present century there were three military companies in town; the Artillery company, commanded at one time by Captain James Lewis; the North company by Captain Jonas Gilson; and the South company by Captain Abel Tarbell. Two of these officers were soon promoted in the regimental service: Captain Tarbell to a colonelcy, and Captain Lewis to a majorate. Captain Gilson resigned, and was succeeded by Captain Noah Shattuck. They had their spring and fall training-days, when they

drilled as a battalion on the Common, — there were no trees there, then, — and marched through the village. They formed a very respectable command, and sometimes would be drawn up before Esquire Brazer's store, and at other times before Major Gardner's, to be treated with toddy, which was then considered a harmless drink.

David Child had a store, about the beginning of the century, at the south corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, nearly opposite to the site of the Orthodox meeting-house, though Pleasant Street was not then laid out. It was afterward occupied by Deacon Jonathan Adams, then by Artemas Wood, and lastly by Milo H. Shattuck. This was moved off twelve or fifteen years ago, and a spacious building put up, a few rods north, on the old tavern site across the way, by Mr. Shattuck, who still carries on a large business.

Alpheus Richardson kept a store, about the year 1815, in his dwelling-house, at the south corner of Main and Elm Streets, besides having a bookbindery in the same building. The binder's shop was continued until about 1850. It is said that this house was built originally by Colonel James Prescott, for the use of his son, Abijah, as a store; but it never was so occupied.

Joseph and Phineas Hemenway built a store on the north corner of Main and Elm Streets, about the year 1815, where they carried on a trading business. They were succeeded by one Richardson, then by David Childs; and finally by John Spalter, who had for many years a bookstore and binder's shop in the building, which is now used as a dwelling-house. At the present time Mr. Spalter is living in Keene, New Hampshire.

About the year 1826, General Thomas A. Staples built and kept a store on Main Street, directly north of the Union Church. He was followed successively by Benjamin Franklin Lawrence, Henry Hill, and Walter Shattuck. The building was burned down about ten years ago, and its site is now occupied by Dr. David R. Steere's house.

In the year 1847 a large building was moved from Hollis Street to the corner of Main and Court Streets. It was put up originally as a meeting-house for the Second Adventists, or Millerites as they were called in this neighborhood, after William Miller, one of the founders of the sect; but after it was taken to the new site, it was fitted up in a commodious manner, with shops in the basement and a spacious hall in the second story. The building was known as Liberty Hall, and formed a conspicuous structure in the village. The post-office was kept in it, while Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Andruss were the postmasters. It was used as a shoe shop, a grocery, and a bakery, when, on Sunday, March 31, 1878, it was burned to the ground.

The brick store, owned by the Dix family, was built and kept by Aaron Brown, near the beginning of the century. He was followed by Moses Parker, and after him came — and Merriam, and then Benjamin P. Dix. It is situated at the corner of Main Street and Broad-Meadow Road, and now used as a dwelling-house. A very good engraving of this building is given in *The Groton Herald*, May 8, 1830, which is called by persons who remember it at that time a faithful representation, though it has since undergone some changes.

Near the end of the last century, Major William Swan traded in the

house now occupied by Charles Woolley, Jr., north of the Common near the old burying-ground. It was Major Swan who set out the elm-trees in front of this house, which was the Reverend Dr. Chaplin's dwelling for many years.

Two daughters of Isaac Bowers, a son of Landlord Bowers, had a dry-goods shop in the house owned and occupied by the late Samuel W. Rowe, Esq. About the year 1825, Walter Shattuck opened a store in the building originally intended for the Presbyterian Church, opposite to the present entrance of the Groton Cemetery. There was formerly a store kept by one Mr. Lewis, near the site of Captain Asa Stillman Lawrence's house, north of the Town Hall. There was a trader in town, Thomas Sackville Tufton by name, who died in the year 1778, though I do not know the site of his shop. Captain Samuel Ward, a native of Worcester, and an officer in the French and Indian War, was engaged in business at Groton some time before the Revolution. He removed to Lancaster, where at one time he was town-clerk, and died there on August 14, 1826.

The Groton post-office was established at the very beginning of the present century, and before that time letters intended for this town were sent through private hands. Previous to the Revolution there were only a few post-offices in the Province, and often persons in distant parts of Massachusetts received their correspondence at Boston. In the Supplement to The Boston Gazette, February 9, 1756, letters are advertised as remaining uncalled for, at the Boston office, addressed to William Lakin and Abigail Parker, both of Groton, as well as to Samuel Manning, Townsend, William

Gleany, Dunstable, and Jonathan Lawrence, Littleton. Nearly five months afterward these same letters are advertised in The Boston Weekly News-Letter, July 1, 1756, as still uncalled for. The name of David Farnum, America, appears also in this list, and it is hoped that wherever he was he received the missive. The names of Oliver Lack (probably intended for Lakin) and Ebenezer Parker, both of this town, are given in another list printed in the Gazette of June 28, 1762; and in the same issue one is advertised for Samuel Starling, America. In the Supplement to the Gazette, October 10, 1768, Ebenezer Farnsworth, Jr., and George Peirce, of Groton, had letters advertised; and in the Gazette, October 18, 1773, the names of Amos Farnsworth, Jonas Farnsworth, and William Lawrence, all of this town, appear in the list.

I find no record of a post-rider passing through Groton, during the period immediately preceding the establishment of the post-office; but there was doubtless such a person who used to ride on horseback, equipped with saddle-bags, and delivered at regular intervals the weekly newspapers and letters along the way. In the year 1794, according to the History of New Ipswich, New Hampshire (page 129), a post-rider, by the name of Balch, rode from Boston to Keene one week and back the next. Probably he passed through this town, and served the inhabitants with his favors.

Several years ago I procured, through the kindness of General Charles Devens, at that time a member of President Hayes's cabinet, some statistics of the Groton post-office, which are contained in the following letter:—

Post-Office Department, Appointment Office,
Washington, D. C., September 3, 1877.

Hon. CHARLES DEVENS, Attorney-General, Department
of Justice.

Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from Samuel A. Green, of Boston, Massachusetts, with your endorsement thereon, requesting to be furnished with a list of postmasters at the office of Groton, in that State, from the date of its establishment to the present time.

In reply, I have the honor to inform you, that the fire which consumed the department building, on the night of the fifteenth of December, 1836, destroyed three of the earliest record-books of this office; but by the aid of the auditor's ledger-books, it is ascertained that the office began to render accounts on the first of January, 1801, but the exact day is not known. Samuel Dana was the first postmaster, and the following list furnishes the history of the office, as shown by the old records.

Groton, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Office probably established in November, 1800. Samuel Dana began rendering accounts January 1, 1801. Wm. M. Richardson, October 1, 1804.

From this time the exact dates are known.

Abraham Moore, appointed postmaster January 31, 1812.

Eliphalet Wheeler, August 20, 1815.

James Lewis, September 9, 1815.

Caleb Butler, July 1, 1826.

Henry Woods, January 15, 1839.

George S. Boutwell, January 22, 1841.

Caleb Butler, April 15, 1841.

Welcome Lothrop, December 21, 1846.

Artemas Wood, February 22, 1849.

George H. Brown, May 4, 1849.

Theodore Andruss, April 11, 1853.

George W. Fiske, April 22, 1861.

Henry Woodcock, February 13, 1867.

Miss Hattie E. Farnsworth, June 11, 1869,
who is the present incumbent.

Each postmaster held the office up to the appointment of his successor, but it is probable that Mr. Boutwell and Mr. A. Wood, although regularly appointed, did

not accept, judging by the dates of the next postmasters.

As to the "income" of the office, to which allusion is made, it is very difficult to obtain any of the amounts; but the first year and the last year are herewith appended, as follows:—

(1801)	Fiscal Year	(1876)
First quarter, \$1.91		First quarter, \$314.15
Second „ 2.13		Second „ 296.94
Third „ 2.93		Third „ 305.71
Fourth „ 5.29		Fourth „ 294.28
For the year, \$12.26		For the y'r, \$1,211.08

Trusting the foregoing, which is believed to be correct, will be acceptable to you, I am, sir, respectfully,

Your ob't serv't,

JAMES H. MARR,

Acting First Ass't P.M. General.

It will be seen that the net income of the office, during the first seventy-five years of its existence, increased one hundred fold.

West Groton is a small settlement that has sprung up in the western part of the town, dating back in its history to the last century. It is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Squannacook River, and in my boyhood was known as Squannacook, a much better name than the present one. It is to be regretted that so many of the old Indian words, which smack of the region, should have been crowded out of our local nomenclature. There is a small water-power here, and formerly a sawmill, gristmill, and a paper-mill were in operation; but these have now given way to a factory, where leather-board is made. The Peterborough and Shirley branch of the Fitchburg Railroad passes through the place, and some local business is transacted in the neighborhood. As a matter of course, a post-office was needed in the village, and one was established on March 19,

1850. The first person to fill the office was Adams Archibald, a native of Truro, Nova Scotia, who kept it in the railway-station.

The following is a list of the postmasters, with the dates of their appointment :—

Adams Archibald, March 19, 1850.
Edmund Blood, May 25, 1868.
Charles H. Hill, July 31, 1871.
George H. Bixby, June, 1878.

During the postmastership of Mr. Blood, and since that time, the office has been kept at the only store in the place.

A post-office was established at South Groton, on June 1, 1849, and the first postmaster was Andrew B. Gardner. The village was widely known as Groton Junction, and resulted from the intersection of several railroads. Here six passenger-trains coming from different points were due in the same station at the same time, and they all were supposed to leave as punctually.

The trains on the Fitchburg Railroad, arriving from each direction, and likewise the trains on the Worcester and Nashua Road from the north and the south, passed each other at this place. There was also a train from Lowell, on the Stony Brook Railroad, and another on the Peterborough and Shirley branch, coming at that time from West Townsend.

A busy settlement grew up, which was incorporated as a distinct town under the name of Ayer, on February 14, 1871.

The following is a list of the postmasters, with the dates of their appointment :—

Andrew B. Gardner, June 1, 1849.
Harvey A. Wood, August 11, 1853.
George H. Brown, December 30, 1861.

William H. Harlow, December 5, 1862.
George H. Brown, January 15, 1863.
William H. Harlow, July 18, 1865.

The name of the post-office was changed by the department at Washington, from South Groton to Groton Junction, on March 1, 1862; and subsequently this was changed to Ayer, on March 22, 1871, soon after the incorporation of the town, during the postmastership of Mr. Harlow.

The letter of the acting first assistant postmaster-general, printed above, supplements the account in Butler's History of Groton (pages 249-251). According to Mr. Butler's statement, the post-office was established on September 29, 1800, and the Honorable Samuel Dana was appointed the first postmaster. No mail, however, was delivered at the office until the last week in November. For a while it came to Groton by the way of Leominster, certainly a very indirect route. This fact appears from a letter written to Judge Dana, by the Postmaster-General, under date of December 18, 1800, apparently in answer to a request to have the mail brought directly from Boston. In this communication the writer says :—

It appears to me, that the arrangement which has been made for carrying the mail to Groton is sufficient for the accommodation of the inhabitants, as it gives them the opportunity of receiving their letters regularly, and with despatch, once a week. The route from Boston, by Leominster, to Groton is only twenty miles farther than by the direct route, and the delay of half a day, which is occasioned thereby, is not of much consequence to the inhabitants of Groton. If it should prove that Groton produces as much postage as Lancaster and Leominster, the new contract for carrying the mail, which is to be in operation on the first of October next, will be made by

Concord and Groton to Walpole, and a branch from Concord to Marlborough.

I am, respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,
JOS. HABERSHAM.

The amount of postage received from the office, after deducting the necessary expenses, including the postmaster's salary, was, for the first year after its establishment, about twelve dollars, or three dollars for three months. In the year 1802 it was thirty-six dollars, or nine dollars for three months, a large proportional increase. At this time the mail came once a week only, and was brought by the stage-coach.

Samuel Dana, the first postmaster, was a prominent lawyer at the time of his appointment. He was the son of the Reverend Samuel Dana, of Groton, and born in this town, June 26, 1767. He occupied a high position in the community, and exerted a wide influence in the neighborhood. At a later period he was president of the Massachusetts Senate, a member of Congress, and finally chief-justice of the circuit court of common pleas. He died at Charlestown, on November 20, 1835.

Judge Dana kept the post-office in his own office, which was in the same building as that of the Honorable Timothy Bigelow, another noted lawyer. These eminent men were on opposite sides of the same entry; and they were generally on opposite sides of all important cases in the northern part of Middlesex County. The building stood on the site of Governor Boutwell's house, and is still remembered as the medical office of the venerable Dr. Amos Bancroft. It was afterward moved away, and now stands near the railway-station, where it is occupied as a dwelling-house. Judge Dana held

the office during four years, and he was succeeded by William M. Richardson, Esq., afterward the chief-justice of the superior court of New Hampshire. Mr. Richardson was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1797, and at the time of his appointment as postmaster had recently finished his professional studies in Groton, under the guidance of Judge Dana. After his admission to the bar, Mr. Richardson entered into partnership with his former instructor, succeeding him as postmaster in July, 1804; and the office was still kept in the same building. During Judge Richardson's term, the net revenue to the department rose from nine dollars to about twenty-eight dollars for three months. He held the position nearly eight years, and was followed by Abraham Moore, who was commissioned on January 31, 1812.

Mr. Moore was a native of Bolton, Massachusetts, where he was born on January 5, 1785. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1806, and studied law at Groton with the Honorable Timothy Bigelow, and after his admission to the bar settled here as a lawyer. His office was on the site of the north end of Gerrish's block, and it was here that the post-office was kept. During his administration the average income from the office was about thirty-three dollars, for the quarter. In the summer of 1815, Mr. Moore resigned the position and removed to Boston.

Eliphalet Wheeler, who kept the store now occupied by Mr. Gerrish, was appointed in Mr. Moore's stead, and the post-office was transferred to his place of business. He, however, was not commissioned, owing, it is thought, to his political views; and Major James Lewis, who was sound in his politics, received the appointment in his stead.

Major Lewis, retained Mr. Wheeler for a short time as his assistant, and during this period the duties were performed by him in his own store. Shortly afterward Caleb Butler, Esq., was appointed the assistant, and he continued to hold the position for eight years. During this time the business was carried on in Mr. Butler's law office, and the revenue to the government reached the sum of fifty dollars a quarter. His office was then in a small building, — just south of Mr. Hoar's tavern, — which was moved away about the year 1820, and taken to the lot where Colonel Needham's house now stands, at the corner of Main and Hollis Streets. It was fitted up as a dwelling, and subsequently moved away again. At this time the old store of Mr. Brazier, who had previously died, was brought from over the way, and occupied by Mr. Butler, on the site of his former office.

On July 1, 1826, Mr. Butler, who had been Major Lewis's assistant for many years, and performed most of the duties of the office, was commissioned postmaster.

Mr. Butler was a native of Pelham, New Hampshire, where he was born on September 13, 1776, and a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1800. He had been the preceptor of Groton Academy for some years, and was widely known as a critical scholar. He had previously studied law with the Honorable Luther Lawrence, of Groton, though his subsequent practice was more in drawing up papers and settling estates than in attendance at courts. His name is now identified with the town as its historian. During his term of office as postmaster, the revenue rose from fifty dollars to one hundred and ten dollars a quarter. He

held the position nearly thirteen years, to the entire satisfaction of the public; but for political heresy was removed on January 15, 1839, when Henry Woods was commissioned as his successor.

Mr. Woods held the office until his death, which occurred on January 12, 1841; and he was followed by the Honorable George S. Boutwell, since the Governor of the Commonwealth and a member of the United States Senate. During the administration of Mr. Woods and Mr. Boutwell, the office was kept in the brick store, opposite to the present High School.

Upon the change in the administration of the National Government, Mr. Butler was reinstated in office, and commissioned on April 15, 1841. He continued to hold the position until December 21, 1846, when he was again removed, for political reasons. Mr. Butler was a most obliging man, and his removal was received by the public with general regret. During his two terms he filled the office for more than eighteen years, a longer period than has fallen to the lot of any other postmaster of the town. Near the end of his service a material change was made in the rate of postage on letters; and in his History (page 251) he thus comments on it: —

The experiment of a cheap rate was put upon trial. From May 14, 1841, to December 31, 1844, the net revenue averaged one hundred and twenty-four dollars and seventy-one cents per quarter. Under the new law, for the first year and a half, the revenue has been one hundred and four dollars and seventy-seven cents per quarter. Had the former rates remained, the natural increase of business should have raised it to one hundred and fifty dollars per quarter. The department, which for some years before had fallen short of supporting itself, now became a heavy charge upon the

treasury. Whether the present rates will eventually raise a sufficient revenue to meet the expenditures, remains to be seen. The greatest difficulty to be overcome is evasion of the post-office laws and fraud upon the department.

Like many other persons of that period, Mr. Butler did not appreciate the fact that the best way to prevent evasions of the law is to reduce the rates of postage so low that it will not pay to run the risk of fraud.

Captain Welcome Lothrop succeeded Mr. Butler as postmaster, and during his administration the office was kept in Liberty Hall. Captain Lothrop was a native of Easton, Massachusetts, and a land-surveyor of some repute in this neighborhood. Artemas Wood followed him by appointment on February 22, 1849; but he never entered upon the duties of his office. He was succeeded by George H. Brown, who had published *The Spirit of the Times* — a political newspaper — during the presidential canvass of 1848, and in this way had become somewhat prominent as a local politician. Mr. Brown was appointed on May 4, 1849; and during his term the office was kept in an ell of his dwelling-house, which was situated nearly opposite to the Orthodox meeting-house. He was afterward the postmaster of Ayer. Mr. Brown was followed by Theodore Andruss, a native of Orford, New Hampshire, who was commissioned on April 11, 1853. Mr. Andruss brought the office back to Liberty Hall, and continued to be the incumbent until April 22, 1861, when he was succeeded by George W. Fiske. On February 13, 1867, Henry Woodcock was appointed to the position, and the office was then removed to the Town Hall, where most excellent accommodations were given to the public.

He was followed on June 11, 1869, by Miss Harriet E. Farnsworth, now Mrs. Marion Putnam; and she in turn was succeeded on July 2, 1880, by Mrs. Christina D. (Caryl) Fosdick, the widow of Samuel Woodbury Fosdick, and the present incumbent.

The office is still kept in the Town Hall, and there is no reason to think that it will be removed from the spacious and commodious quarters it now occupies, for a long time to come. Few towns in the Commonwealth can present such an array of distinguished men among their postmasters as those of Groton, including, as it does, the names of Judge Dana, Judge Richardson, Mr. Butler, and Governor Boutwell.

By the new postal law which went into operation on the first of last October, the postage is now two cents to any part of the United States, on all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight. This rate certainly seems cheap enough, but in time the public will demand the same service for a cent. Less than forty years ago the charge was five cents for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles, and ten cents for any greater distance. This was the rate established by the law which took effect on July 1, 1845; and it was not changed until July, 1851, when it was reduced to three cents on single letters, prepaid, or five cents, if not prepaid, for all distances under three thousand miles. By the law which went into operation on June 30, 1863, prepayment by stamps was made compulsory, the rate remaining at three cents; though a special clause was inserted, by which the letters of soldiers or sailors, then fighting for the Union in the army or navy, might go without prepayment.

BEACON HILL BEFORE THE HOUSES.

BY DAVID M. BALFOUR.

THE visitor to the dome of the Capitol of the State, as he looks out from its lantern and beholds spread immediately beneath his feet a semi-circular space, whose radius does not exceed a quarter of a mile, covered with upward of two thousand dwelling-houses, churches, hotels, and other public edifices, does not in all probability ask himself the question: "*What did this place look like before there was any house here?*" When Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington visited Boston in 1756, on business connected with the French war, and lodged at the Cromwell's Head Tavern, a building which is still standing on the north side of School Street, upon the site of No. 13, where Mrs. Harrington now deals out coffee and "mince"-pie to her customers, Beacon Hill was a collection of pastures, owned by thirteen proprietors, in lots containing from a half to twenty acres each. The southwesterly slope of the prominence is designated upon the old maps as "Copley Hill."

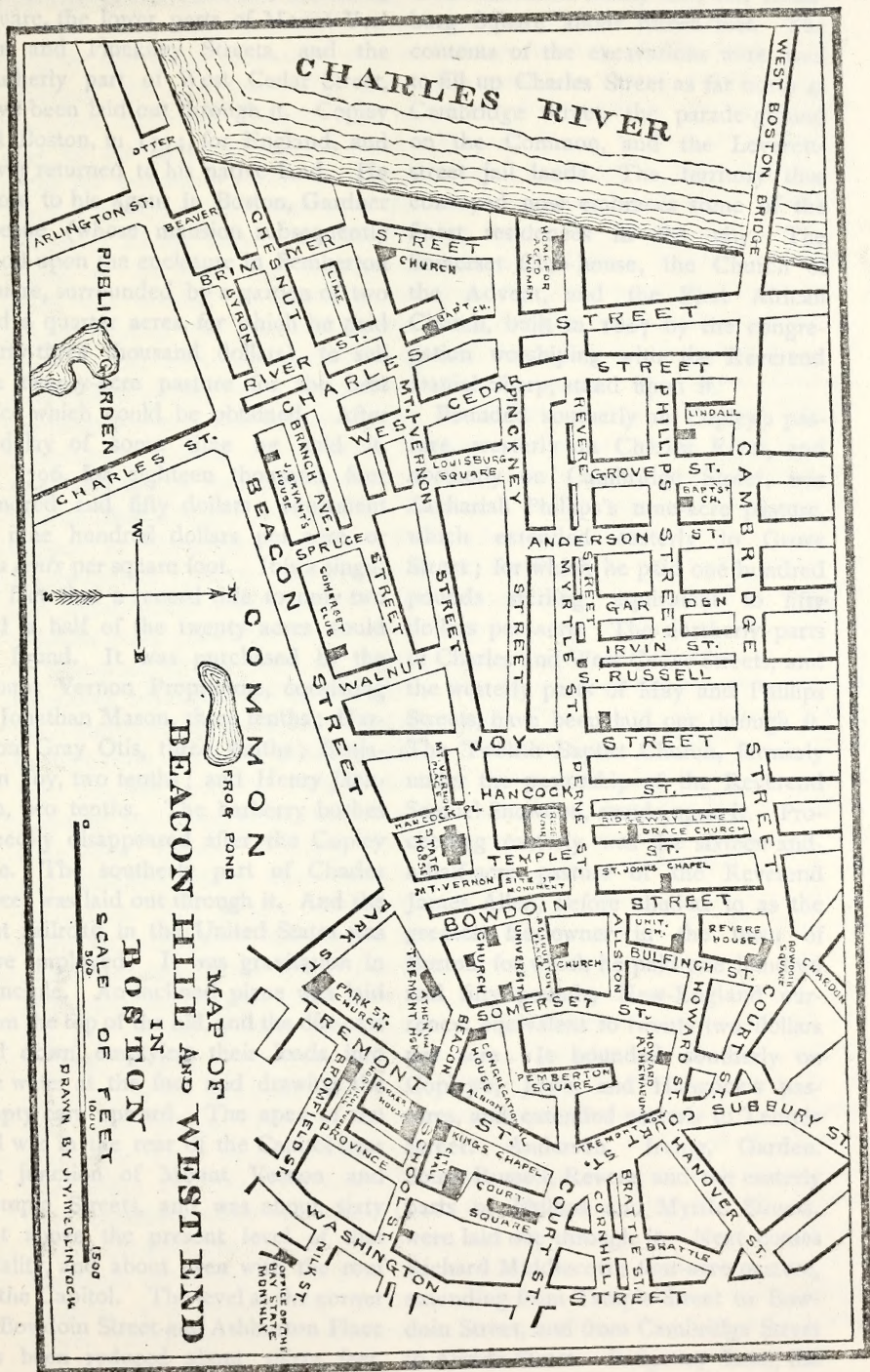
We will now endeavor to describe the appearance of the hill, at the commencement of the American Revolution, with the beacon on its top, from which it took its name, consisting of a tall mast sixty feet in height, erected in 1635, with an iron crane projecting

from its side, supporting an iron pot. The mast was placed on cross-timbers, with a stone foundation, supported by braces, and provided with cross-sticks serving as a ladder for ascending to the crane. It remained until 1776, when it was destroyed by the British; but was replaced in 1790 by a monument, inclosed in a space six rods square, where it remained until 1811. It was surmounted by an eagle, which now surmounts the speaker's desk in the hall of the House of Representatives, and had tablets upon its four sides with inscriptions commemorative of Revolutionary events. It stood nearly opposite the southeast corner of the reservoir lot, upon the site of No. 82 Temple Street, and its foundation was sixty feet higher up in the air than the present level of that street. The lot was sold, in 1811, for the miserable pittance of *eighty cents* per square foot!

Starting upon our pedestrian tour from the corner of Tremont and Beacon Streets, where now stands the Albion, was an acre lot owned by the heirs of James Penn, a selectman of the town, and a ruling elder in the First Church, which stood in State Street upon the site of Brazer's Building. The parsonage stood opposite,

upon the site of the Merchants Bank Building, and extended with its garden to Dock Square, the water flowing up nearly to the base of the Samuel Adams statue. Next comes a half-acre lot owned by Samuel Eliot, grandfather of President Eliot of Harvard University. Then follows a second half-acre lot owned by the heirs of the Reverend James Allen, fifth minister of the First Church, who, in his day, as will be shown in the sequel, owned a larger portion of the surface of Boston than any other man, being owner of thirty-seven of the seven hundred acres which inclosed the territory of the town. His name is perpetuated in the street of that name bounding the Massachusetts General Hospital grounds. Somerser Street was laid out through it. The Congregational House, Jacob Sleeper Hall, and Boston University Building, which occupies the former site of the First Baptist Church, under the pastorate of the Reverend Rollin H. Neale, stand upon it. Next comes Governor James Bowdoin's two-acre pasture, extending from the last-named street to Mount Vernon Street, and northerly to Allston Street; the upper part of Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place were laid out through it; the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, formerly Freeman-place Chapel, built by the Second Church, under the pastoral care of the Reverend Chandler Robbins, and afterwards occupied by the First Presbyterian Church, the Church of the Disciples, the Brattle-square Church, the Old South Church, and the First Reformed Episcopal Church; so that the entire theological gamut has resounded from its walls; the Swedenborgian Church, over which the Reverend Thomas Worcester presided for a long series of years, also

stands upon it. Having reached the summit of the hill, we come abreast of the five-and-a-half-acre pasture of Governor John Hancock, the first signer of the immortal Declaration of American Independence, extending from Mount Vernon Street to Joy Street, and northerly to Derne Street, embracing the Capitol lot, and also the reservoir lot, for which last two he paid, in 1752, the modest sum of eleven hundred dollars! It is now worth a thousand times as much. For the remainder of his possessions in that vicinity he paid nine hundred dollars more. The upper part of Mount Vernon Street, the upper part of Hancock Street, and Derne Street, were laid out through it. Then, descending the hill, comes Benjamin Joy's two-acre pasture, extending from Joy Street to Walnut Street, and extending northerly to Pinckney Street; forty-seven dwelling-houses now standing upon it. Mr. Joy paid two thousand dollars for it. At the time of its purchase he was desirous of getting a house in the country, as being more healthy than a town-residence, and he selected this locality as "being country enough for him." The upper part of Joy Street was laid out through it. Now follows the valuable twenty-acre pasture of John Singleton Copley, the eminent historical painter, one of whose productions (Charles the First demanding in the House of Commons the arrest of the five impeached members) is now in the art-room of the Public Library. It extended for a third of a mile on Beacon Street, from Walnut Street to Beaver Street, and northerly to Pinckney Street, which he purchased in lots at prices ranging from fifty to seventy dollars per acre. Walnut, Spruce, a part of Charles, River, Brimmer, Branch Avenue, Byron Avenue,



Lime, and Chestnut Streets, Louisburg Square, the lower parts of Mount Vernon and Pinckney Streets, and the southerly part of West Cedar Street, have been laid out through it. Copley left Boston, in 1774, for England, and never returned to his native land. He wrote to his agent in Boston, Gardner Greene (whose mansion subsequently stood upon the enclosure in Pemberton Square, surrounded by a garden of two and a quarter acres, for which he paid thirty-three thousand dollars), to sell the twenty-acre pasture for the best price which could be obtained. After a delay of some time he sold it, in 1796, for eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty dollars; equivalent to nine hundred dollars per acre, or *two cents* per square foot. It is a singular fact that a record title to only two and a half of the twenty acres could be found. It was purchased by the Mount Vernon Proprietors, consisting of Jonathan Mason, three tenths; Harrison Gray Otis, three tenths; Benjamin Joy, two tenths; and Henry Jackson, two tenths. The barberry bushes speedily disappeared after the Copley sale. The southerly part of Charles Street was laid out through it. And the first railroad in the United States was here employed. It was gravitation in principle. An inclined plane was laid from the top of the hill, and the dirt-cars slid down, emptying their loads into the water at the foot and drawing the empty cars upward. The apex of the hill was in the rear of the Capitol near the junction of Mount Vernon and Temple Streets, and was about sixty feet above the present level of that locality, and about even with the roof of the Capitol. The level at the corner of Bowdoin Street and Ashburton Place has been reduced about thirty feet, and at the northeast corner of the res-

ervoir lot about twenty feet, and Louisburg Square about fifteen feet. The contents of the excavations were used to fill up Charles Street as far north as Cambridge Street, the parade-ground on the Common, and the Leverett-street jail lands. The territory thus conveyed now embraces some of the finest residences in the city. The Somerset Club-house, the Church of the Advent, and the First African Church, built in 1807 by the congregation worshipping with the Reverend Daniel Sharp, stand upon it.

Bounded southerly on Copley's pasture, westerly on Charles River, and northerly on Cambridge Street, was Zachariah Phillips's nine-acre pasture, which extended easterly to Grove Street; for which he paid one hundred pounds sterling, equivalent to fifty dollars per acre. The northerly parts of Charles and West Cedar Streets, and the westerly parts of May and Phillips Streets, have been laid out through it. The Twelfth Baptist Church, formerly under the pastorage of the Reverend Samuel Snowdon, stands upon it. Proceeding easterly was the sixteen-and-a-half-acre pasture of the Reverend James Allen, before alluded to as the greatest landowner in the town of Boston, for which he paid one hundred and fifty pounds, New-England currency, equivalent to twenty-two dollars per acre. It bounded southerly on Copley's, Joy's, and Hancock's pastures, and extended easterly to Temple Street. Anderson, Irving, Garden, South Russell, Revere, and the easterly parts of Phillips and Myrtle Streets, were laid out through it. Next comes Richard Middlecott's four-acre pasture, extending from Temple Street to Bowdoin Street, and from Cambridge Street to Allston Street. Ridgeway Lane, the lower parts of Hancock, Temple, and

Bowdoin Streets, were laid out through it. The Independent Baptist Church, formerly under the pastorate of the Reverend Thomas Paul; the First Methodist Episcopal Church, built in 1835 by the parish of Grace Church, under the rectorship of the Reverend Thomas M. Clark, now bishop of the diocese of Rhode Island; the Mission Chapel of St. John the Evangelist, which was erected in 1830 by the congregation of the Reverend Lyman Beecher, just after the destruction of their edifice by fire, which stood at the southeast corner of Hanover and (new) Washington Streets, stand upon it. Next comes the four-acre pasture of Charles Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol at Washington, also of the Massachusetts Capitol, Faneuil Hall, and other public buildings, and for fourteen years chairman of the board of selectmen of the town of Boston, extending from Bowdoin Street to Bulfinch Street, and from Bowdoin Square to Ashburton Place, for which he paid two hundred pounds, New-England currency, equivalent to six hundred and sixty-seven dollars. Bulfinch Street and Bulfinch Place were laid out through it. The Revere House, formerly the mansion of Kirk Boott, one of the founders of the city of Lowell; Bulfinch-place Church, which occupies the site of the Central Universalist Church, erected in 1822 by the congregation of the Reverend Paul Dean; and also Mount Vernon Church, erected in 1842 by the congregation over which the Reverend Edward N. Kirk presided, stand upon it. Then follows the two-acre pasture of Cyprian Southack, extending to Tremont Row easterly, and westerly to Somerset Street. Stoddard Street and Howard Street were laid out through it. The Howard Athenæum, formerly the site of Father Miller's Tabernacle, stands upon it. Then follows the one-and-a-half-acre pasture of the heirs of the Reverend John Cotton, second minister of the First Church, extending from Howard Street to Pemberton Square, which constitutes a large portion of that enclosure. And lastly, proceeding southerly, comes the four-acre pasture of William Phillips, extending from the southeasterly corner of Pemberton Square to the point of beginning, and enclosing the largest portion of that enclosure. The Hotel Pavilion, the Suffolk Savings Bank, and Houghton and Dutton's stores, stand upon it.

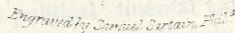
Less than a century ago Charles River flowed at high tide from the southeast corner of Cambridge Street and Anderson Street across intervening streets to Beacon Street, up which it flowed one hundred and forty-three feet easterly across Charles Street to No. 61. When Mr. John Bryant dug the cellar for that building he came to the natural beach, with its rounded pebbles, at the depth of three or four feet below the surface. It also flowed over the Public Garden, across the southern portion of the parade-ground, to the foot of the hill, upon which stands the Soldiers' Monument. A son of H. G. Otis was drowned, about seventy years ago, in a quagmire which existed at that spot. It also flowed across the westerly portion of Boylston Street and Tremont Street, and Shawmut Avenue, to the corner of Washington Street and Groton Street, where stood the fortifications during the American Revolution, across the Neck, which was only two hundred and fifty feet in width at that point, and thence to the boundary of Roxbury. A beach existed where now is Charles Street, and the lower part of Cambridge Street, on both sides, was a marsh.

Less than a century ago, land on

Beacon Hill was as cheap as public documents. Ministers are enjoined not to be worldly minded, and not to be given to filthy lucre. But the Reverend James Allen would furnish an excellent pattern for a modern real-estate speculator. In addition to his pasture on the south side of Cambridge Street, he had also a twenty-acre pasture on the north side of that street, between Chambers Street and Charles River, extending to Poplar Street, for which he paid one hundred and forty pounds, New-England currency, equivalent to four hundred and sixty-seven dollars, equal to twenty-three dollars per acre. He was thus the proprietor of all the territory from Pinckney Street to Poplar Street, between Joy Street and Chambers Street on the east, and Grove Street and Charles River on the west; for which he paid the magnificent sum of nine hundred and sixty-seven dollars! It was called "Allen's Farm." The Capitol lot, containing ninety-five thousand square feet, was bought by the town of Boston of John Hancock (who, though a devoted patriot to the American cause, yet in all his business transactions had an eye to profit), for the sum of thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars; only *twenty* times as much as he gave for it! The town afterward conveyed it to the Commonwealth for five shillings, upon condition that it should be used for a Capitol. In 1846, the city of Boston paid one hundred and forty-five thousand one hundred and seven dollars for the reservoir lot containing thirty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-eight square feet. In 1633, the town granted to William Blackstone fifty acres of land wherever he might select. He accordingly selected upon the south-westerly slope of Beacon Hill, which included the Common. Being after-

ward compelled by the town to fence in his vacant land, he conveyed back to the town, for thirty pounds, all but the six-acre lot at the corner of Beacon and Spruce Streets, and extending westerly to Charles River, and northerly to Pinckney Street, where he lived until 1635, when he removed to Rhode Island, and founded the town which bears his name.

It will thus be perceived that the portion of Beacon Hill, included between Beacon Street, Beaver Street, Cambridge Street, Bowdoin Square, Court Street, Tremont Row, and Tremont Street, containing about seventy-three acres, was sold, less than a century ago, at prices ranging from twenty-two to nine hundred dollars per acre, aggregating less than thirty thousand dollars. It now comprises the ninth ward of the city of Boston, and contains within its limits a real estate valuation of sixteen millions of dollars. Its name and fame are associated with important events and men prominent in American annals. Upon its slopes have dwelt Josiah Quincy, of ante-Revolutionary fame, and his son and namesake of civic fame; and also his grandson and namesake, and Edmund, equally distinguished; Lemuel Shaw, Robert G. Shaw, Daniel Webster, Abbott Lawrence, Samuel, Nathan, and William Appleton, Samuel T. Armstrong, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, J. Lothrop Motley, William H. Prescott, Charles Sumner, John A. Andrew, John C. Warren, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Lyman Beecher, William E. Channing, and Hosea Ballou. Lafayette made it his temporary home in 1824, and Kossuth in 1852. During the present century, the laws of Massachusetts have been enacted upon and promulgated from its summit, and will probably continue so to be for ages to come.



Joseph Wentworth

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COLONEL JOSEPH WENTWORTH.

BY JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A. M.

The Prohibition party of the State of New Hampshire in convention assembled, in July, 1886, duly chose as their candidate for governor of the commonwealth Colonel Joseph Wentworth, of Concord.

The Prohibition party, like the anti-slavery party of *ante bellum* days, is composed of men who are banded together to enforce a great moral reform, the suppression of the liquor traffic. They see on every hand the evil of intemperance, the curse of rum, more baneful and fatal than slavery. The rank and file of the party have been recruited from both of the great political organizations, from among men of all creeds; and they are determined to persevere in a course they think to be right until they are finally successful in enforcing their ideas.

Col. Joseph Wentworth was born in Sandwich, N. H., January 30, 1818. His parents, Paul and Lydia C. Wentworth, were both descendants of Ezekiel, son of Elder William Wentworth. His maternal grandfather, Col. Amos Cogswell, served through the entire war of the Revolution. He represented Dover in the New Hampshire House

of Representatives from 1807 to 1810, in 1812, 1814 and 1815, was in the State Senate in 1818, 1819 and 1820, and was one of the Presidential electors in 1816. He died in Dover January 28, 1826. Abigail Cogswell, his wife, died February 14, 1828. Their daughter, Lydia C., above named, was born in Dover, May 30, 1793, and died in Concord, N. H., August 24, 1872.

His paternal great grandfather, Judge John Wentworth, presided at the Revolutionary Convention in New Hampshire. His grandfather, John Wentworth, Jr., was a member of the Continental Congress.

His father, Paul Wentworth, was born in Dover, N. H., April 22, 1782; was married March 30, 1814. He was a successful merchant for several years at Dover, but soon after his marriage he removed to Sandwich, N. H., where he had eight children born, four of whom now survive, to wit: Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, Joseph, aforementioned, Samuel H. Wentworth, attorney-at-law in Boston, and Mrs. Mary F. (Wentworth) Porter, of Boston.

He was representative in the Legislature from Sandwich in 1831, 1832,

1833, 1834, 1839, 1840, and 1841. In 1844 he removed to Concord, N. H., and died August 31, 1855.

Col. Joseph Wentworth, the subject of this sketch, is a descendant of noble ancestry. No better blood courses through the veins of any man in the Granite State. He took his first lessons in life among the hardy sons of that mountainous region. He was educated at the Academy at New Hampton in 1835, at Hopkinton in 1836, and South Berwick in 1837. He was a successful merchant thirty years in his native town, not only conducting a general country store and a large farm, but dealing largely in cattle and horses. He was town clerk, selectman, and representative to the Legislature in 1844 and 1845, delegate from Sandwich in 1850 to the convention called to revise the Constitution of the State, and from Concord to the Constitutional Convention in 1876. He was aid to Gov. John Page, with the rank of colonel, and was quartermaster several years in the New Hampshire Horse Guards. He was register of deeds for Carroll county two years, high sheriff for same county five years, and for fifteen years was postmaster. He was also for many years President and chief owner of Carroll County National Bank.

In 1870 he gave the old homestead to his son Paul and removed to Concord, where he bought the residence of the late President Pierce, on Main Street, and other property adjoining amounting to some \$26,000, and went into mercantile business for a while, after that into banking. He was elected two years as assessor of taxes, and was representative to the State Legislature in 1878. He married, May 7, 1845, Sarah Payson Jones, of Brookline, Mass. They had born in Sandwich six children,

two sons and four daughters, all of whom survive. The two sons, Paul and Moses, were three years at the Academy at Andover, Mass., entered Harvard College the same day, graduated the same day in 1868, just one hundred years after the graduation of their great grandfather from the same college; and from their high rank in their class both were assigned a part on graduation day, the records of the college showing no other such case of two brothers. The daughters are Sarah C., wife of W. F. Thayer, of Concord, Lydia C., wife of George S. Hoyt, of Sandwich, Susan J. wife of Charles W. Woodward, of Concord, and Dolly F. Wentworth, who resides with her parents.

He was nominated in July, 1886, as a candidate for governor of the State by the prohibition party, and is drawing many voters to the ranks by the moral and religious sentiment he inculcates in his lectures as he canvasses the State. He is a good speaker, of commanding personal appearance, being six feet three inches in height, and of unblemished character. He is a man of brains, pluck, and of great activity. He has by industry and sobriety (never having used tobacco or intoxicating drinks in any form) accumulated a plenty of this world's goods, generously disposing of portions of it to his children and to benevolent objects, as they have from time to time favorably come to his notice. He possesses executive abilities of the highest order and excellent judgment. His opinions upon important matters both private and public are frequently sought for. Weighing, as he does, every question in his own even scales of justice, he usually arrives at a correct verdict.

And last and best of all he is a strong believer in the verities of the Bible,

having those truths early instilled into his youthful mind by the pious teachings of a beloved father and mother, and is at present a constant attendant of Rev. Dr. Crane's church of his adopted city. On the sacred teachings of the holy scriptures he, when a young man, founded his faith, and on that faith he is perfectly willing to rest his

eternal future. If the Prohibition party is successful in the contest with its two opponents and elects Col. Wentworth for the next governor of New Hampshire, the citizens of the State will have a governor in whom they will take pride. He will honor the office and do his whole duty.

While the outside world are being slowly enlightened as to the advantages to be secured by using "The Concord Harness," the Standard Harness of America, manufactured only by the old and reliable firm of James R. Hill & Co., of Concord, New Hampshire, the people of our own State should fully

appreciate the advantages of having in the most central location in the commonwealth a firm which caters so directly to the welfare and peace of mind of the travelling public as to furnish a harness that can be depended upon implicitly under any and all circumstances.

Constant Reader. Of course it is so. We try to have only the best stores represented in our advertisements, and when E. W. Willard & Co. say they have the best line of garments in New

Hampshire, you would do well to call at their store and see if it is not just as they say. Read their advertisement in this number.

BOOK NOTICE.

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS: A Story. By Edward Fuller.

WHY Mr. Fuller should have taken the pains to style his book a "story," we surely have not the least idea. No one would be likely to mistake it for an epic, a drama, or a philosophical treatise. We do not understand Mr. Fuller's object. Possibly he objects to the word "novel," or "romance," and uses "story" in preference as a milder or humbler term. It is certainly mild enough, — the story, we mean. Dish-water couldn't well be weaker. One needs a bottle of ammonia while reading it, to keep awake. It is a combination of Sue and Professor Ingraham (not the author of the "Prince of the House of David," but his son), much diluted. It has the insipidity of Ingraham and the tiresome narration of Sue. Is it, indeed, a "story"? In our opinion, "Fellow-Travellers" bears the same relation to a story, which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colors in the Turkey carpet of which a picture might be made. So are there words in Mr. Fuller's book, which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, would make an excellent story; but, as they now stand, they make only a vague, wearisome, rambling composition, — a rhapsody, without plot, character, painting, strong situations, or graphic description of any sort. He should have written a "strange story," or "an uncommon story:" that would have expressed something.

We really did our best to read the "story," but the dulness on every page exacted a vast expenditure of nervous energy before we finished it. The characters are ordinary, commonplace people. We do not believe there are half as many inane, wearisome people in all Salem (the *locale* of the story) as are in this book. Miss Mira Damon has the most flesh and blood; but she evidently is not the author's favorite, for he makes the hero, Winslow Carver, marry Grace Winthrop. There is a breath of the Puritans in the names; but the

breath is very faint, and the maidens are no more Puritans than they are any thing else.

The dialogue is uniformly tame and uninteresting. Very little is said to forward the movement of the "story." The following is a very good illustration of Mr. Fuller's style: —

"I wish people made less talk over us young people," the girl continued. 'They always fasten one to — to the wrong one.'

"Oh!"

"I think he liked Grace Winthrop very much." Mrs. Elsmore pursed up her lips. She would feel bitterly toward Grace, in case Winslow never married Fanny.

"Oh, she is not at all the girl for him! She is too young, and not at all his style."

Other portions remind us of the dialogue in a "New-York Weekly" detective story. The following is a sample: —

"Whew," whistled Jonder. 'So you know Ike Damon?'

"I didn't say I knew him.'

"Wal, I do.'

"I ran across him in New York. He has lived there several years, you know.'

"How do New York folks take to him?'

"How do Posett folks take to him?'" retorted Murse with a sinister grin."

Does this not read as if taken right out of the columns of "Steve's Pard; or, the One-handed Detective of Five Points"?

And so we go on over three hundred, or, to be exact, three hundred and forty-one pages, until Mr. Fuller tells us that we are fellow-travellers no longer, with a seeming tone of regret that few will appreciate. To us it was a most pleasing declaration; and if, we are ever again "fellow-travellers" with Mr. Fuller, we trust that the skies will be fairer, and the summer woods more green than ever.

F. M. C.



COLONEL ALBERT A. POPE.

BY JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK.

In the minds of Americans the name of Colonel Albert A. Pope is inseparably connected with the introduction and manufacture in this country of bicycles and tricycles. Outside of a large circle of personal friends, however, his career, already crowned with brilliant success, his manly attributes and his splendid character are unknown. He won his rank on the field of battle; he is one of the heroes of the Union army; facts entitling him to honor and recognition aside from his remarkable business prosperity. Energy, sagacity, executive ability and tenacity are among his personal characteristics, contributing to his good fortune. Good sense, and not good luck, has been the cause of his victory in the strife for fame and riches.

Albert A. Pope was born in Boston May 20, 1843. He sprang from good stock. His father, Charles Pope, of Boston, still vigorous at the age of seventy-two years, has been an active and stirring business man. His grandfather, Frederick Pope, Jr., of Dorchester, was one of the most enterprising merchants and builders of that town at the opening of this century, and had the sagacity

to open a branch of his lumber business in eastern Maine. His great grandfather, Colonel Frederick Pope, was a prominent citizen of Stoughton, representative to the General Court, and a gallant officer in the Revolutionary army. The father of this first American Colonel Pope of whom record appears was the greatly beloved Dr. Ralph Pope, one of Stoughton's pioneers, son of Ralph Pope, husbandman, a well to do citizen of old Dorchester, whose father, John Pope, first appears in the records of that oldest plantation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1633. The John Pope, Senior, who is mentioned in the records from 1634 onward, and named as a selectman in 1637, and who was one of the signers of the covenant with Rev. Richard Mather in 1636, is presumed to have been the emigrant ancestor of the Pope family of Dorchester. The mothers of the line have been well connected, bringing in the qualities of worthy families, Neale, Stubbs, Cole, Clapp, Blake, Pierce, and others, Puritan or Pilgrim, of English descent.

Albert A. Pope's mother was a lady of rare discernment and quiet decision

of character, one of the best of mothers, a daughter of Captain James Bogman of Boston, an enterprising ship-master and a commander in the U. S. Army during the War of 1812. Sons often owe much of their inner quality and merit to their mother; certainly it was a great element in the make-up and progress of Colonel Pope's career to be the child, and so long under the influence of that peculiarly clear headed, true hearted, Christian mother.

In 1846 the family removed to Brookline. In April, 1852, his father having failed in business, young Pope, then in his ninth year, applied to a farmer for work and obtained employment in riding a horse to plough. This he continued afternoons until the summer vacation, when he devoted all his time to working on the farm; and for the next three years, during about six months of the year afternoons, in the summer time late into the night. His vacations also were all spent in farm work.

In the summer of 1856 he commenced buying fruit and vegetables of the farmers and selling them to the neighbors, carrying them in baskets on his arm. The next year he was able to hire a horse and wagon for the whole season. Early in the morning he was on the road to Boston, arriving at Quincy market before light, where he made purchases of vegetables; then he would drive home to deliver part of them on orders before going to school and the balance in the afternoon. This work he continued to do during that season and the next and during a part of the summer of 1858, going to school all the time and keeping up in his studies with the average of the boys of his own age in the school. He had a good memory, learned easily, was quick of

comprehension, and stood well in his classes. As a boy he developed a remarkable business ability, and was admired for his enterprise and pluck by his schoolmates, for whom he frequently found employment in gathering crops which he had purchased in the field or in the orchard. During these years of his early youth he had very little time to play, for he had not only the care of his own horse but the care of the horse and cow belonging to his father; and besides he did all the chores around the place.

In the late fall of 1858, when he was fifteen years of age, young Pope went to work for Mr. Harrington in Quincy market, and all winter long had to ride from Brookline to the market with him in an open wagon before daylight. To show the severity of this experience it is recorded that during the winter three mornings in succession the thermometer indicated twenty-two, twenty-three and twenty-four degrees below zero. Late in the winter he gave up his place in the market and was employed by the firm of Brooks & Mecuen, dealers in shoe findings, shoe machinery, leather, pegs, etc. Their store was on the corner of Blackstone and Shoe and Leather Streets. He used to walk from Brookline during the summer and walk home at night, five miles each way, to save eight cents car fare. He carried all that he had to eat during the day, and when he got home at night he was frequently so tired that he could hardly eat the frugal supper that was ready for him. His wages were four dollars a week, half of which he paid for his board; from the balance he used to save money. His old account books, which he kept with great care, show that one month he spent fourteen cents and another month twenty-eight cents.

While in the employment of Brooks & Mecuen he had to do the work that porters do now; shovel the sidewalks, wash the windows about once a week winter and summer, lift heavy machinery, carry bags of pegs amounting to three bushels from the store to the corner of Milk and Kilby Streets, and several times a week carry on his back bales of thread weighing one hundred pounds many blocks away. In those days he had to do work that no one now would think of imposing upon a full grown man.

When the mutterings of the Rebellion were first heard in the land the young man was imbued with patriotic and military ardor, and devoted all his spare time to studying the tactics and army regulations. He joined the Zalimac Zouaves, was sergeant in a battery of artillery, a section of which he used to drill to become familiar with artillery practice, and was a captain in a company of Home Guards. In the meantime the firm which employed him moved up to 107 Milk Street. He had a gun in the store, business then was very dull, the neighboring clerks frequently dropped in, and whenever he could he drilled them in the manual of arms.

In the summer of 1862 President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand volunteers for three years or for the war; and in response to the call the Thirty-fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, took the field. One company was from Newburyport, one from Chelsea, one from Haverhill, one from Weymouth, one from Roxbury, the balance from eastern Massachusetts towns. The Roxbury company, K, illustrates the character of the regiment. One hundred and fifty volunteers offered their services. Of the one hundred and one who were accepted, eighty were

between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and about one half of the company were married men. All signed their names in a clear, legible hand writing. In this regiment of one thousand and thirteen men, Albert A. Pope, at the age of nineteen years, was commissioned second lieutenant, being the junior and joined his command at Camp Whipple, on Arlington Heights, in the neighborhood of Washington, early in September. Before the close of the war it happened that in an important engagement the junior officer had command of the regiment.

The history of this regiment, the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, has been ably and carefully written by a committee of the survivors, and from it one can trace not only the perils and hardships of the organization as a whole, but of the individual soldiers and officers. Of the original members one hundred and twenty-five were killed or died of wounds in the service; sixty-four died of disease or accident in the service; three hundred and thirty-seven were discharged for disability from disease or wounds; one hundred and ten were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and other organizations; and only three hundred and thirty-two veterans were mustered out at expiration of service at the close of the war in 1865.

The regiment participated in the Battle of South Mountain with but slight loss, but at Antietam it was terribly cut up, losing in the two days fight seventy-eight killed and one hundred and seventy-five wounded. Less than three hundred men reported for duty the following morning, including five line officers. These first battles made men of boys, soldiers of recruits; the ensuing campaign made every soldier a veteran.

The regiment participated in the attack on Sulphur Springs and the battle of Fredericksburg in 1862; the siege of Vicksburg and Jackson, Mississippi, in 1863; the invasion of eastern Tennessee and defense of Knoxville; the Wilderness campaign and the siege of Petersburg; the charge into the crater of the Mine; the bombardment; and the pursuit of the remnant of Lee's army towards Appomattox. The regiment was the first to enter Jackson, Mississippi, after seven days fighting, and captured more prisoners than they had men in their command.

After the fall of Chattanooga and the deliverance of East Tennessee from the Confederates, Captain Pope was ordered home for a short time on recruiting service, his duty being to take detachments of recruits from Boston to the front. After about two months of this service Captain Pope was ordered to join his regiment, then fighting with the Army of the Potomac in the campaigns of Grant. He was directed to take about six hundred recruits on the steamer United States from Boston Harbor to Alexandria on his way, a duty he performed without the loss of a man. On his arrival in Washington the city was threatened by the enemy and he was ordered to headquarters to report for duty. The task of organizing a regiment of artillery men from the convalescent camp inside of thirty-six hours was assigned to him. Fifteen officers reported to him, and in less than twelve hours he had a regiment of eight hundred men organized, armed, equipped, and ready to march. With this regiment he relieved the garrisons at Forts Slocum and Stevens and was assigned command of these important posts. When the immediate danger was over he was relieved and served a few days on court martial,

then joined his regiment before Petersburg. At one time he was temporarily in command of Fort Hell, a most important position on the line, where his men were under fire continuously and where the Federal and Confederate picket posts were only fifteen yards apart. It was a proud moment for Colonel Pope when he rode into Petersburg at the head of his regiment.

After he had been in the regiment a little over two years he was the only original officer in the line left with it; and at one time there was no line officer serving with the regiment who was even a commissioned officer when he was a captain.

Colonel Pope was commissioned first lieutenant of Company K March 23, 1863. He was commissioned captain of Company I November 15, 1863. He was commissioned brevet major and lieutenant colonel March 13, 1865, for meritorious conduct before Petersburg. He was mustered out with the regiment June 9, 1865. He served continuously in the field save for the short time in the summer of 1864 when he was detailed on recruiting service, and returned to civil life a veteran at the age of twenty-two years. His clerkship before the war had been his preparatory school; his army life was his college course; he was graduated with high honors.

During his three years service he improved all his leisure moments by study. The science of war received his attention first; art, physical science and literature came next.

At the close of the war he returned home and applied for employment with the old firm. They had signed a paper in common with other merchants that the clerks who went to the war and who lived to come home should have as good a place provided for them as if

they had not gone. They offered him seven dollars a week to go to work for them, which, inasmuch as he had led a regiment in battle and commanded a regiment of artillery, seemed to be rather a come down. He finally went back at the solicitation of one of the firm, and stayed there a few weeks. When he left the firm were liberal enough to pay him ten dollars a week. Having left the old firm he went into business for himself with a capital of nine hundred dollars which he had saved and the first year, notwithstanding his old employers said he would not earn his salt, he made nine thousand six hundred dollars. Every year since then his business has been constantly increasing. It was but a very few years before he did a very much larger business and made a great deal more money than the firm of his old employers. The watchword of his regiment, "promptly," became a business motto with him.

Soon after entering business for himself he began to take on extra personal expenses in helping his father's family. He assumed the care and expense of his brothers and sisters, one after another, educating his two sisters for the medical profession, later on his brother for the ministry, and within a very short time assuming the entire expense of the household, which consisted of his father and mother, three sisters and two brothers, and his older brother's two children, who fell to his care at his brother's death. His business grew and prospered each year until the Boston fire, when, like many others, his losses were large,—more than sixty thousand dollars,—yet this did not interfere or cripple him in his business, for he paid everything he owed to everybody within two weeks after the Boston

fire. A dozen years of successful competition in the commercial world gave him the experience needed to inaugurate and conduct a great business enterprise in the manufacture and sale of bicycles, an undertaking which required great foresight, good judgment, the executive ability of a commanding general, the skill of an engineer, the courage and pluck of a brave soldier, and financial genius. These qualities were happily combined in Colonel Pope; he seized the command; the public recognized the justice of his claim to lead, and have never asked for his removal from power.

In 1863 Pierre Lallement, a workman from a velocipede factory in Paris, conceived the idea of applying cranks to the forward wheel for propulsion, made one on this principle and rode it in the streets of New Haven to the astonishment of the public, and took out a patent in November, 1866, in connection with an enterprising native of New England. In 1868 the manufacture of velocipedes was commenced in a small way in this country. The following year there was a craze on the subject, rinks and riding schools springing up in every city and large town while the fever lasted. The spring and summer of 1870 demonstrated in every quarter that the machines were not adapted for use on the highways and therefore practically useless except as toys at rinks. The velocipede for men was completely abandoned in this country as a total failure, but the English mechanics would not give up the idea and worked away at it until they developed the modern bicycle, using to advantage the inventions of American mechanics. The most important changes introduced were the round rubber tire, the suspension wheel with its

wire spokes and steel rims, the tubular frame work, the enlargement of the forward wheel, the decreasing in size of the rear wheel, the leg guard, the bifurcated fork over the rear wheel, besides other improvements of less importance. The first bicycles publicly exhibited in this country were shown at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876.

After twelve years of business at the head of the shoe-finding house, Colonel Pope retired from that to take charge of the bicycle business, which he had just commenced under the name of The Pope Manufacturing Co., which belonged to him and which he had organized into a company some time before for the purpose of conducting the air pistol business.

In the summer of 1877 Mr. John Harrington, an English gentleman, was a guest at his house, spending several months with him, and he was so enthusiastic over the bicycle that in order to show what it was and its practicability he had one made. On that Colonel Pope learned to ride, and having learned he began to think, as did his English friend, that the bicycle was worthy of the attention of the American public. Mr. Harrington went home in September and Colonel Pope told him to send over a few bicycles, but he delayed sending them and later in the season Colonel Pope ordered eight bicycles through his English correspondent in Manchester. They arrived here about the first of January. After he had received and examined them he made up his mind that there would be enough in the business to warrant a proper outlay of capital, and decided to go into it.

Believing that if there was much to do in bicycling we should have to manufacture in this country, early in the

year 1878 he interested the Weed Sewing Machine Company in the manufacture. After getting them started on the way he went over to Europe to study up the manufacture and to see what hold it had upon the English people, and also to determine whether he should be justified in making the large outlay that would be necessary in order to make it a successful business. He returned in the summer well satisfied and fully convinced in his own mind that in process of time the bicycle interest in this country would equal that in England. The first lot of fifty was made and sold in the summer and fall of 1878. Suddenly there arose a small army of owners of patents demanding royalties, for more than a thousand inventions for the improvement and perfection of the velocipede had been patented. Eminent counsel was employed and all claims were carefully investigated. Eventually more than forty patentees had to be conciliated, and royalties ranging from \$1 to \$10 each had to be paid.

Colonel Pope's policy from the first was to secure the control of the most important inventions, for he foresaw the future of the bicycle business and realized the necessity of being in command. He was obliged to invest large amounts of money in patents.

It was a great and hazardous undertaking to embark capital in the bicycle business when the public was so prejudiced against them, remembering the total failure of the velocipede craze of earlier days. With one hand he had to create a demand and with the other create the supply; with no material at hand suitable for the work, with no mechanics familiar with bicycle construction,—all having to be educated and trained to the business. There was no

rolling mill in the country that would at first undertake to roll the steel rims, and it was only by giving a large order far in excess of the demand that at last a rolling mill would consent to undertake to roll the felloes. He had the same difficulty with back bones, forks, rubber tires, and almost everything else that entered into the construction of the bicycle.

At last, having overcome all difficulties, he put on the market a bicycle entirely the product of American industry, which modestly he considers equal if not superior to the best that has ever been made. With its introduction arose several legal points; even its right to be used on highways had to be established. All these points have been satisfactorily adjusted.

Since its organization Colonel Pope has been at the head of the Pope Manufacturing Company, which under his management has become one of the most flourishing and best organized of corporations for the production and distribution of fine machinery. It has a large factory at Hartford, stores and shops in Boston, New York and Chicago, and some four hundred agencies in the large cities and towns, and it controls nearly one hundred patents. The manufacture of tricycles it has more recently converted into a great industry.

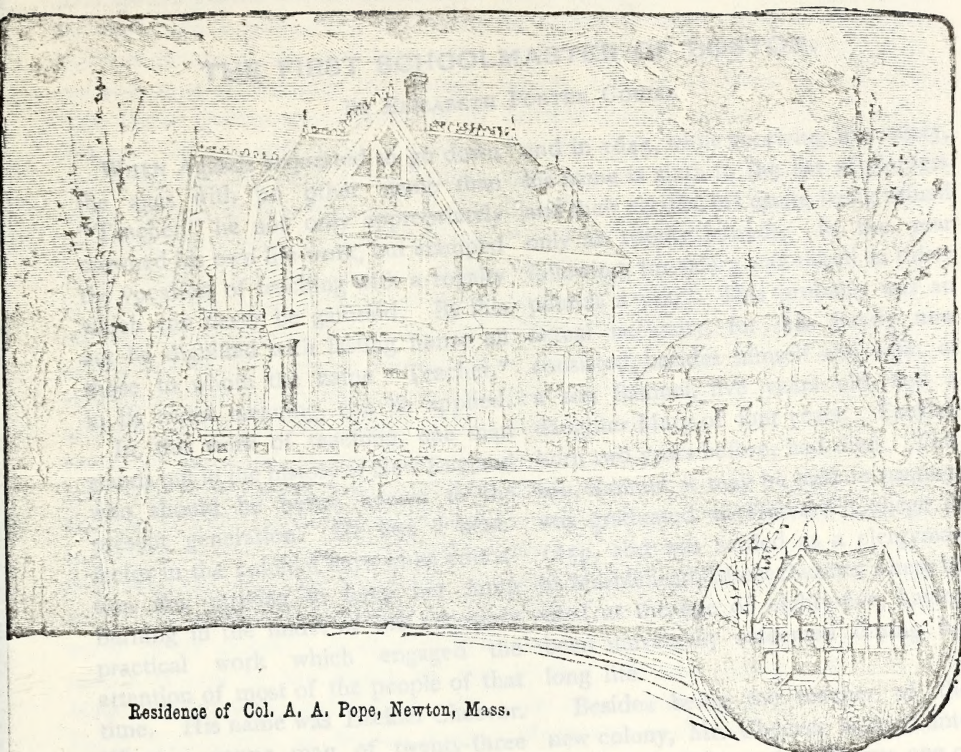
This sketch, however, is a personal account of the founder of the business rather than of the business itself. A gentleman of fine executive and financial ability, Colonel Pope's attention has not been confined to the manufacturing of bicycles and tricycles alone, for he is largely interested in other business enterprises of magnitude, and is President and Director in several corporations. He is a member of several

social clubs, and all organizations encouraging athletic sports have his good will if not membership.

For two years after returning from the war he made his home in Brookline; since then in Newton until very lately he has taken up his residence on Commonwealth Avenue, in the city of Boston, to be nearer his place of business. A view of his house in Newton, his home for many years, accompanies this article. His Boston residence is a model for convenience and elegant appointments. Here is displayed the fine artistic taste of its owner. The walls of the spacious rooms are hung with paintings of great merit—the production of home and foreign talent.

In politics Colonel Pope is an Independent, one of the original members of that growing party, and has always favored civil service reform. He has never had time to accept office from his fellow citizens, except a minor town office in Newton, and has shunned publicity except in the way of business.

In his domestic relations Colonel Pope has always been a kind and considerate son to his parents, a good brother, a father to his orphaned nephew and niece, a devoted husband, and a tender parent to his own children. To his own family he has been more than generous,—he has been lavish. He is very hospitable and enjoys company at his home. He has a large, kind heart, is modest, liberal towards charitable objects, good natured, fond of a joke, full of fun in his hours of relaxation, unselfish, generous, not quarrelsome, true to his friends, kind to his employees, although a strict disciplinarian, and a good off-hand, after-dinner speaker. He is far-seeing in business, patient of results, with remarkable business and executive ability.



Residence of Col. A. A. Pope, Newton, Mass.

He cherishes the most tender memories of his mother, who died in 1885. To him she was the noblest and truest woman who ever lived. She was a woman of large intelligence, reading on all subjects that her children were interested in, always progressive, and ready to discuss any subject of interest to them. She taught habits

of economy and taught him to be orderly and methodical. To her he attributes his success in life.

He was married September 20, 1871, to Abbie Linder, of Newton, whose father, George Linder, was one of the well known merchants of Boston. Four children, three boys and one girl, bless their home.

"The Story of a Timid Brave" is a very exciting and thrilling one. The scene is laid at the far West, on the very frontier of civilization, and is a very vivid and graphic description of life among the Indians and cowboys and first settlers. It brings out in glaring light the

wrongs and iniquities practiced upon the Indians at some of the Agencies of the Government. It sheds not a little light on the Indian question, and the origin and cause of some of our Indian wars. It is a story of thrilling interest.

THE FIRST SCHOOLMASTER OF BOSTON.

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

WHEN Agassiz requested to go down the ages with no other name than "Teacher," he not only appropriately crowned his own life-work, but stamped the vocation of teaching with a royalty which can never be gainsaid. By this act he dignified with lasting honor all those to whom the name "Teacher," in its truest meaning, can be applied.

In this work of teaching, one man stands out in the history of New England who should be better known to the present generation. He was a benefactor in the colonial days when education was striving to keep her lamp burning in the midst of the necessary practical work which engaged the attention of most of the people of that time. His name was Ezekiel Cheever. When a young man of twenty-three years, he came from London—where he was born January 25, 1614—to Boston, seven years after its settlement. The following spring he went to New Haven, where he soon married, and became actively engaged in founding the colony there. Among the men who went there the same year was a Mr. Wigglesworth, whose son, in later years, as the Reverend Michael Wigglesworth, gave an account of Mr. Cheever's success in the work of teaching, which he began soon after reaching the place. "I was sent to school to Mr. Ezekiel Cheever, who at that time taught school in his own house, and under him in a year or two I profited so much through the blessing of God, that I began to make Latin & to get forward apace."

Mr. Cheever received as a salary for two or three years twenty pounds;

and in 1643, while receiving this salary, his name is sixth in the list of planters and their estates, his estate being valued only at twenty pounds. In the year following, his salary was raised to thirty pounds a year. This probably was an actual necessity, for his family now consisted, besides himself and wife, of a son Samuel, five years old, and a daughter Mary of four years. Ezekiel, born two years before, had died. This son, Samuel, it may be said in passing, was graduated at Harvard College in 1659, and was settled as a clergyman at Marblehead, Massachusetts, where he died at the age of eighty-five, having been universally esteemed during his long life.

Besides being the teacher of the new colony, Mr. Cheever entered into other parts of its work. He was one of the twelve men chosen as "fitt for the foundacon worke of the church." He was also chosen a member of the Court for the plantation, at its first session, and in 1646 he was one of the deputies to the General Court. It is supposed that during this time he wrote his valuable little book called *The Accidence*. It passed through seventeen editions before the Revolution. A copy of the eighteenth edition, printed in Boston in 1785, is now in the Boston Athenæum. It is a quaint little book of seventy-two pages, with one cover gone, and is surely an object of interest to all loving students of Latin. A copy of the tenth edition is found in Harvard College, while it has been said that a copy of the seventh is in a private library in Hartford, Connecticut.

The last edition was published in Boston in 1838. In a prospectus, containing commendations of the work from many eminent men of learning, the Honorable Josiah Quincy, LL.D., president of Harvard College, said of it: "A work which was used for more than a century in the schools of New England, as the first elementary book for learners of the Latin language; which held its place in some of the most eminent of those schools, nearly, if not quite, to the end of the last century; which has passed through at least twenty editions in this country; which was the subject of the successive labor and improvement of a man who spent seventy years in the business of instruction, and whose fame is second to that of no schoolmaster New England has ever produced, requires no additional testimony to its worth or its merits." A copy of this edition is now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Dr. David W. Cheever, of Boston, a descendant of the schoolmaster, also has one in his possession.

There is another old book in the Boston Athenæum, published in 1757, containing three short essays under the title of *Scripture Prophecies Explained*. The first one is "On the Restitution of All Things"; the second is "On St. John's First Resurrection"; and the third, "On the Personal Coming of Jesus Christ, as Commencing at the Beginning of the Millenium described in the Apocalypse." These were written by Mr. Cheever, but at what time of his life there seems to be some doubt. They indicate his religious zeal, which at this time in New Haven was put forth for the good of the church. Although he was never ordained to the ministry, yet he occasionally preached. In 1649, however, he dissented from

the judgment of the church and elders in regard to some cases of discipline, and for some comments on their action, which seemed to them severe, they brought charges against him. Two of the principal ones were: "1. His unseemly gestures and carriage before the church, in the mixed assembly;" and "2. That when the church did agree to two charges (namely, of assumption and partiality), he did not give his vote either to the affirmative or the negative."

As showing some of the phases of a common humanity, the reading of the trial is interesting. Mr. Cheever, who was then thirty-five years old, was desired to answer these charges of unseemly gestures, which his accusers had brought down to a rather small point, such as holding down his head into the seat, "then laughing or smiling," and also "wrapping his handkerchief about his face, and then pulling it off again;" and still another, "that his carriage was offensively uncomely," three affirming "that he rather carried it as one acting a play, than as one in the presence of God in an ordinance."

In his answer to these, Mr. Cheever explained his actions as arising from violent headaches, which, coming upon him usually "on the Lord's day in the evening, and after church meeting," were mitigated by winding his handkerchief around his head 'as a fillet.' As to his smiling or laughing, he knew not whether there was any more than a natural, ordinary cheerfulness of countenance seeming to smile, which whether it be sinful or avoidable by him, he knew not;" but he wished to humble himself for the "least appearance of evil, and occasion of offence, and to watch against it." As to his working with the church, he said: "I must act with the church, and (which

is uncomfortable) I must either act with their light, or may expect to suffer, as I have done, and do at this day, for conscience' sake; but I had rather suffer anything from men than make a shipwreck of a good conscience or go against my present light, though erroneous, when discovered."

He then went on to say that, while he did not wholly free himself from blame as to his carriage, and as to his "want of wisdom and coolness in ordering and uttering his speeches," yet he could not be convinced as yet that he had been guilty of "Miriam's sin," or deserved the censure which the church had inflicted upon him; and he could not look upon it "as dispensed according to the rules of Christ." Then he closed his address with the following words, which will give some idea of his Christian spirit: "Yet I wait upon God for the discovery of truth in His own time, either to myself or church, that what is amiss may be repented of and reformed; that His blessing and presence may be among them and upon His holy ordinances rightly dispensed, to His glory and their present and everlasting comfort, which I heartily pray for, and am so bound, having received much good and comfort in that fellowship, though I am now deprived of it."

At about this time of his trial with the church he was afflicted by the death of his wife. Three more children had been born to them — Elizabeth, Sarah, and Hannah. Soon after this, in 1650, — and, it has been said, on account of his troubles, — he removed to Ipswich, Massachusetts, to become master of the grammar school there. His services as teacher in New Haven must have been valued, if one can judge by the amount of salary received, for, in the case of the

teacher who followed him, the people were not willing "to pay as large a salary as they had done to Mr. Cheever," and so they gave him ten pounds a year.

After Mr. Cheever had been in Ipswich two years, Robert Payne, a philanthropic man, gave to the town a dwelling-house with two acres of land for the schoolmaster; he also gave a new schoolhouse for the school, of which this man was the appreciated teacher; for many neighboring towns sent scholars to him, and it was said that those who received "the Cheeverian education" were better fitted for college than any others.

In November of this same year he married Ellen Lathrop, sister of Captain Thomas Lathrop, of Beverly, who two years before had brought her from England to America with him, with the promise that he would be a father to her. While living in Ipswich they had four children, Abigail, Ezekiel, Nathaniel, and Thomas; two more, William and Susanna, were born later, in Charlestown. Their son Ezekiel must have lived to a good old age, at least seventy-seven years, for as late as 1731 his name appears in the annals of the village parish of Salem, where he became heir to Captain Lathrop's real estate; while their son Thomas, born in 1658, was graduated at Harvard College in 1677, was settled as a minister at Malden, Massachusetts, and later at Rumney Marsh (Chelsea), Massachusetts, where he died at a good old age.

After having thus lived in Ipswich eleven years, Mr. Cheever removed, in 1661, to Charlestown, Massachusetts, to become master of the school there at a salary of thirty pounds a year. The smallness of this salary astonishes and

suggests much to the modern reader ; but when he is informed that the worthy teacher was obliged during his teaching there to petition the selectmen that his "yeerly salarie be paid to him, as the counstable were much behind wth him," the whole matter becomes pathetic. Mr. Cheever also asked that the schoolhouse, which was much out of order, be repaired. And in 1669 he is again before them asking for a "peece of ground or house plott whereon to build an house for his familie," which petition he left for the townsmen to consider. They afterward voted that the selectmen should carry out the request, but as Mr. Cheever removed in the following year to Boston, it is probable that his successor had the benefit of it.

When Mr. Cheever entered upon his work as head master of the Boston Latin School, in 1670, he was fifty-seven years old ; and he remained master of this school until his death, thirty-seven years later. The schoolhouse was, at this time, in School Street (it was not so named by the town, however, until 1708) just behind King's Chapel, on a part of the burying-ground. It has been said that the building was of two stories to accommodate the teacher and his family. This seems probable when we read that Mr. Cheever was to have a salary of sixty pounds a year, and the "possession and use of y^e schoole house." But if he lived in the building at all, it was not very long, for he is later living in a house by himself ; and in 1701 the selectmen voted that two men should provide a house for him while his house was being built. The agreement which the selectmen made with Captain John Barnet with reference to this house is given in such curious detail in the old records, and suggests

so much, that it is well worth reading. It is as follows : —

"That the said Barnet shall erect a House on the Land where Mr. Ezekiel Cheever Lately dwelt, of forty foot Long Twenty foot wide and Twenty foot stud with four foot Rise in the Roof, to make a cellar floor under one half of S^d house and to build a Kitchen of Sixteen foot in Length and twelve foot in breadth with a Chamber therein, and to Lay the floors flush through out the maine house and to make three. paire of Stayers in y^e main house and one paire in the Kitchen and to Inclose s^d house and to do and complete all carpenters worke and to find all timber boards clapboards nayles glass and Glaziers worke and Iron worke and to make one Cellar door and to finde one Lock for the Outer door of said House, and also to make the Casements for S^d house, and perform S^d worke and to finish S^d building by the first day of August next. In consideration whereof the Selectmen do agree that the S^d Capt. Barnet shall have the Old Timber boards Iron worke and glass of the Old house now Standing on S^d Land and to pay unto him the Sum of one hundred and thirty pounds money, that is to say forty pounds down in hand and the rest as the worke goes on."

Then follows the agreement for the "masons' worke" in all its details. Later on, in March, 1702, there is some discussion as to how far back from the street the house should be placed. But in June of that year the house is up, for the worthy dignities order that "Capt. John Barnard do provide a Raysing Dinner for the Raysing the Schoolmasters House at the Charge of the town not exceeding the Sum of Three pounds." This was done, for later they order the "noat for three pounds, expended by him for a dinner at Raysing the Schoolmasters House," be paid him.

After Mr. Cheever's house had re-

ceived all this painstaking attention of the town, it was voted that the selectmen should see that a new school-house be built for him in the place of the old one ; this to be done with the advice of Mr. Cheever. The particulars of this work are given in as much detail, and are interesting to show the style of schoolhouse at that day. They are as follows, in the "Selectmen's Minutes, under July 24, 1704" :—

"Agreed with Mr John Barnerd as followeth, he to build a new School House of forty foot Long Twenty five foot wide and Eleven foot Stud, with eight windows below and five in the Roofe, with wooden Casements to the eight Windows, to Lay the lower floor with Sleepers & double boards So far as needful, and the Chamber floor with Single boards, to board below the plate inside & inside and out, to Clapboard the Outside and Shingle the Roof, to make a place to hang the Bell in, to make a paire of Staires up to the Chamber, and from thence a Ladder to the bell, to make one door next the Street, and a petition Cross the house below, and to make three rows of benches for the boyes on each Side of the room, to find all Timber, boards, Clapboards shingles nayles hinges. In consideration whereof the sd Mr John Barnerd is to be paid One hundred pounds, and to have the Timber, Boards, and Iron worke of the Old School House."

Some interesting reminiscences are given, by some of his pupils, of these school-days in Boston. The Reverend John Barnard, of Marblehead, who was born in Boston in 1681, speaks of his early days at the Latin School, in his Autobiography, which is now in the Massachusetts Historical Society. Among other things he says: "I remember once, in making a piece of Latin, my master found fault with the syntax of one word, which was not used by me heedlessly, but designedly,

and therefore I told him there was a plain grammar rule for it. He angrily replied, there was no such rule. I took the grammar and showed the rule to him. Then he smilingly said, 'Thou art a brave boy ; I had forgot it.' And no wonder: for he was then above eighty years old." President Stiles of Yale College, in his Diary, says that he had seen a man who said that he "well knew a famous grammar-school master, Mr. E. Cheever, of Boston, author of *The Accidence* ; that he wore a long white beard, terminating in a point ; that when he stroked his beard to the point, it was a sign for the boys to stand clear."

Judge Sewall, in his Diary, often refers to him. He speaks of a visit from him, at one time, when Mr. Cheever told him that he had entered his eighty-eighth year, and was the oldest man in town ; and another time, when he says : "Master Chiever, his coming to me last Saturday January 31, on purpose to tell me he blessed God that I had stood up for the Truth, is more comfort to me than Mr. Borland's unhandsomeness is discomfort." He also speaks of him as being a bearer several times at funerals, where, at one, with others, he received a scarf and ring which were "given at the House after coming from the Grave." A peculiarity of the venerable schoolmaster is seen where Judge Sewall says : "Mr. Wadsworth appears at Lecture in his Perriwigg. Mr. Chiever is grieved at it." In 1708, the judge gives in this Diary some touching particulars as to the sickness and death of Mr. Cheever. They are valuable not only for themselves, but as preserving in a literary form the close friendship which existed between these two strong men of that day. Hence they are given here :—

"*Aug. 12, 1708.* — Mr. Chiever is abroad and hears Mr. Cotton Mather preach. This is the last of his going abroad. Was taken very sick, like to die with a Flux. *Aug. 13.* — I go to see him, went in with his son Thomas and Mr. Lewis. His Son spake to him and he knew him not; I spake to him and he bid me speak again; then he said, Now I know you, and speaking cheerily mentioned my name. I ask'd his Blessing for me and my family; He said I was Bless'd, and it could not be Reversed. Yet at my going away He pray'd for a Blessing for me.

"*Aug. 19.* — I visited Mr. Chiever again, just before Lecture; Thank'd him for his kindness to me and mine; desired his prayers for me, my family, Boston, Salem, the Province. He rec'd me with abundance of Affection, taking me by the hand several times. He said, The Afflictions of God's people, God by them did as a Goldsmith, knock, knock, knock; knock, knock, knock, to finish the plate; It was to perfect them not to punish them. I went and told Mr. Pemberton (the Pastor of Old South) who preached.

"*Aug. 20.* — I visited Mr. Chiever who was now grown much weaker, and his speech very low. He call'd Daughter! When his daughter Russel came, He ask'd if the family were composed; They apprehended He was uneasy because there had not been Prayer that morn; and solicited me to Pray; I was loth and advised them to send for Mr. Williams, as most natural, homogeneous; They declin'd it, and I went to Prayer. After, I told him, The last enemy was Death, and God hath made that a friend too; He put his hand out of the Bed, and held it up, to signify his Assent. Observing he suck'd a piece of an Orange, put it orderly into his mouth and chew'd it, and then took out the core. After dinner I carried a few of the best Figs I could get and a dish Marmaleet. I spake not to him now.

"*Aug. 21.* — Mr. Edward Oakes tells me Mr. Chiever died this last night."

Then in a note he tells the chief facts in his life, which he closes with, —

"So that he has Laboured in that calling (teaching) skilfully, diligently, constantly, Religiously, Seventy years. A rare Instance of Piety, Health, Strength, Serviceableness. The Welfare of the Province was much upon his spirit. He abominated Perriwigg's."

"*Aug. 23, 1708.* — Mr. Chiever was buried from the Schoolhouse. The Gov'r, Councillors, Ministers, Justices, Gentlemen there. Mr. Williams made a handsome Latin Oration in his Honour. Elder Bridgham, Copp, Jackson, Dyer, Griggs, Hubbard, &c., Bearers. After the Funeral, Elder Bridgham, Mr. Jackson, Hubbard, Dyer, Tim. Wadsworth, Edw. Procter, Griggs, and two more came to me and earnestly solicited me to speak to a place of Scripture, at the private Quarter Meeting in the room of Mr. Chiever."

Cotton Mather, who had been a pupil of his, preached a funeral sermon in honor of his loved teacher. It was printed in Boston in 1708, and later in 1774. A copy of it in the Athenæum is well worth a perusal. Some of Mr. Cheever's Latin poems are attached to it. Cotton Mather precedes his sermon by An Historical Introduction, in which, after referring to his great privilege, he gives the main facts in the long life of the schoolmaster of nearly ninety-four years. In closing it, he says: "After he had been a Skilful, Painful, Faithful Schoolmaster for Seventy years; and had the Singular Favours of Heaven that tho' he had Usefully spent his Life among children, yet he was not become Twice a child but held his Abilities, with his usefulness, in an unusual Degree to the very last." Then follows the sermon, remarkable in its way as a eulogy. But the Essay in Rhyme in Memory of his "Venerable Master," which follows the sermon, is even more characteristic and remarkable. In it are some couplets which are unique and interesting.

"Do but name *Cheever*, and the *Echo* straight
Upon that name, *Good Latin* will Repeat.

"And in our *School*, a Miracle is wrought:
For the *Dead Languages to Life* are brought.

"Who serv'd the *School*, the *Church* did not forget,
But Thought and Prayed & often wept for it.

"How oft we saw him tread the *Milky Way*
Which to the *Glorious Throne of Mercy* lay!

"Come from the *Mount* he shone with ancient *Grace*,
Awful the *Splendor* of his *Aged Face*.

"He *Liv'd* and to vast age no *Illness* knew,
Till *Times* Scythe waiting for him *Rusty* grew.

"He *Liv'd* and *Wrought*; His *Labours* were *Immense*,
But ne'r *Declined* to *Præter-perfect Tense*."

He closes this eulogy with an epitaph in Latin.

Mr. Cheever's will, found in the Suffolk probate office, was offered by his son Thomas and his daughter Susanna, August 26, 1708, a few days after his death. He wrote it two years previous, when he was ninety-one years old, a short time before his "dear wife," whom he mentions, died. In it his estate is appraised at £837 : 19 : 6. One handles reverently this old piece of yellow paper, perhaps ten by twelve inches in size, with red lines, on which is written in a clear handwriting the last will of this dear old man. He characteristically begins it thus:—

"In nomine Domini Amen, I Ezekiel Cheever of the Towne of Boston in the County of Suffolk in New England, Schoolmaster, living through great mercy in good health and understanding wonderfull in my age, do make and ordain this as my last Will & Testament as Followeth: I give up my soule to God my Father in Jesus Christ, my body to the earth to be buried in a decent manner according to my desires in hope of a Blessed part in y^e first resurrection & glorious kingdom of Christ on earth a thousand years."

He then gives all his household goods "& of my plate y^e two-ear'd Cup, my least tankard porringer a spoon," to his wife; "all my books saving what

Ezekiel may need & what godly books my wife may desire," to his son Thomas; £10 to Mary Phillips; £20 to his grandchild, Ezekiel Russel; and £5 to the poor. The remainder of the estate he leaves to his wife and six children, Samuel, Mary, Elizabeth, Ezekiel, Thomas, and Susanna.

One handles still more reverently a little brown, stiff-covered book, kept in the safe in the Athenæum, of about one hundred and twenty pages, yellow with age, on the first of which is the year "1631," and on the second, "Ezekiel Cheever, his booke," both in his own handwriting. Then come nearly fifty pages of finely-written Latin poems, composed and written by himself, probably in London; then, there are scattered over some of the remaining pages a few short-hand notes which have been deciphered as texts of Scripture. On the last page of this quaint little treasure—only three by four inches large—are written in English some verses, one of which can be clearly read as, "Oh, first seek the kingdom of God and his Righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto you."

Another ms. of Mr. Cheever's is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is a book six by eight inches in size, of about four hundred pages, all well filled with Latin dissertations, with occasionally a mathematical figure drawn. One turns over the old leaves with affectionate interest, even if the matter written upon them is beyond his comprehension. It certainly is a pleasure to read on one of them the date May 18, 1664.

Verily, New England should treasure the memory of Ezekiel Cheever, the man who called himself "Schoolmaster." for she owes much to him.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

[From "The Transcript."]

It lies before me. A bright tress of hair
 That once, lang syne, thy young, proud head didst bear
 To its adornment. Yet I have no need
 Of relic fond or token, e'er to lead
 My memory back to thee. Thou wast and art
 The dearest, aye, and nearest to my heart;
 And though from Death I rescued only this
 Of thee, for loving look and reverent kiss,
 Yet impotent is he to touch or rive
 Our souls' sure bond, whose viewless, mystic gyve
 From the unseen doth hold thee close to me
 In presence sweet with gentle ministry.

Oh, precious *souvenir*! With tenderest care
 I treasure this soft, shining lock of hair.

D. A. KELLOGG.

THE OLD TAVERNS AND STAGE-COACHES OF GROTON.

BY THE HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.

It has been said that there is nothing contrived by man which has produced so much happiness as a good tavern. Without granting or denying the statement, all will agree that many good times have been passed around the cheerful hearth of the old-fashioned inn.

The earliest tavern in Groton, of which there is any record or tradition, was kept by Samuel Bowers, jun., in the house lately and for a long time occupied by the Champney family. Mr. Bowers was born in Groton, on December 21, 1711; and, according to his tombstone, died on "the Sixteenth Day of December Anno Domini 1768. Half a hour after Three of the Clock in y^e Afternoon, and in the Fifty Eight year of his age." He kept the house during many years, and was known in the neighborhood as "land'urd Bow-

ers," — the innkeeper of that period being generally addressed by the title of landlord. I do not know who succeeded him in his useful and important functions.

The next tavern of which I have any knowledge was the one kept by Captain Jonathan Keep, during the latter part of the Revolution. In "The Independent Chronicle" (Boston), February 15, 1781, the Committee of the General Court, for the sale of confiscated property in Middlesex County, advertise the estate of Dr. Joseph Adams of Townsend, to be sold "at Mr. Keep's, innholder in Groton." This tavern has now been kept as an inn during more than a century. It was originally built for a dwelling-house, and before the Revolution occupied by the Reverend Samuel Dana; though since that time it has been lengthened in front and

otherwise considerably enlarged. Captain Keep was followed by the brothers Isaiah and Joseph Hall, who were the landlords as early as the year 1798. They were succeeded in 1825 by Joseph Hoar, who had just sold the Emerson tavern, at the other end of the village street. He kept it for nearly twenty years,—excepting the year 1836, when Moses Gill and his brother-in-law, Henry Lewis Lawrence, were the landlords,—and sold out about 1842 to Thomas Treadwell Farnsworth. It was then conducted as a temperance house, at that time considered a great innovation on former customs. After a short period it was sold to Daniel Hunt, who kept it until 1852, and he was followed by James M. Colburn, who had it for two years. It then came into the possession of J. Nelson Hoar, a son of the former landlord, who took it in 1854, and in whose family it has since remained. Latterly it has been managed by three of his daughters, and now is known as the Central House. It is the only tavern in the village, and for neatness and comfort can not easily be surpassed.

In the list of innholders, near the end of Isaiah Thomas's Almanack, for 1785, appears the name of Richardson, whose tavern stood on the present site of the Baptist church. It was originally the house owned and occupied by the Reverend Gershom Hobart, which had been considerably enlarged by additions on the north and east sides, in order to make it more suitable for its new purposes. Mine host was Captain Jephthah Richardson, who died on October 9, 1806. His father was Converse Richardson, who had previously kept a small inn, on the present Elm Street, near the corner of Pleasant. It was in this Elm Street house that

Timothy Bigelow, the rising young lawyer, lived, when he first came to Groton. Within a few years this building has been moved away. Soon after the death of Captain Jephthah Richardson, the tavern was sold to Timothy Spaulding, who carried on the business until his death, which occurred on February 19, 1808. Spaulding's widow subsequently married John Spalter, who was the landlord for a short time. About 1812 the house was rented to Dearborn Emerson, who had been a driver of a stage-coach, as well as the owner of a line. He remained in possession of it for a few years.

During the War of 1812 it was an inn of local renown; and a Lieutenant Chase had his headquarters here for a while, when recruiting for the army. He raised a company in the neighborhood, which was ordered to Sackett's Harbor, near the foot of Lake Ontario. The men were put into uniforms as they enlisted, and drilled daily. They were in the habit of marching through the village streets to the music of the spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife; and occasionally they were invited into the yard of some hospitable citizen, who would treat them to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," when taken in moderation. William Kemp was the drummer, and Wilder Shepley the fifer, both noted musicians in their day. Sometimes his brother, Moses Kemp, would act as fifer. William is still alive, at the advanced age of nearly ninety-five years, and gives many reminiscences of that period. He was born at Groton on May 8, 1789, and began to drum in early boyhood. His first appearance in the public service was during the year 1805, as drummer of the South Company of Groton, commanded by Luther Lawrence, after-

ward the mayor of Lowell. He has been the father of nine children, and has had thirty grandchildren, thirty-three great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild. Mr. Kemp can even now handle the drumsticks with a dexterity rarely equaled; and within a short time I have seen him give an exhibition of his skill which would reflect credit on a much younger person. Among the men enlisted here during that campaign were Marquis D. Farnsworth, Aaron Lewis, William Shepley, and John Woodward, of this town; and James Adams, and his son, James, Jr., of Pepperell.

It was about the year 1815 that Dearborn Emerson left the Richardson tavern, and moved down the street, perhaps thirty rods, where he opened another public house on the present site of Milo H. Shattuck's store. The old tavern, in the meantime, passed into the hands of Daniel Shattuck, who kept it until his death, which occurred on April 8, 1831. The business was then carried on during a short time by Clark Tenny, who was followed by Lemuel Lakin, and afterward by Francis Shattuck, a son of Daniel, for another brief period. About the year 1833 it was given up entirely as a public house, and thus passed away an old landmark widely known in those times. It stood well out on the present road, the front door facing down what is now Main Street, the upper end of which then had no existence. In approaching the tavern from the south, the road went up Hollis Street and turned to the left somewhere south of the Burying-Ground. The house afterward was cut up and moved off, just before the Baptist meeting-house was built. My earliest recollections carry me back faintly to the time when it was last used

as a tavern, though I remember distinctly the building as it looked before it was taken away.

Dearborn Emerson married a sister of Daniel Brooks, a large owner in the line of stage-coaches running through Groton from Boston to the northward; and this family connection was of great service to him. Jonas Parker, commonly known as "Tecumseh" Parker, was now associated with Emerson in keeping the new hotel. The stage business was taken away from the Richardson tavern, and transferred to this one. The house was enlarged, spacious barns and stables were erected, and better accommodations given to man and beast, — on too large a scale for profit, it seems, as Parker and Emerson failed shortly afterward. This was in the spring of 1818, during which year the tavern was purchased by Joseph Hoar, who kept it a little more than six years, when he sold it to Amos Alexander. This landlord, after a long time, was succeeded in turn by Isaac J. Fox, Horace Brown, William Childs, Artemas Brown, John McGilson, Abijah Wright, and Moses Gill. It was given up as a hotel in 1856, and made into a shoe factory; and finally it was burned. Mr. Gill had the house for eight years, and was the last landlord. He then opened a public house directly opposite to the Orthodox church, and called it *The Globe*, which he kept for two years. He was succeeded by Stephen Woods, who remained only one year, after which time this also was given up as a public house.

Another hostelry was the Ridge Hill tavern, situated at the Ridges, three miles from the village, on the Great Road to Boston. This was built about the year 1805, and much frequented

by travelers and teamsters. At this point the roads diverge and come together again in Lexington, making two routes to Boston. It was claimed by interested persons that one was considerably shorter than the other, — though the actual difference was less than a mile. In the year 1824 a guide-board was set up at the crotch of the roads, proclaiming the fact that the distance to Lexington through Concord was two miles longer than through Carlisle. Straightway the storekeepers and innholders along the Concord road published a counter-statement, that it had been measured by sworn surveyors, and the distance found to be only two hundred and thirty-six rods further than by the other way.

The first landlord of the Ridge Hill tavern was Levi Parker, noted for his hospitality. He was afterward deputy-sheriff of Middlesex County, and lived in Westford. He was followed, for a short time, by John Stevens, and then by John H. Loring, who conducted the house during many years, and was succeeded by his son Jefferson. After him came Henry L. Lawrence, who kept it during one year; he was followed by his brother-in-law, Moses Gill, who took the tavern in April, 1837, and kept it just five years. When Mr. Gill gave up the house, he was followed by one Langdon for a short time, and he in turn by Kimball Farr as the landlord, who had bought it the year previously, and who remained in charge until 1868. During a part of the time when the place was managed by Mr. Farr his son Augustus was associated with him. Mr. Farr sold the tavern to John Fuzzard, who kept it for a while, and is still the owner of the property. He was followed by Newell M. Jewett; the present land-

lord is Stephen Perkins, a native of York, Maine, who took it in 1880. The house had been vacant for some years before this time. A fair is held here regularly on the first Tuesday of every month, for the sale of horses, and buyers are attracted from a long distance. At one time this property was owned by Judge Samuel Dana, who sold it to John H. Loring.

As early as the year 1798 there was a tavern about a mile from the Ridges, toward Groton. It was kept by Stephen Farrar, in the house now standing near where the brook crosses the Great Road. Afterward one Green was the landlord. The house known as the Levi Tufts place in this neighborhood was an inn during the early part of this century, conducted by Tilly Buttrick. Also about this time, or previously, the house situated south of Indian Hill, and occupied by Charles Prescott, — when the map in Mr. Butler's History was made, — was an inn. There was a tavern kept from the year 1812 to 1818 by a Mr. Page, in Mr. Gerrish's house, near the Unitarian church in the village. There was also a tavern, near the present paper-mills of Tileston and Hollingsworth, kept for many years (1825-55) by Aaron Lewis, and after him for a short time by one Veazie. It was originally the house of John Capell, who owned the sawmill and gristmill in the immediate neighborhood. Amos Adams had an inn near Squannacook, a hundred years ago, in a house now owned by James Kemp.

Just before and during the Revolution a tavern was kept by George Peirce, in the south part of the town, within the present limits of Ayer. This landlord was probably the innholder of Littleton, whose name appears

in The Massachusetts Gazette, of August 8, 1765. The house was the one formerly owned by the late Calvin Fletcher, and burned March 25, 1880. It was advertised for sale, as appears from the following advertisement in The Boston Gazette, September 27, 1773:—

To be Sold at PUBLIC VENDUE, to the highest Bidder, on Wednesday the 3d Day of November next, at four o'Clock in the Afternoon (if not Sold before at Private Sale) by me the Subscriber, A valuable FARM in Groton, in the County of Middlesex, pleasantly situated on the great County Road, leading from Crown Point and No. 4 to Boston: Said Farm contains 172 Acres of Upland and Meadow, with the bigger Part under improvement, with a large Dwelling House and Barn, and Out Houses, together with a good Grist Mill and Saw Mill, the latter new last Year, both in good Repair, and on a good Stream, and within a few Rods of the House. Said Farm would make two good Livings, and would sell it in two Divisions, or together, as it would best suit the Purchaser. Said House is situated very conveniently for a Tavern, and has been improved as such for Ten Years past, with a Number of other Conveniences, too many to enumerate. And the Purchaser may depend upon having a good warrantee Deed of the same, and the bigger Part of the Pay made very easy, on good Security. The whole of the Farming Tools, and Part of the Stock, will be sold as above-mentioned, at the Subscriber's House on said Farm.

GEORGE PEIRCE.

Groton, Aug. 30, 1773.

The gristmill and sawmill, mentioned in the advertisement, were on Nonacoicus Brook. In the Gazette, of November 15, 1773, another notice appears, which shows that the tavern was not sold at the time originally appointed. It is as follows:—

The Publick are hereby Notified that the Sale of the FARM in Groton, which was to have been sold the 3d Instant on the Premises, at the House of Mr. George Peirce, is adjourn'd to the house of Mr. Joseph Moulton, Innholder in Boston, where it will certainly be Sold to the highest Bidder, on Wednesday the 1st Day of December next, at 4 o'Clock, P.M.

The following advertisement appears in The Independent Chronicle (Boston), September 19, 1808; the site of the farm was near that of Peirce's inn, just mentioned. Stone's tavern was afterward kept by one Day, and subsequently burned.

A FARM—for Sale,
CONTAINING 140 acres of Land, situated in the South part of *Groton, (Mass.)* with a new and well-finished House, Barn, & Out-houses, and Aqueduct, pleasantly situated, where a Tavern has been kept for the last seven years;—a part of the whole will be sold, as best suits the purchaser. For further particulars, inquire of THO'S B. RAND, of *Charlestown*, or the Subscriber, living on the Premises.

Sept. 12.

JESSE STONE.

About a generation ago an attempt was made to organize a company for the purpose of carrying on a hotel in the village, and a charter was obtained from the Legislature. The stock, however, was not fully taken up, and the project fell through. Of the corporators, Mr. Potter and Mr. Smith still survive. Below is a copy of the act:—

An Act to incorporate the Groton Hotel Company.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

SECT. 1. Luther F. Potter, Nathaniel P. Smith, Simeon Ames, their associates and successors, are hereby made a corporation, by the name of the Groton Hotel Company, for the purpose of erecting, in the town of Groton, buildings necessary and convenient for a public house, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the liabilities, duties, and restrictions, set forth in the forty-fourth chapter of the Revised Statutes.

SECT. 2. Said corporation may hold such real and personal property, as may be necessary and convenient for the purposes aforesaid, not exceeding in amount twenty thousand dollars: *provided*, that no shares in the capital stock of said corporation shall be issued for a less sum or amount, to be actually paid in on each, than the par value of the shares which shall be first issued. And if any ardent spirits, or intoxicating drinks of any kind whatever, shall be sold by said company, or by their agents, lessees, or persons in their employ, contrary to law, in any of said buildings, then this act shall be void. [*Approved by the Governor, May 2, 1850.*]

In the spring of 1852, a charter was given to Benjamin Webb, Daniel D. R. Bowker, and their associates, for the purpose of forming a corporation to carry on a hotel at the Massapoag Springs, in the eastern part of this town, but the project fell through. It was to be called the Massapoag Spring Hotel, and its capital stock was limited to \$30,000. The act was approved by the Governor, May 18, 1852, and it contained similar conditions to those mentioned above in regard to the sale of liquors. These enterprises are now nearly forgotten, though the mention of them may revive the recollections of elderly people.

During the first half of the present century Groton had one characteristic mark, closely connected with the old taverns, which it no longer possesses.

It was a radiating centre for different lines of stage-coaches, until this mode of travel was superseded by the swifter one of the railroad. During many years the stage-coaches were a distinctive feature of the place; and their coming and going was watched with great interest, and created the excitement of the day. In early times the drivers, as they approached the village, would blow a bugle in order to give notice of their arrival; and this blast was the signal at the taverns to put the food on the table. More than a generation has now passed away since these coaches were wont to be seen in the village streets. They were drawn usually by four horses, and in bad going by six. Here a change of coaches, horses, and drivers was made.

The stage-driver of former times belonged to a class of men that has entirely disappeared from this community. His position was one of considerable responsibility. This important personage was well known along his route, and his opinions were always quoted with respect. I can easily recall the familiar face of Aaron Corey, who drove the accommodation stage to Boston for so many years. He was a careful and skilful driver, and a man of most obliging disposition. He would go out of his way to bear a message or leave a newspaper; but his specialty was to look after women and children committed to his charge. He carried, also, packages and parcels, and largely what is to-day entrusted to the express. I recall, too, with pleasure, Horace George, another driver, popular with all the boys, because in sleighing-time he would let us ride on the rack behind, and even slacken the speed of his horses so as to allow us to catch hold of the straps.

Some people now remember the scenes of life and activity that used to be witnessed in the town on the arrival and departure of the stages. Some remember, too, the loud snap of the whip which gave increased speed to the horses, as they dashed up in approved style to the stopping-place, where the loungers were collected to see the travelers and listen to the gossip which fell from their lips. There were no telegraphs then, and but few railroads in the country. The papers did not gather the news so eagerly, nor spread it abroad so promptly, as they do now, and items of intelligence were carried largely by word of mouth.

The earliest line of stage-coaches between Boston and Groton was the one mentioned in *The Columbian Centinel*, April 6, 1793. The advertisement is headed "New Line of Stages," and gives notice that—

A Stage-Carriage drives from *Robbins' Tavern*, at Charles-River Bridge, on Monday and Friday, in each week, and passing through *Concord* and *Groton*, arrives at *Wyman's* tavern in *Ashley* [Ashby?] in the evening of the same day; and after exchanging passengers there, with the Stage-Carriage from *Walpole*, it returns on Tuesdays and Saturdays, by the same route to *Robbins's*.

The *Charlestown* Carriage drives also from *Robbins'* on Wednesday in each week, and passing through *Concord*, arrives at *Richardson's* tavern, in *Groton*, on the evening of the same day, and from thence returns on Thursday to *Robbins'*.

Another Carriage drives from *Richardson's* tavern in *Groton*, on Monday in each week, at six o'clock in the morning, and passing by *Richardson's* tavern in *Concord* at ten o'clock in the forenoon, arrives at

Charlestown at three o'clock in the afternoon. From *Charlestown* it drives on Tuesday and Thursday in each week, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and returns back as far as *Richardson's* tavern in *Concord*—and from that place it starts at 8 o'clock in the mornings, of Wednesday and Friday, and runs again to *Charlestown*. From there it moves at six o'clock on Saturday morning, and returns to *Richardson's* tavern in *Groton*, in the evening of the same day.

It was probably one of these "Carriages" to which allusion is made in Mr. Winthrop's Memoir of the Honorable Nathan Appleton,* as follows:—

At early dusk on some October or November evening, in the year 1794, a fresh, vigorous, bright-eyed lad, just turned of fifteen, might have been seen alighting from a stage-coach near Quaker Lane,† as it was then called, in the old town of Boston. He had been two days on the road from his home in the town of New Ipswich, in the State of New Hampshire. On the last of the two days, the stage-coach had brought him all the way from Groton in Massachusetts; starting for that purpose early in the morning, stopping at Concord for the passengers to dine, trundling them through Charlestown about the time the evening lamps were lighted, and finishing the whole distance of rather more than thirty miles in season for supper. For his first day's journey, there had been no such eligible and expeditious conveyance. The Boston stage-coach, in those days, went no farther than Groton in that direction. His father's farm-horse, or perhaps that of one of the neighbors, had served his turn for the first six or seven miles; his little brother of ten years old having followed him as far as Townsend, to ride the horse home again. But from there he had trudged along to Groton on foot, with

* Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, v, 249, 250.

† Now Congress Street.

a bundle-handkerchief in his hand, which contained all the wearing apparel he had, except what was on his back.

It has been said that the first public conveyance between Boston and Groton was a covered wagon, hung on chains for thoroughbraces: perhaps it was the "Charlestown Carriage," mentioned in the advertisement. It was owned and driven by Lemuel Lakin, but after a few years the owner sold out to Dearborn Emerson.

The following advertisement from The Columbian Centinel, June 25, 1800, will give a notion of what an undertaking a trip to Boston was, at the beginning of the century:—

GROTON STAGE.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that he drives the Stage from *Boston* to *Groton*, running through *Lexington*, *Concord*, and *Littleton*, to *Groton*: Starts from *Boston* every *Wednesday* morning, at 5 o'clock, and arrives at *Groton* the same day; Starts from *Groton* every *Monday* morning, at 7 o'clock, and arrives at *Boston* the same day at 4 o'clock. Passage through, 2 dols. per mile, 4d

DANBORN EMERSON.

Seats taken at Mr. SILAS DUTTON's in *Royal Exchange Lane*. Newspapers supplied on the road, and every attention paid to conveyances.

The given name of Emerson was Dearborn, and not "Danborn," which is a misprint. Two years later he was running a stage-coach from Groton to New Ipswich, New Hampshire, and on the first return trip he brought three passengers,—according to the History of New Ipswich (page 129). Emerson was a noted driver in his day; and he is mentioned, with pleasant recollections, by the Honorable Abbott Lawrence, in an after-dinner speech at the

jubilee of Lawrence Academy, on July 12, 1854. Subsequently he was the landlord of one of the local taverns.

It is advertised in The Massachusetts Register, for the year 1802, that the

GROTON Stage sets off from J. and S. Wheelock's [Indian Queen Inn], No. 37, Marlboro'-Street [now a part of Washington Street, Boston], every Wednesday at 4 o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Groton at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, same day; leaves Groton every Monday at 4 o'clock in the morning, and arrives in Boston at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, same day. (Pages 19, 20.)

It seems from this notice that it took three hours longer to make the trip down to Boston than up to Groton,—of which the explanation is not clear. In the Register for 1803 a semi-weekly line is advertised, and the same length of time is given for making the trip each way.

About the year 1807 there was a tri-weekly line of coaches to Boston, and as early as 1820 a daily line, which connected at Groton with others extending into New Hampshire and Vermont. Soon after this time there were two lines to Boston, running in opposition to each other,—one known as the Union and Accommodation Line, and the other as the Telegraph and Despatch.

One of the drivers for the Telegraph and Despatch line was Phineas Harrington, known along the road as "Phin" Harrington. He had orders to take but eight passengers in his coach, and the trip was made with remarkable speed for that period. "Phin" was a man of small size, and the story used to be told of him that, on cold and stormy nights, he would get inside of one of the lamps fixed to

his box in order to warm his feet by the lighted wick! He passed almost his whole life as a stage-man, and it is said that he drove for nearly forty years. He could handle the reins of six horses with more skill than any other driver in town.

William Shephard and Company advertise in *The Groton Herald*, April 10, 1830, their accommodation stage. "Good Teams and Coaches, with careful and obliging drivers, will be provided by the subscribers." Books were kept in Boston at A. M. Brigham's, No. 42 Hanover Street, and in Groton at the taverns of Amos Alexander and Joseph Hoar. The fare was one dollar, and the coach went three times a week.

About this time George Flint had a line to Nashua, and John Holt another to Fitchburg. They advertise together in the *Herald*, May 1, 1830, that "no pains shall be spared to accommodate those who shall favor them with their custom, and all business intrusted to their care will be faithfully attended to." The first stage-coach from this town to Lowell began to run about the year 1829, and John Austin was the driver. An opposition line was established soon afterward, and kept up during a short time, until a compromise was made between them. Later, John Russ was the owner and driver of the line to Lowell, and still later, John M. Maynard the owner. Near this period there was a coach running to Worcester, and previously one to Amherst, New Hampshire.

The following is a list of some of the old drivers, who were well known along their respective routes. It is arranged in no particular order and by no means complete; and the dates against a few of the names are only approx-

imations to the time when each one sat on the box:—

Lemuel Lakin was among the earliest; and he was followed by Dearborn Emerson. Daniel Brooks drove to Boston during the period of the last war with England, and probably later.

Aaron Corey drove the accommodation stage to Boston, through Carlisle, Bedford, and Lexington, for a long time, and he had previously driven the mail-coach. He was succeeded by his son, Calvin, the driver for a few years, until the line was given up in 1850. Mr. Corey, the father, was one of the veterans, having held the reins during thirty-two years; he died March 15, 1857, at the age of seventy-three.

Isaac Bullard, 1817-30; William Smart, 1825-30; George Hunt, Jonathan Buttrick, Thomas A. Staples, Obediah Kendall, Albert Hayden, Charles Briggs, Levi Robbins, James Lord, Frank Brown, Silas Burgess, Augustus Adams, William Dana, Horace Brown, Levi Wheeler, Timothy Underwood, ——— Bacon, Horace George, 1838-45; Lyman W. Cushing, 1842-45, and Joseph Stewart. These drove to Boston. After the stages were taken off, "Joe" Stewart drove the passenger-coach from the village to the station on the Fitchburg Railroad, which ran to connect with the three daily trains for Boston. The station was three miles away, and now within the limits of Ayer.

Among the drivers to Keene, New Hampshire, were Kimball Danforth, 1817-40; Ira Brown, Oliver Scales, Amos Nicholas, Otis Bardwell, Abel Marshall, the brothers Ira and Hiram Hodgkins, George Brown, Houghton Lawrence, Palmer Thomas, Ira Green, Barney Pike, William Johnson, Walter Carleton, and John Carleton. There were two stage routes to Keene, both

going as far as West Townsend in common, and then separating, one passing through Ashby, Rindge, and Fitzwilliam, while the other went through New Ipswich and Jaffrey.

Anson Johnson and Beriah Curtis drove to Worcester; Addison Parker, Henry L. Lawrence. Stephen Corbin, John Webber, and his son, Ward, drove to Lowell; the brothers Abiel and Nathan Fawcett, Wilder Proctor, and Abel H. Fuller, to Nashua; Micah Ball, who came from Leominster about the year 1824, drove to Amherst, New Hampshire, and after him Benjamin Lewis, who continued to drive as long as he lived, and at his death the line was given up. The route to Amherst lay through Pepperell, Hollis, and Milford.

Other drivers were John Chase, Joel Shattuck, William Shattuck, Moses Titus, Frank Shattuck, David Coburn, — Chickering, Thomas Emory, and William Kemp, Jr.

The sad recollection of an accident at Littleton, resulting in the death of Silas Bullard, is occasionally revived by some of the older people. It occurred about the year 1825, and was caused by the upsetting of the Groton coach, driven by Samuel Stone, and at the time just descending the hill between Littleton Common and Nagog Pond, then known as Kimball's Hill. Mr. Bullard was one of the owners of the line, and a brother of Isaac, the veteran driver.

Besides the stage-coaches the carrier wagons added to the business of Groton, and helped largely to support the taverns. The town was situated on one of the main thoroughfares leading from Boston to the northern country, comprising an important part of New

Hampshire and Vermont, and extending into Canada. This road was traversed by a great number of wagons, drawn by four or six horses, carrying to the city the various products of the country, such as grain, pork, butter, cheese, eggs, venison, hides; and returning with goods found in the city, such as molasses, sugar, New-England rum, coffee, tea, nails, iron, cloths, and the innumerable articles found in the country stores, to be distributed among the towns above here. In some seasons, it was no uncommon sight to see forty such wagons passing through the village in one day.

In addition to these were many smaller vehicles, drawn by one or two horses, to say nothing of the private carriages of individuals who were traveling for business or pleasure.

For many of the facts mentioned in this paper I am indebted to Mr. Moses Gill, an octogenarian of Groton, whose mind is clear and body active for a man of his years. Mr. Gill is a grandson of Lieutenant-Governor Moses Gill, and was born at Princeton, on March 6, 1800. He has kept several public houses in Groton, already mentioned, besides the old brick tavern situated on the Lowell road, near Long-sought-for Pond, and formerly known as the Half-way House. This hotel came within the limits of Westford, and was kept by Mr. Gill from the year 1842 to 1847. In his day he has known personally seventy-five landlords doing business between Davenport's (opposite to the celebrated Porter's tavern in Cambridge) and Keene, New Hampshire; and of this number, only seven are thought to be living at the present time.

CAPT. JOHN MCCLINTOCK.

(Continued from page 194.)

September 26, 1841, he married Mary Bailey Shaw, of Winthrop, Maine, who bore him six children, four of whom survive. During one of his long voyages round the world she departed this life, Oct. 25, 1866. Rev. C. C. Mason thus writes of her in the *Zion's Herald*:

"By the death of this sister the church sustains a great loss, for she was a constant friend and exemplary member. The poor and afflicted will remember her as a sympathizer and helper, for she endeared herself to all by her active yet gentle and unostentatious exertions for the good of others. I do not pen an untruth or write undeserved praise when I say that few women have a record so full of lovely remembrances as Sister Mary McClintock. She was a woman of superior gifts, generous and true, earnest and hopeful, consistent and faithful in her christian life. Her piety was distinguished by a firm and cheerful trust in her God. Seldom was she cast down or disquieted.

In September last, Willie, the next to the eldest son, was smitten with typhoid fever, and for weeks that affectionate mother watched every symptom, attended to every want, and by her tender, watchful care he was restored to health. Ere Willie recovered, John, the eldest son, was prostrated by the same fever, and to-day lies hovering between life and death. The mother was compelled to resign the care of this dear son to others and seek her own couch to lie down and die. The ministers of the Maine Conference will re-

member her care and solicitude for their good, and that memory will shine upon their weary pathway like moonlight when the sun has set, leaving a sweet and tender radiance. Her house with its many comforts was the frequent and welcome home of the itinerant. With her generous and warm-hearted husband she was a weekly visitor at the parsonage, and its occupants this year will miss a devoted friend. In her domestic circle she was very affable and queenly, almost idolized by her fond and confiding husband and affectionate children."

The death of the mother broke up the family circle, the boys struck out for themselves, and the father passed the last years of his life with the son, "Willie," at Chelsea, Mass. His declining years were amidst pleasant surroundings, where he had every care and attention, but toward the last his mind wandered and he lived over again scenes in his stormy life. His crew was mutinous as of old. Robbers were attacking him. Lawyers were his dread and terror, especially the English spec-imen. The wind was blowing a gale, or he was becalmed in a bad current. His end was very peaceful and he was laid to rest by the side of his only wife in a peaceful graveyard in Winthrop, overhung by elms and commanding a view of a beautiful little lake. They are in the midst of her kindred.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

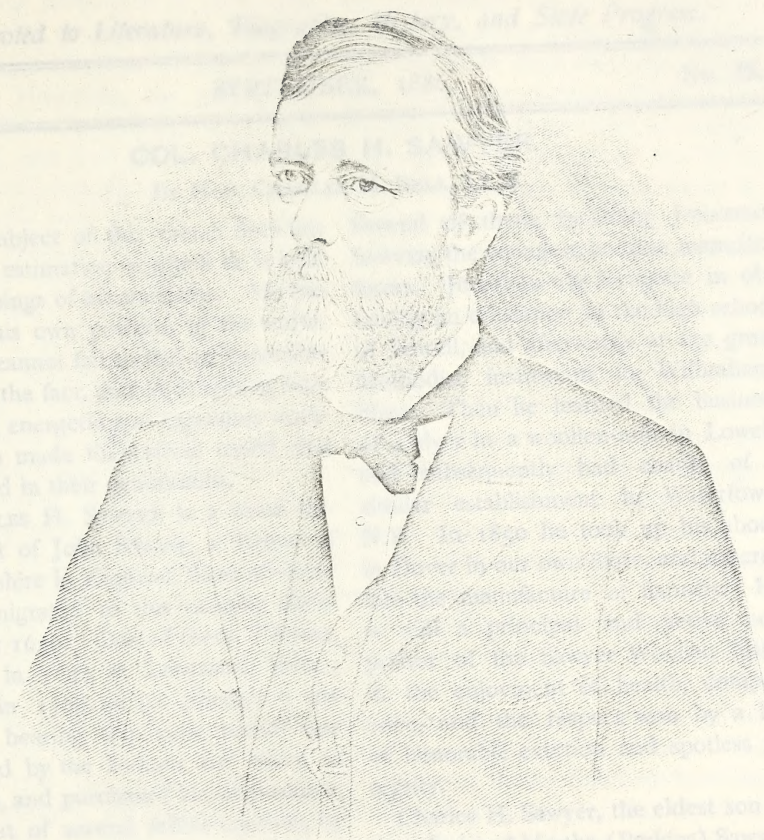
Dedicated to Literature, Fine Arts, and State Progress.

Vol. IX.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

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Eng. by A. R. RICHIE

Charles H. Sawyer

THOMAS SAWYER, the eldest son of
and Martha (Perkins) Sawyer.
born in Waterville, N.Y., March
1840. At the age of 18, he was
sent to the State of New York
where he engaged in the
business of a cotton factor.
He was engaged in the
operation of a saw-mill, and
at the time of the late war, he was
probably with some public
private advantage, and
leaving a widow and twelve children.

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Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

No. IX.

COL. CHARLES H. SAWYER.

BY HON. CHARLES H. BELL, LL.D.

THE subject of this sketch does not owe the estimation in which he is held to the doings of his ancestors. He has earned his own position in the world. Yet he cannot fail to feel an honorable pride in the fact, that he is sprung from a line of energetic and ingenious workers, who made themselves useful and respected in their generations.

CHARLES H. SAWYER is a lineal descendant of John Sawyer, a farmer of Lincolnshire in England, three of whose sons emigrated to this country about the year 1636. One of them, THOMAS, settled in 1647 at Lancaster, Mass.; where in 1708 he (or possibly a son of his, bearing the same name) was captured by the Indians and taken to Canada, and purchased his deliverance, and that of several fellow-captives, by building for the French governor a saw-mill; the first, it is said, in that region of country.

PHINEAS, the great-great-grandson of Thomas, and the grandfather of Charles H. Sawyer, bought in Marlborough, Mass., a century later, a water privilege and mills, to which he afterwards added a cotton factory; a difficult and hazardous undertaking at that early day. He operated it for some years, about the time of the last war with England, but probably with more public spirit than private advantage, and died in 1820, leaving a widow and twelve children.

Several of them, including JONATHAN SAWYER, the youngest, became manufacturers. Jonathan was fortunate in obtaining an education in the high school of Lowell, and afterwards at the great Methodist institution in Wilbraham, Mass. Then he learned the business of a dyer in a woollen-mill in Lowell, and subsequently had charge of a similar establishment in Watertown, N.Y. In 1850 he took up his abode in Dover in our own State, and entered into the manufacture of flannels. He is still a principal and active proprietor of the Sawyer Woollen Mills, in the enjoyment of health, competence, and the respect won by a life of honorable exertion and spotless integrity.

Charles H. Sawyer, the eldest son of Jonathan and Martha (Perkins) Sawyer, was born in Watertown, N.Y., March 30, 1840. At the age of ten, he was brought by his father to Dover, and acquired the basis of his education in the excellent public schools of that place. When he became seventeen, his father, who designed him for the hereditary calling of manufacturing, placed him in the flannel-mill as an ordinary hand, to enable him to form a practical acquaintance with the various and complicated processes required to transform the rough fleece into the finished fabric. Here he supplemented

his book-education by the education of work, observation, and experience. Step by step he rose to the higher grades of employment, mastering every detail of the business as he went, until at the age of twenty-six, he was appointed superintendent of the establishment. Meantime, the proprietors of the mills had greatly extended their operations, and had adapted the machinery to the manufacture of fine casimere cloths and suitings. In 1873 they were incorporated by the name of the Sawyer Woollen Mills, and Col. Sawyer became a part owner and agent; and in 1881, on the death of his uncle, Francis A. Sawyer the senior proprietor, he was chosen the president.

The Sawyer Woollen Mills Corporation is now a large and prosperous concern, employing somewhere about five hundred operatives, and turning out a quality of cloth which has acquired a high reputation in the market for beauty, durability, and uniform excellence of workmanship. None but the best materials are used, and the best class of help is employed. "Live and let live" is the motto of the managers. The employees have mainly grown up with the business, the changes having been very few; a great part of them have been in the employ of the concern for twenty years or more. They are paid liberal wages, and are comfortable and independent. They are large depositors in the savings-banks; and many of them own their own houses, purchased with their earnings. As may be inferred, they are, as a body, temperate, industrious, and orderly. They feel that their interests are identified with those of their employers; and no strikes or other labor troubles have ever disturbed the harmonious relations between them.

The Sawyer Woollen Mills have introduced one new feature into their business, which commends itself to the good sense of all. Instead of employing commission houses to dispose of their goods, as the former practice was, they now make their own sales. They thus reduce the chances of loss to the minimum; and there being no middle-man's profit to pay, they can better afford employment to their hands in times of depression.

For a number of years past, the active management of the entire business — buying, manufacturing, and selling — has fallen upon Col. Sawyer; and it has been so conducted, that the credit of no other establishment stands higher. As a business man, alert, sagacious, and successful, the colonel has no superior in the State; and that is saying a great deal at this day, when the brightest of our New-Hampshire boys are finding employment at home.

The sterling business qualities which Col. Sawyer displayed in the conduct of his own affairs have naturally led to his being selected upon the board of management of other enterprises. He is a director of the Strafford National Bank, and a trustee of the Strafford Savings Bank; a director of the Dover Gas-light Company, and president of the Dover Horse-Railroad Company; a director and member of the Executive Board of the Granite-State Insurance Company; a director of the Portsmouth Bridge Company, and president of the Eliot Bridge Company; and a director in the Portsmouth and Dover, in the Portsmouth, Great Falls, and Conway, and in the Wolfeborough Branch Railroads. These various and important trusts, numerous as they and his private engagements are, receive his careful attention; and it is safe to say that

the opinion of no one concerned in their administration carries more weight than his.

Col. Sawyer has too great an interest in public affairs to be without decided political convictions. He cast his earliest vote for Abraham Lincoln, and has ever since been unswerving in his allegiance to the Republican party. His experience in the service of the public has not been inconsiderable. After having served with credit in both branches of the city council of Dover, he was chosen a representative in the State Legislature in the years 1869 and 1870, and again in 1876 and 1877. His ability and standing in that body are indicated by the fact of his assignment to the important committees on the judiciary, railroads, manufactures, and national affairs. His last political service was that of delegate at large to the National Republican Convention at Chicago, in 1884. The military title by which he is known, Col. Sawyer derived from his appointment upon the staff of the Governor of the State, in 1881. It is the barest justice to him to add that he is no office-seeker. Modest and unassuming in a remarkable degree, the public positions he has held have come to him through no longing or efforts of his own; in his case it is emphatically true that "the office has always sought the man."

Col. Sawyer is a member of the Congregational Society in Dover, and a liberal contributor to its support, as well as to every worthy object of charity and scheme of benevolence that is brought to his notice from whatever quarter. Though his manner is reserved, his heart is warm, and his sympathies are quick and wide; and his generosity and helpfulness in a good cause are not limited by place or creed

or nationality. He is a consistent temperance man, and a firm upholder of the prohibitory law. Every work for the improvement of the city or the public benefit finds in him a hearty supporter, grudging neither money nor more valuable personal effort to promote its advancement. For years he has been a zealous member of the Masonic fraternity. He was twice elected to the chair of the Strafford Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons; and for the past seven years he has been the Eminent Commander of the St. Paul Commandery of Knights Templar.

Though so diligent a man of affairs, Col. Sawyer finds the time for mental cultivation. His library contains the best books of solid value, and he has made himself acquainted with their contents. On all subjects of public interest and practical importance he keeps thoroughly informed, and has well-considered opinions. Naturally somewhat reticent, he never obtrudes his views; but when they are sought for, they are found to go straight to the mark, and to have behind them all the force of rare sagacity and careful thought. He makes no pretensions to oratory, yet orators might well envy the impression which his plain, convincing statements command. In the recent panic caused by the withdrawal from the State of foreign insurance companies, it was mainly Col. Sawyer's calm and clear demonstration of the feasibility of a manufacturers' mutual system of home insurance that quieted the needless feelings of alarm.

It has been truly remarked of Col. Sawyer, that "Nature made him on a large scale." His great interests he wields easily, and carries his broad responsibilities without fatigue. His remarkable executive ability never

seems to be taxed to its full capacity; there is always an appearance of reserve strength beyond. He has a large way of estimating men and things. No petty prejudices obscure the clearness of his vision, or weaken the soundness of his judgment. He has the courage of his convictions, and does not shrink from telling an unpalatable truth when necessary; but he has the rare faculty of giving no needless offence. In the wide round of his occupations he must needs have caused some disappointments; but his character for justice and square dealing is so universally understood, that censure finds no vulnerable spot to fasten on. Few prominent men are so free from enemies.

The imperturbable poise of character which Col. Sawyer exhibits is one of his distinguishing features. Nothing throws him off his balance. He keeps entire control of his temper; he allows neither success to elate him, nor failure to depress him. As the western people say, he is "a man to tie to." This is the result of natural equanimity, supplemented by careful self-discipline. His powers are so cultivated that they are evenly developed; his character is matured, well-rounded, and symmetrical.

Moreover, he is, in the expressive phrase of the day, a "clean" man. His life has been soiled by no mean or sordid action. Amidst many temptations to self-indulgence, he has preserved himself pure and unspoiled. In the several relations of son and husband and father, of friend and of citizen, he has been faithful and true to his duty. At twenty-five years of age he married Susan E., daughter of Dr. James W. Cowan. Their home is on the bank of the stream whose waters

turn the wheels of Sawyer's Mills. It is the unostentatious abode of genuine comfort and refinement. It is there that Col. Sawyer finds, in the society of his wife and children, rest from the cares of his business, and the truest enjoyment of his life.

For several years past those who knew Col. Sawyer best have felt that he was destined ere long to fill the chief executive office in the gift of the people of New Hampshire; and when, a few months since, his name was publicly mentioned for the gubernatorial nomination by the Republican party, it was received with enthusiasm by people in all parts of the State. The Convention, when assembled, ratified what appeared to be the popular voice, and nominated him as their candidate for the governorship by a vote of nearly three-fourths of their whole number.

Gratifying to the nominee as this spontaneous mark of the confidence of his party must have been, his reception by the people of his city, without distinction of party, must have been even more so. He was met on his return from the Convention to Dover, by a great procession, civic and military, of men of all opinions and callings, and escorted to his home amid cheers and music and illuminations all along the way. It was an ovation that testified more eloquently than words to the high estimation in which his character is held by his neighbors and townsmen.

Col. Sawyer is yet in his prime. It is probable that one-half of his adult life is still before him. The qualities that have already made him one of our foremost men will guide and govern him throughout the remainder of his career. And all that he has thus far accomplished is not unlikely to prove but the vestibule to the noble edifice of his completed life.

HON. JACOB H. GALLINGER, M. D.

SINCE July, 1879, when a sketch of Hon. JACOB H. GALLINGER appeared in THE GRANITE MONTHLY, at which time he was president of the New-Hampshire Senate, he has not been idle. At this time, when he is a candidate for re-election to Congress, a few additional facts may be of interest to the readers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY. Allen J. Hackett, a well known political writer, contributes the following: "Dr. Gallinger had long been an active and influential member of the Republican State Central Committee, and in September, 1882, he was made its chairman. The campaign which followed was one of exceeding bitterness, and beset with exceptional difficulties. The tidal wave, which, two years later, carried the Democratic party into power in the Nation, had already set in. New York, Pennsylvania, and even Massachusetts chose Democratic governors, and a Democratic Congress was elected. In addition to these general discouragements, the Republicans of New Hampshire were called upon to face serious obstacles of their own, which are well known to all; and which, therefore, need not be discussed here. It is only just to say that, with a less adroit manager at the head of the Republican organization, the Republican victory which followed would have been impossible. Dr. Gallinger was re-elected to the chairmanship in 1884, and again demonstrated his especial fitness for the place.

"In the Second District Convention, held at Concord, Sept. 9, 1884, Dr. Gallinger was nominated for member of Congress, receiving on the first ballot 171 out of a total of 329 votes. The nomination was subsequently made

unanimous. His competitors were Hon. Daniel Barnard of Franklin, and Hon. Levi W. Barton of Newport, two of the ablest men of the State. He was elected in November following, running several hundred votes ahead of his ticket.

"Dr. Gallinger has been prominent in politics otherwise than in an official capacity. He is one of the most popular and successful campaign orators in the State. As a speaker, he is rapid, direct, and practical; has an excellent voice, and always commands the close attention of his audience. He is also a facile and effective writer. He has frequently prepared the resolutions for State and District Conventions, and has written to a considerable extent for the daily press. He has also performed considerable literary labor of a general character. He has frequently lectured before lyceums and other literary societies; and Dartmouth College has conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts.

"Dr. Gallinger is slightly above the medium height, and is somewhat portly. He has always been strictly temperate in his habits, and the happy results of his abstemious life are apparent in his cheery and healthful countenance. He has a fine presence, a cordial, hearty manner, and a pleasing, winning address. His rare social qualities, abundant good nature, keen sense of humor, and excellent conversational power, make him a most agreeable companion; and few men in the State enjoy a higher degree of personal popularity."

At the meeting of the State Committee and Delegates on the evening of Sept. 13, 1886, to form a plan for the organization of the Republican State

Convention for the following day, Dr. Gallinger presided; and, in response to an urgent call, gave an address which, from its wisdom and appropriateness, might well be termed an oration. Every hearer in his large audience, composed of the leading Republican politicians of New Hampshire, were, under his generalship, brought under one banner, and united for a hard fight and a victory in the coming election.

On the afternoon of Sept. 14, Dr. Gallinger was renominated by acclamation for member of Congress from the second district. "The Concord Monitor" says, —

"It is conceded on all hands that Dr. Gallinger's speech accepting the renomination for the member of Congress was one of the most graceful speeches of acceptance ever heard in this State.

"The nomination of Congressman Gallinger, for a second term, by acclamation, while it was in accordance with a long established custom, yet had a significance peculiarly its own; for the reason that the result would have been the same if the proceedings had been different. Dr. Gallinger has been one of the ablest and most faithful representatives that his district has ever had. His initiation into the practical duties of congressional life have been very rapid. He has an exceedingly happy facility in adapting himself to any position in which he finds himself placed. This quality has enabled him to discharge the functions of the numerous State offices which he has held, with readiness and unusual success; and it stands him in good

stead in the higher office which he now fills. He has not found it necessary to serve a long apprenticeship of timid silence. He has served but half of his first term in Congress, but he has already been "heard from," and in a way creditable to himself and gratifying to the people of his State. He has successfully participated in the debates, and his speech on the silver question was one of the ablest of the session. He has faithfully represented the interests of his constituents, and has cheerfully responded to all demands which they have made upon him.

"There should be, and indeed there is, no doubt of his re-election by a very large majority. Two years ago he ran several hundred votes ahead of his ticket. To the personal popularity to which that result was due, he can now add an excellent public record, and the voters of the second district will doubtless show their appreciation of his services by giving him a generous support at the polls."

Dr. Gallinger's congressional record, as above outlined, is one of exceptional brilliancy. Rarely, if ever, has the State had a representative who, during his first session, gained so prominent a place in Congress as he. Industrious, faithful, and aggressive, his reputation is already established as a congressman of great oratorical power and rare executive ability. His future career will be carefully watched by the people of the State, who to-day look upon him as one of the few men in New Hampshire who can properly look forward to the probability of further preferment in the political field.

THE firm of JAMES R. HILL & Co. of Concord, the manufacturers of the Concord harness, the standard harness of America, to whom the attention of the readers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY has been frequently called in past years, have continued to sustain and increase the reputation of their goods until, not only in name but in fact, they are at the head in this country in their line. They furnish from their factory all classes of harnesses, from the one-thousand dollar set for fancy coaches

to the common buggy and freight harness used by teamsters and farmers; adapting their prices to the demand of every community, but insisting on furnishing reliable goods to their customers. They now employ about one hundred and fifty skilled operatives.

They have lately issued an advertising chart of their various kinds of harnesses which will prove an ornament to every counting-room, where its occupants take an interest in the horse or in its accoutrements.

HARRY G. SARGENT.

HARRY G. SARGENT, Esq., the Republican candidate for Solicitor of Merrimack County, is a young lawyer of Concord, who has already won an enviable rank in his chosen profession; and, in the opinion of his many friends, is bound to rise higher.

He is the son of Samuel M. Sargent, for many years an engineer on the Concord Railroad, and Cyrene M. Sargent. He was born in Pittsfield, N.H., Sept. 30, 1859; and after residing in Hooksett and Bow, N.H., a few years, while still a lad, removed with his parents to Concord, where he has ever since resided; receiving the advantages of the excellent schools of the city, and graduating from the High School with honor in 1878.

He immediately commenced the study of the law in the office of W. T. & H. F. Norris, where he remained one year, when he entered the Law School of the Boston University, and continued his studies there for another year. On his return to Concord, he entered the office of Hon. John Y. Mugridge, and there finished his preparatory course of reading; being admitted to the bar at the September term, 1881. In the rigid examination to which the applicants were subjected, Mr. Sargent, the youngest of the thirteen successful candidates who passed the ordeal, stood third; ranking above six of the eight applicants who had received the advantage of a college education.

For a few months after his admission he occupied a part of the office of Jackman & Larkin, after which he entered the office of Mr. Mugridge, where he continued until the latter's death, and which he still occupies in

connection with Hon. W. L. Foster and Hon. A. W. Silsby. From the first he has been successful. He brought to the profession a level head, sound common sense, and a good constitution. He is very energetic. What he has to do, he does with all his might. His discharge of official duties is done in the most conscientious manner, and with the most painstaking care. He cannot be bought or influenced by promises or threats. With a deep voice, clear and full, his speaking is impressive and earnest. His untiring energy, physical strength, and mental activity make him a force before the courts.

He has already been employed in many important cases; he has been administrator of several estates; he has been the assignee of several firms.

His chief reputation at the bar, however, has been gained during the past two years, while he has been engaged in the important duties attached to his office of county solicitor, to which he was elected in 1884. He has proved himself an able lawyer, a strong and forcible advocate, skilful in argument and in the conduct of cases, and a close law-student.

Socially he is good-natured, a pleasant companion, fond of witnessing the "national game," temperate, dignified, and popular. He married, Dec. 14, 1881, Elizabeth Dudley of Concord, and their home is blessed by a lovely child, Margaret Dudley Sargent.

In the coming contest Mr. Sargent will prove, as in the last election, a very strong candidate, and one hard to defeat in a county where he is so well and favorably known. He will at least receive a full party vote.

BOOK NOTICES.

SCOTT'S "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

An entirely new edition of this famous and popular poem, from *new plates*, with nearly *one hundred* new illustrations by leading American artists. Elegantly and appropriately bound, with full gilt edges. In box. Cloth, \$6.00. Padded-calf, tree-calf, or antique morocco, \$10. Crushed Levant, \$25. Ticknor & Co., publishers, Boston.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is the swan-song of the age of chivalry and romance, and breathes from every stanza the thrilling sentiments of those halcyon days when honor and valor and beauty ruled the world. The critics of three generations have lavished upon it their pæans of praise, from the careful essays of Jeffrey and Wilson down to the scholarly and erudite reviews of the foremost essayists of the present day. The poem was published in 1805, and met with an immediate and astonishing success; and has ever since been a high favorite among all lovers of noble sentiment and melodious verse.

The scene is laid mainly at the old Border stronghold of Branksome Hall:—

"The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the o'er-word o' the thrang
Was — 'Rise for Branksome readilie!'"

So, appropriately, the cover of the new Boston edition is emblazoned with the arms of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Lord of Branksome, and with the towers and battlements of a feudal fortalice. The large size of the volume, which exceeds very considerably its predecessors, "*Lucille*," "*Marmion*," etc., favors the rich display of these emblems, which go to make up a beautiful parlor-table book.

The paper on which the text is printed is of a fine dead-finish, like old English hand-made paper, remarkably firm and thick, and free from the unpleasant reflections so noticeable in calendered paper of high polish. This paper was made expressly for the book, and takes the impressions of the most delicate cuts with efficiency and good results.

Among the more conspicuous of the illustrations we may note the beautiful full-page frontispiece, "She gazed upon the Inner Court," after W. St. John Harper's drawing; and the many vigorous figure-pieces, in which appear fair Margaret, the Knight of Deloraine, the Goblin Page, Dark Musgrave, and all the other characters of this mighty song of Border wars and noble loves. Even more noticeable are the landscape pictures and re-

productions of famous localities of the poem. Newark's stately tower, Naworth Castle, Branksome Turrets, fair Melrose, Liddesdale, the Eildon Hills, Yarrow's Stream, dark Ruberslaw, Kelso Abbey, Carlisle's Wall, Roslin Castle, and other beautiful and legend-haunted localities of the Scottish Border Marches.

CONFESSIONS AND CRITICISMS. By Julian Hawthorne. 1 vol. 12mo. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A series of very delightful essays and papers, with reminiscences and other memorable papers, prepared by one of the most skilful and interesting of American authors, and calculated to attract and keep the attention of all readers. It includes a great variety of valuable miscellany, and several papers that have already become classic among people of cultivation and acumen.

The first essay is a piquant description of how the author came to write "Garth," "Bressant," and "Idolatry," and the well-known "Fortune's Fool," with descriptions of how their plots grew into shape. The second essay is entitled "Novels and Agnosticism," and speaks of Thackeray, Turgeneff, Zola, Henry James, and Howells, and their methods and peculiarities. Next comes a paper on "Americanism in Fiction," beginning with Cooper, Irving, and Poe, passing onward by Hawthorne, Emerson, and Longfellow, and brightly touching the newer men of to-day. "Literature for Children" is a monograph of great value for parents and friends of children.

"The Moral Aim in Fiction" is a subtle speculation as to the true relations of art and morals to each other. "The Maker of Many Books" is a very delightful personal and biographical reminiscence of Anthony Trollope, with whom Mr. Hawthorne became acquainted in 1879. In Mr. Mallock's "Missing Science" there is a quaint little skit at democracy, socialism, and other modern isms. Theodore Winthrop's writings will deeply interest any one who has read "John Brent," or "Cecil Dreeme," or who feels interest in the mesozoic period of our literature. "Emerson as an American" is a grand and eloquent essay on the Puritans of Plymouth and of later Concord, with vivid characterizations and illustrations of Emerson's patriotic traits. The remaining papers in this singular and valuable book are full of the Hawthorne spirit, and must find many profoundly interested readers.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

BY JAMES HUGHES HOPKINS.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, the great Chancellor Livingston of our fathers' time, is forgotten. Time has dealt unkindly with his memory. The man who entered public life as a member of the committee that framed the Declaration of Independence, and closed a long diplomatic career spent in patriotic services of his country with the purchase of Louisiana, deserved a high place on the roll of American statesmen. "The National Picture Gallery," a publication accessible to few but diligent students of our national history, contains a brief sketch of Livingston and his family. Such is fame. A few pages of an ephemeral magazine constitute the tribute of American historical writers to the memory of the statesman, jurist, and scholar, who in his time was the friend of emperors, the rival of presidents, and the head of a family that at his behest might easily have destroyed a nation.

Descended from the great Livingston family that for fifty years had exercised a powerful influence in the public affairs of New York; the son of a judge of the Supreme Court, who, as a member of the famous Stamp Act Congress of 1765, draughted the address to the king adopted by that body; and already noted at his graduation from King's College, in 1765, for "the sublimity of his sentiments, the elegance of his style, and the graceful propriety of his pronunciation and gesture," — young Robert may well be said to have been born great. The only path to distinction then open to young men of talent and ambition was through the legal profession. Entering the office of Judge

William Smith, the future historian of the Colony of New York, young Livingston devoted himself to the study of law with such assiduity and success, that soon after his admission to the bar he was appointed to the honorable and lucrative position of recorder of New-York City. His success as a lawyer, notwithstanding the advantages derived from his connection with a distinguished family, was remarkable. New York, before the Revolution, had not yet begun that marvellous growth which has finally made it the great commercial city of the new continent, and afforded no alluring hopes of success to a young barrister, who began practice at a bar distinguished by the efforts of the great Colonial lawyers, Duane, Egbert Benson, Robert Troup, and Melancthon Smith, and in after years by the successes of Jay, Kent, Hamilton, and Burr.

Eminent, however, as was his future career as a lawyer, Robert R. Livingston early gave indications of a fitness for the duties of a position that would call into action those qualities that had won for him a high place as a brilliant advocate and learned jurist. As early as 1765, "The New-York Gazette," in commenting on his oration at graduation from King's College, had stated that "many of the audience please themselves with hopes that the young orator may prove an able and zealous asserter and defender of the rights and liberties of his country, as well as an ornament to it." The early promise was not unfulfilled. The father and grandfather were both active in the cause of liberty; and the removal of

the grandson in 1775 from his position as recorder of the city of New York speaks louder than words of the attachment of the youngest member of the Livingston family to the popular cause. A delegate from Dutchess County to the New-York Provincial Convention of 1775, his abilities and influential family connection led that body to appoint him, though hardly twenty-nine years of age, one of its delegates to the Second Continental Congress,—a position that the necessities of his native State, invaded by British soldiery, allowed him to hold but a few months. Chosen by ballot a member of the famous committee that draughted the Declaration of Independence, Livingston began public life as an associate of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, and Sherman. To Jefferson belongs the honor of draughting, and to Adams that of supporting the Declaration on the floor of Congress. But the knowledge that the representative of the most powerful family in the Colonies, a man who had every thing to lose and little to gain from a successful revolution, gave his hearty approval to so radical a measure, won for that act the votes of members whom the eloquent words of John Adams could not influence.

The social and political system of Colonial New York, that allowed young Robert Livingston and other great landed proprietors to exercise a dominant influence in all public and social life, was peculiar to the time. Unlike the New-England Colonies, which were ruled by the yeomanry, New York, with its great population of farmers and traders, had from the earliest times supported an aristocracy not unlike, in many of its characteristics, that of Virginia. A few great families, the Van

Rensselaers, the Cortlandts, the Livingstons, and the Phillipses, had received from the Crown vast grants, embracing thousands of acres of the best land of the Colony. Indeed, the manorial system of England in its entirety was transferred to this portion of the New World. The manor of Livingston, farmed out to a numerous tenantry, was entitled to three representatives in the Assembly. Allied by marriage with the most distinguished families of the Colony, and endowed with wealth, social influence, and political power by inheritance, it is not surprising that the youngest member of the Livingston family became a leader in the Second Continental Congress, and was looked upon as representing the ruling and aristocratic families of his Colony; a position, however, which none but a man of brilliant intellect and versatile talents could have long maintained in a delegation that numbered such men as James Duane, the learned lawyer; John Jay, the friend, and afterwards successful rival, of Robert R. Livingston; George Clinton, the great governor; and Philip Livingston, the signer of the Declaration.

The exigencies of his native State, and the protection of his own home and family, demanded his presence; and Livingston left Congress, to take a seat in the Provincial Congress of New York,—thus depriving himself of the privilege of signing the immortal Declaration of Independence, but not of the honor of having supported in committee the act that gave birth to a nation. Of his participation in the stirring events of those years of war, it is unnecessary to speak at length. That he was a leader, is apparent. His position as a member of nearly every committee appointed by the New-

York Congress exacted the most untiring devotion and labor. His name appears as an associate with Jay and others on the secret committee for the obstruction of the Hudson; he was a member of the committee that reported the first constitution of the State of New York, and indeed had a large share in draughting that instrument; he was also a member of a committee to report a plan for a council of safety; and a month or two later his services were required as a member of a committee of twelve to co-operate with Gen. Schuyler against Burgoyne. Finally, the 3d of May, 1777, Livingston was commissioned chancellor of the State of New York, an office since abolished, but not before the services of Livingston, Lansing, and Kent rendered the office one of world-wide fame.

Notwithstanding the duties of his judicial position, Livingston continued active in public affairs. In October, 1779, he became a special delegate to the National Congress, and a few weeks later was appointed a member of a council to govern the southern districts of New York as fast as recovered from the enemy's possession. Again chosen, in 1781, a special delegate to Congress, he was elected by that body secretary of foreign affairs, and entered upon the duties of his office the 20th of October, 1781, serving in that position till the end of the war.

The diplomatic correspondence of the Revolution affords ample testimony to the ability with which our foreign correspondence was conducted by Robert R. Livingston. Upon him fell the duty of corresponding with our ministers in foreign countries, a task which our unpleasant relations abroad made doubly difficult. Congress was abso-

lutely unable to meet accruing obligations at home, much less those arising abroad. To this task of preserving friendly relations, and especially to the negotiation of the preliminary treaty of peace, Livingston devoted much of his time. His letters still attest his abilities as a diplomatist, for the duties of which profession he was especially fitted by long experience in legislative bodies, his learning as a jurist, and particularly by tact and suavity of manner. To the varied duties of diplomacy was added the task of organizing a department that owes much of its present efficiency to the wisdom and care of the first secretary.

Forced by the laborious duties of his position to seek relief, and unable longer to remain in an office the salary of which was entirely inadequate to pay the expenses of his family, the great chancellor retired from office in 1783, and returned to the less laborious and more congenial duties of the chancellorship, which was again bestowed by his native State. Unfortunately, his judicial decisions, which at the time were described as exhibiting great learning, sagacious judgment, and vigorous language, have not been preserved; and his reputation as a jurist must rest on the tributes of his contemporaries. On the authority of his successor, Chancellor Jones, it has been said that the august tribunal whose justice he dispensed, though since covered with a halo of glory, never boasted a more prompt, more able, or more faithful officer.

The next great service for which Chancellor Livingston must ever receive the gratitude of all lovers of their country was in the convention that finally gave the assent of the people of New York to the Constitution of the United

States. The vote of New York was not technically necessary to the adoption of the constitution ; but practically, without the adhesion of the powerful Empire State, that might well claim the title of "Keystone State," our Union could not long have continued. The struggle in that convention was of historical importance. Against the Constitution was thrown the mighty influence of George Clinton, then supreme in the political contests of the State ; while for the Constitution stood Alexander Hamilton and Robert R. Livingston. Others there were to whose fidelity all praise is due, but the chief burden of the debates was sustained by Hamilton and Chancellor Livingston. Hamilton's brilliant presentations of the arguments for union were the admiration of his hearers ; but the clear, earnest, logical efforts of Livingston carried conviction. For days the contest seemed hopeless. Clinton was a formidable antagonist, and did not willingly allow his empire pass to the control of other States. To be first man in New York was a much easier task than to become chief of a united confederacy. Then it was that the Livingstons threw the whole family influence into the contest. Wealth, social position, culture, and influence were potent where eloquence and brilliant logic were futile. Without Hamilton, the Constitution might have been adopted ; without Livingston, no earthly power would have availed to save the precious charter. Destroyed a nation? Yes, easily could George Clinton and Robert R. Livingston have founded an empire. Who can conjecture the results had Hamilton been less eloquent, or Livingston less powerful? Had Hamilton's eloquence not touched men already half persuaded by Livingston's example?

To Robert Livingston fell the pleasant duty of aiding in the inauguration of the first President. Proud must he have been, when, after administering the oath of office, he turned to the audience assembled to witness the ceremonies, and, waving his hand, cried in a loud voice, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States !"

The beginning of Washington's administration marks a turning-point in Livingston's career. His friendship with Washington began in the early years of the war. During the campaigns in New York, Washington was a frequent and welcome guest at the house of Margaret Beekman, mother of the chancellor ; and the mutual friendship existing between the two families never appeared stronger than during the first few months of the new administration. Within a few years of the first inauguration, an estrangement had taken place ; and the chancellor, withdrawing from the Federal party, threw his immense influence against the administration. The reason of this political revolution cannot now be determined. Popular feeling of the time ascribed the change to the chancellor's disappointment at not receiving one of the great offices of State under the new government. That Livingston very much desired the position of chief justice of the United States, and failing to receive that would have been content with the Treasury Department, is evident from the correspondence still in existence ; but that this disappointment was any more than one of the incidents leading to the change is doubtful. In 1794 the position of minister to France was tendered by Washington to the chancellor, and immediately declined by the latter. Unfortunately for Livingston's aspirations, New York had

two eminent statesmen whose claims for the leading positions of the government were not lightly to be set aside. To Jay, the friend of Livingston, the companion of his early years, his associate in many public positions, and his relative by marriage, was assigned the chief-justiceship of the United States; to Alexander Hamilton, whose services in the New-York Convention, and abilities as a statesman, as well as his long friendship and association with the new President, naturally deserved recognition, was given the Treasury; and to Livingston, who declined any subordinate position, was offered in later years, as already indicated above, the mission to France.

Very likely the growing popularity of Hamilton, a young foreigner, advanced to the highest office of state over the head of the Livingstons, may have excited the jealousy of that distinguished family. Political gossip of the day asserted that the chancellor summoned the family to his house one evening, and that ever afterwards the family stood united against the Federalists. However that may be, Chancellor Livingston soon made apparent his opposition to Hamilton and his doctrines, and in the senatorial election of 1791 espoused the cause of Burr against that of Schuyler, the father-in-law of Hamilton. The triumphant election of Burr reminded the Federalists that a reconciliation with the Livingstons was the only hope of their party supremacy in the Empire State. Accordingly the next year the nomination of governor was tendered Livingston, and a year or two later the ministry to France was offered, in the hope of placating the supposed displeasure of the chancellor at his neglect in the distribution of the great offices of state.

The continued opposition of the Livingstons suggests that their political conduct was actuated by something more noble than mere personal animosity. Against the ratification of Jay's treaty, the Livingstons used every instrument in their power. The chancellor; his younger brother Edward, author of the famous Louisiana code, then a young member of Congress; and the talented, versatile Brockholst Livingston, judge of the Supreme Court,—left no stone unturned in their efforts to defeat the hated treaty. A most skillful exposition of the faults of the new treaty appeared in the letters of "Decius," ascribed by John C. Hamilton to Robert R. Livingston, and by Mrs. Martha Lamb, in her history of New-York City, to Judge Brockholst Livingston. A letter of Chancellor Livingston to Washington in the year 1795, detailing at some length the objections to the treaty, is so like in sentiments to the expressions contained in the letters of "Decius," that one can hardly suppose the latter the work of Judge Brockholst Livingston. The ratification of the treaty was a bitter disappointment to the Republicans of New York, and the animosities excited by the struggles of that eventful period seem to have left their traces through all subsequent political campaigns. From this period may be dated the estrangement between Chancellor Livingston and John Jay. The hitherto friends became rivals for the leading office of their native State.

Jay, the most popular member of the Federalist party, received the Federal nomination for governor in 1798. Against the popular, genial Jay, the Republicans presented the powerful, talented Livingston. Jay was elected by a large majority. Livingston seems

always to have regarded his defeat with mortification and shame. Yet the contest strengthened the growing Republican party; and when, in 1800, the Republicans sought a candidate whose power and popularity would insure victory, the name of Livingston was the first considered, and but for his deafness (a misfortune that rendered his nomination impossible) Chancellor Livingston would have occupied the position that fell finally to Aaron Burr. The three factions in New York were led by Clinton, Burr, and Robert R. Livingston. Livingston aside, the nomination for the vice-presidency lay between Clinton and Burr, and was finally, through the all-powerful influence of the Livingstons, bestowed upon Burr, a man whom the Livingstons most cordially hated, but preferred to their more formidable opponent, George Clinton.

With the accession of Jefferson, who acknowledged the potent aid of the Livingstons,—and well he might, for Chancellor Livingston might easily have turned the Republican victory into a Federal triumph,—the Livingstons regained the dominion which for a number of years Jay and the Federalists had wrested from them; and Chancellor Livingston felt that at last the disgrace of his defeat by John Jay, in 1798, was removed.

After refusing the secretaryship of the navy, Livingston finally was induced to accept the position of minister to France as a reward for his faithful service in the cause of Republicanism. Other members of his family were rewarded; indeed, a majority of the political offices of the state passed into the hands of the Livingstons. Morgan Lewis, a brother-in-law of the chancellor, became chief judge of the

Supreme Court; Smith Thompson, whose wife was a Livingston, was appointed judge; Thomas Tillotson, brother-in-law of the chancellor, received an appointment as secretary of state; and John Armstrong, a relative, was elected to the United-States Senate. The young, yet able, Edward Livingston received a district-attorneyship; while Brockholst Livingston became an associate justice of the United States.

Robert R. Livingston, after resigning his position of chancellor of the State of New York, an office which he had filled with great honor for nearly a quarter of a century, in 1801 sailed for France. His private correspondence indicates that he accepted that position, which was to prove the crowning glory of a great career, with reluctance.

The leaders of the Republicans never fully accepted Livingston as a member of their party. Federalists and Republicans alike honored him, desired his support, and feared his ambition. A growing feeling of opposition to the landed proprietors was developing in the population of the fast developing city of New York; and Jefferson, shrewdly separating his fortunes from those of the Livingstons, removed the great rival of the Clintonians and Burrrites by the tender of a foreign mission. A short quotation from a letter of Gouverneur Morris to his friend in Paris indicates the progress of party affairs in 1802, immediately after the departure of Livingston for France: "The Clintonian faction will, I believe, preponderate; and their powerful adherents will be flattered, if not respected, until the Burrrites shall be disposed of. When you return, you will be able to give many of your friends good advice; but whether you can give them so much of your experience as may induce them

to follow that advice, is not certain. You will all discover some time or other, that, in leaving the mother church of Federalism, you have brought yourselves into reprobation. I hope you will not have reason to say with the poet, *facilis est descensus*," etc.

Again Morris writes: "It is well for you who desire a position in public life, that you are in a position not to take immediate part either way. The only danger is that your interest should be compromised by the zeal of your friends." The gossip of Gouverneur Morris, perhaps, deserves little respect; and yet the reader of his letters to Livingston cannot help entertaining the suspicion that the complications of political affairs at home, during the first months of Jefferson's administration, caused Livingston to indulge certain aspirations for the presidency that succeeding events rendered futile.

The glorious event of Livingston's career as minister to France was the acquisition of Louisiana. Of the history of that transaction much has been written, and the bitter controversy as to whom the honor of that purchase should be given is not yet ended. The details of the negotiation are interesting, and the importance of that treaty by which the immense territory west of the Mississippi was added to our country can never be overestimated. The words of Livingston, after the signature of the treaty of cession, are peculiarly significant of the importance which the chief actor in that memorable event attached to his deed, and are deserving of our respect and admiration. Mr. Marbois, one of the three ministers, thus quotes the words of Livingston, who rose at the close of the negotiations, and in clear, impressive tones, to which his tall and graceful figure and

patrician dignity of bearing gave added force, said, —

"We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. From this day the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank; the English lose all exclusive power and influence in the affairs of America. Now one of the principal causes of European rivalries and animosities is about to cease. The United States will re-establish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. These treaties will be a guaranty of peace and concord among commercial states. The instruments we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another and multiply, truly worthy of the regard of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and the scourges of bad government."

While in Paris, Livingston formed the acquaintance of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, and shared the struggles of that famous inventor to introduce his steamboat. Livingston willingly advanced the money to complete the inventor's steamboats, and secured the exclusive privilege of navigating the waters of New York for himself and Fulton. To untiring and patient efforts Fulton owed his success, but none the less does Robert R. Livingston deserve praise for his foresight in aiding the needy inventor at a time when, but for the wealth of Livingston, his inventions would have proved futile.

Of Livingston's interest in art, education, and agriculture; of his abilities as a writer, orator, and essayist; of his

published works on farming, sheep raising, and agriculture ; and of his benefactions to the American Academy of Fine Arts, which was established through his efforts and aid, — space prevents our speaking.

His death occurred in 1813, at the end of a career nearly fifty years of which had been passed in the service of his native State, and the Union which his efforts had established. Judged by ability, education, and the success of his life, Robert R. Livingston belonged, perhaps, to the class of statesmen of which John Jay, John Marshall, and John Adams were representatives. It was not his fortune, like Hamilton and Jefferson, to establish a great political party, nor like Washington to become the idol of all future generations ; but estimated by the great results which his influence helped to bring about, Livingston deserved a rank not far below that of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton.

The statesman who was a member of the committee to frame the Declaration of Independence, the secretary of foreign affairs during the Revolutionary war, the draughter of the first constitution of New York, and the first chancellor of his native State, deserved the gratitude of mankind. But Robert R. Livingston did more than that. To his efforts we owe the very existence of our Union ; to him the Republican party of his time was indebted for its first success, for its first induction into the offices of government ; Chancellor Livingston we must thank for our vast territory beyond the Mississippi ; and perhaps not the least of the great services for which he deserves our lasting gratitude was his introduction of steam navigation on the waters of the Hudson.

“ May the name of Robert R. Livingston be rescued from the oblivion that now impends ! ”

PROVINCETOWN, MASS., 1885.

BUT A STEP.

A GIANT precipice, whose rugged face bold
fronts the lashing sea,
Which writhes and roars, and strives to mount,
but then perforce must flee ;
Stolid and grand, forever it stands with many
a ghastly tear,
Where fearlessly the sea-birds build, and ser-
pents make their lair ;
At its foot a raging, seething cauldron, boil-
ing with briny foam,
Darksome and deep and doleful, seems of
fiends a fitting home ;
But, above, the rugged monster slopes to a
sweet and gentle lea,
Bedecked with bright and blooming flowers,
beloved of bird and bee.

O'er all bends the smiling blue-arched heav-
ens, picked out with feathery white,
Towards which the screaming sea-birds re-
joicing wing their flight.
Poised fearlessly on its highest peak, great
God of mercy ! stands
A laughing, prattling infant boy, a bright moth
in his hands.

There stands the babe in breathless, boyish
glee, his trophy in his clasp,
Nor knows, nor fears, that ghastly Death longs
his fair form to grasp ;
And just beyond, the frightened mother kneels,
her heart with anguish numb,
Pleading the while, with pretty wiles, that to
her arms he'll come.

From beneath his golden curling lashes his
sparkling blue eyes peep,
Watching to see if “ weal and tae ” his mother
dear doth weep.
His smiles are frown, his tiny bosom heaves,
his feet scarce touch a flower,
And he is in his mother's arms, saved ! and
by love's sweet power.

Thus upon life's precipice we dally, nor fear
Death's chilling stream.
We chase the pleasures of the hour, and little
do we dream
It were but a step to tide us o'er to that great
and unknown land ;
But the loving great God holds us i' the hol-
low of his hand.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY R. L. BRIDGMAN.

"THE right of local self-government" is a common expression. Believers in that "right" are numerous and influential in politics, from the ancient democrat who insists upon a narrow limitation of the powers of our national government, to the local leader who asserts that his town has an exclusive right to manage its own affairs. They maintain this "right" as a political principle, no matter if the local management injures seriously the adjoining municipalities, and practically brings the law of the State into contempt.

The recent enactment by the Massachusetts Legislature of a law vesting in the governor the power of appointing the Boston Police Commissioners, emphasized in the public mind by prolonged hostile filibustering under the lead of Boston members, has revealed a public opinion concerning the rights of local self-government which involves a serious misapprehension of the real right of towns and cities to rule over their own affairs. Not until the agitation had proceeded for weeks, did the difficulties involved concerning the rights of self-government become settled in the minds of the majority; and it was doubtless true that the position maintained throughout by the minority was at first held in common by most of the members. Abundant press comment also, Republican and Democratic, both within and without the State, was to the effect that the law was a direct blow at the city's right of self-government, and hostile to the principles of democracy. Some journals which even advised the enactment of the law in-

sisted to the last that it was an invasion of local rights.

Apparently it is a common doctrine, accepted without question by most of our people, that there is inherent in municipal corporations an indefeasible right to rule themselves in local matters. A recent pamphlet by Mr. James M. Bugbee of Boston says, —

"How jealously the people guarded their *rights* of local self-government against the encroachments of the central power, is shown in the refusal of the inhabitants of Watertown to pay a tax of eight pounds" for fortifications in Cambridge; and their pastor and elders said: "It was not safe to pay moneys after that sort, for fear of bringing themselves and posterity into bondage."

The writer of to-day, and the local leaders of two hundred years ago, evidently agree that the local government had rights not to be restricted by a higher power.

Professor Edward Channing of Harvard University, in a pamphlet in the Johns Hopkins historical series, contrasting New England with Virginia, says, —

"In New England, on the contrary, the mass of the people, from the very earliest time, seized the control of affairs, and fiercely resented any encroachment on what they considered their *rights*."

Professor James K. Hosmer, in another pamphlet of the same series, remarks, —

"At the time of the colonization of America, the old self-government of

the people had been in England, in great part, lost. The responsibility . . . rested, to some extent, on the people themselves, who forgot their *birthright*."

In Lieber's "Civil Liberty and Self-Government," the essence of our democratic system is thus expressed, —

"Anglican self-government requires that every institution of local self-government shall have the *right* to pass such by-laws as it finds necessary for its own government, without obtaining the consent of any superior power. . . . The character of self-government is, moreover, manifested by the fact that the *right* of making by-laws is not derived by any grant of superior power, but has been ever considered in the English polity as inhering in the local community, — the natural *right* of free men."

Perhaps the writers quoted would not maintain the doctrine to the extent to which it has recently been carried; but they coincide apparently with the popular belief that local communities can draw a line beyond which the central government must not go, and can say to it, "You have no right to interfere with our affairs. It is our right to settle this matter by ourselves exclusively, — a right which inheres in us, and can never be lost, or rightfully taken away."

Recent historical studies have set forth in a clear light the great part played in Teutonic and English history by the village communities and by the local governing bodies, which have managed their affairs so admirably that they have made this country what it is. Deserved eulogy of the community-government, frequent mention of its successful management of local concerns, honest admiration for the conflicts

and triumphs of these communities in defence of their integrity, have led to the present popular belief that there is a right of local self-government in the same sense in which there is a right of freedom of thought. It is an idolized belief. It has come to be associated with Plymouth Rock, with democratic institutions wherever they are successful, and with the integrity and perpetuity of the government. Over and over again every year is it reiterated upon the political stump that the salvation of the nation depends upon the healthful life of the local democratic governments; and this undoubted truth carries the erroneous conclusion, that, therefore, a town has rights of its own, inherent and inalienable.

But this belief cannot bear the strain which comes in the halls of legislation, or when the executive department finds obstacles in the way of enforcing the laws. The radical difficulty underlying this conception of a right of local self-government is that it ignores the larger community of which the city or town forms a part. It fixes the attention upon a small circle, and does not see the relation in which that circle stands to the larger. Theoretically one doctrine is held, but another is actually practised. In all state legislation the supremacy of the whole body politic is tacitly admitted on every hand; and this admission is made in respect to the relations of the national government to the States as truly as it is in respect to the relations of the States to the cities and towns incorporated by them. If towns have the right to regulate their own conduct, then the State has no right to compel them to follow a prescribed course. Yet interference by States with town governments is constantly occur-

ring ; and in practice, — and in justice, too, — a town has no more the right of self-government than has a person a right to do as he pleases regardless of people about him.

Indeed, the right of self-government is much the same, whether personal or municipal. It is right that both the person and the town should do what is for the good of the one and of the whole. It is their duty to do these right things. Doing them better than they can be done otherwise, it is their right that they should be protected in a continuance of their action. But their right to protection is a consequence of their fitness and purpose to act for their own good and for the good of the community. If the self-government of a town were such that justice were denied to the weak within its borders, if there were systematic persecution of any class by vexatious by-laws, or if there were chronic mismanagement and confusion, there would clearly be no right inherent in the town to continue such a mockery of government. Its continuance would re-act to the injury of neighboring municipalities ; and the larger community would have the right and duty to interfere, and restore a proper observance of justice and good order.

The issue needs only to be clearly presented to show that there is no right of local self-government apart from the ability to meet well the responsibility of governing efficiently. This ability varies with the intelligence and political activity of the towns ; but the practice of local self-government is undoubtedly a matter of expediency, and not a matter of right. Given an efficient, upright local government, it is right that it should continue. Given a local government weak and corrupt, it is clearly not right that it should exist without

hinderance ; and it would be wrong in the central authority to permit a continuance, due regard being given to the precedent to be established.

While this position is tacitly held by most men at the very moment when they are insisting upon "the sacred principle of local democracies ;" while no town can put its finger upon a certain class of acts (either its control of roads, or fire apparatus, or sanitary measures, or schools, or its poor), and say : "Here I am sovereign ; here I have absolute power, and here you have no right to enter," — yet it is in the power of any town to establish a strong presumptive right to self-government ; and here is where the worth of local democracies can be most thoroughly demonstrated. So long as the towns manage any department of government better for the good of the whole people than it can be managed by the central authority, just so long it is right that they should have the management. Were it certain that insane people could be best cared for by institutions under town management, then the State would need to provide for only those persons who have no settlement. Were there no doubt that the towns neglected their poor shamefully, from some fault in their government which they would not remedy, and that the State would do better for the unfortunates, then it would be right to take from towns the oversight of their poor.

Now, good government in a town is best obtained by thorough participation in its affairs by all its citizens. That constant interest in public business which brings all the voters to the polls ; that discussion in town meeting in which every man may state his opinions ; that exposure to question and ridicule which only the right side of

an issue can endure ; that familiarity with public debate and public concerns which broadens the mind and makes its action more intelligent ; that personal responsibility which is put upon every man to vote understandingly ; that watchfulness against cunning schemes ; that meeting of combination by counter-combination ; that jostle, stir, and freedom which are always found in a thorough democracy,—all tend to make the participants better citizens and better managers of their local affairs.

It is equally true that failure to take part in the local meeting results in a disuse of the political faculties, which in turn is an added temptation to further abstention. So, instead of having the right to manage its own affairs because it can manage them best, the degenerate town may either drag along under its own misgovernment, or the State may step in, as a matter of self-protection, and insist upon a more vigorous administration.

A more lamentable catastrophe to the State than the loss of the virility of the town democracies cannot be imagined. If in all the towns there is a synchronous growth of the disinclination to take part in affairs, then the State has no material at hand with which to procure the enforcement of good laws in the towns. Political strength has been lost by disuse. That constant exercise in which lies the only safety of the political body has been discon-

tinued, until flabbiness has succeeded firmness, indecision has supplanted a fixed purpose, ignorance and inexperience have taken the place of thorough familiarity and trained skill. A few managers will control politics for their own advancement. Watchful corporations and keen business-men will procure the election of their creatures to the legislature. Laws will be enacted for the benefit of the few to the loss of the many tax-payers, and bad will go to worse, until the conscience of the community is at last awakened, and there is a political reformation.

Wherever the town democracies have maintained their right of self-government by making it right that they should govern, this political deterioration has not made progress. It cannot begin as long as the governing faculty is constantly exercised. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, head of the department of physical culture in Amherst College, says to his students : " Young men, you cannot exercise enough on Saturday afternoons to last you a week." It is with the political faculties of a self-governing community as it is with the muscles of the body. Frequent exercise is necessary for their highest efficiency ; and the time spent in that exercise, and its cost as reckoned in time taken from money-making work, is the most economical outlay of the year. This is the practical corollary to the true proposition regarding the right of local self-government.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL, BART.

BY DANIEL ROLLINS.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Kittery Point, Maine, June 27, 1696. The Colony was then under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts: both being subject, of course, to the Crown.

His father came from Tavistock parish, in the county of Devon, England. The following is the Pepperrell coat-of-arms: Arg. a chevron gu. between three pine-apples or cones-vert, with the augmentation of a canton of the second, charged with a *fleur-de-lis* of the first. No crest: it being an ancient coat, before crests were used.

Mr. Usher Parsons, in his admirable life of Sir William, says, "His boyhood was passed at the village school, where he learned to read, write, and cipher. Under a private instructor, he was taught the art of surveying land, and of navigating a ship, and acquired some knowledge of geography. . . . His chirography was beautiful, which rendered him very useful to his father. When not more than ten years old, he assisted in writing his father's Justice Docket, in copying his letters, and keeping his accounts, and probably soon after acted as clerk in his store. . . . His education was therefore practical, and imparted an early and close insight into human character, and brought him into the ways and means of successful trade and financiering." Still, even this instruction in the rudimentary branches was almost a liberal education for those days.

In 1715 John Wheelwright of Wells, Lieut.-Col. William Pepperrell of Kittery (father of Sir William), Charles Ffrost of Kittery, and Abraham Preble

of York were appointed judges of the court of common pleas. Sir William, while a minor, served as clerk of this court.

His father had built up a large fishing and trading business, and sometimes had over a hundred sail of ships on the Grand Banks. But we must bear in mind that the vessels which went under the dignified name of ships at that time were but little larger than fishing-craft of the present day.

It is not surprising that Sir William became a soldier; for he was born during the troublous Indian times, and was so early accustomed to the use of arms, that he did patrol duty at the age of sixteen.

On attaining his majority, he was commissioned a justice of the peace, and also captain of a cavalry company.

The Pepperrells, father and son, were now in partnership, and had extensive business connections in Boston, which brought the latter into the best society of this city. It was then not only the business centre of New England, but virtually the Colonial capital of the country. This was of great advantage to him, for by means of it he acquired the courtly manners and easy address for which he was afterwards noted. Boston society yet retains many of its old characteristics.

It was as famous then for its pretty women as it is to-day; and among the many fair ones whom Pepperrell met during his frequent visits here was the beautiful Mary Hirst, daughter of Grove Hirst, esquire, deceased, a rich merchant. She was a granddaughter of

the celebrated Judge Sewall of the supreme court. She had many attractions, not the least of which was a fine education. He soon fell in love with her, and, after a short but assiduous courtship, they were married March 16, 1723.

A.D. 1726 he was chosen to represent the town of Kittery (it also then included Elliot), and the next year he was appointed a councillor. He was re-appointed to the latter office for thirty-two years, until his death. He was president of the board during eighteen years.

In 1729 he added to some purchases of land he had made several years before, on the banks of the Saco River : and he thus became the owner of the greater part of the towns of Saco and Scarborough. The mill privileges made the property especially valuable.

During the past few years, he had been made successively a captain, major, lieutenant-colonel : and he was commissioned a colonel on reaching the age of thirty years. This rank gave him the command of all the militia in Maine.

In 1730 Gov. Belcher, "my own and my father's friend," as he affectionately described him in one of his letters to an acquaintance, appointed him chief justice of the court of common pleas ; and he held this high office until his death in 1759.

He now appears to have had quite enough for such comparatively young shoulders to bear. There were his official duties as a justice of the peace, chief justice of the court of common pleas, member of the governor's council, and colonel of a regiment. His business also demanded much of his time, to say nothing of his family cares.

Although their home was in Kittery, Col. Pepperrell and his wife spent much

of their time in Boston, as his duties often called him here.

France declared war on the 15th of March, 1744 ; and about six months prior to that, Gov. Shirley sent a letter to Col. Pepperrell, desiring him to hold his regiment in readiness to protect the frontier against the Indians. He accordingly sent copies of it to each of his captains, and also added the following spirited sentence : " I hope that He who gave us our breath will give us the courage and prudence to behave ourselves like true-born Englishmen."

Having glanced at Col. Pepperrell's early history, let us now turn to the great act of his life, which will hand his name down to posterity, — the capture of Louisburg, the "Gibraltar of America." It was the leading event in our Colonial history ; but it was followed so closely by the Revolution, that it is somewhat obscured in the light of that great struggle. The town of Louisburg, named after "*le grand monarque*," is situated in the south-eastern part of Cape Breton Island, adjoining Nova Scotia, and controls the entrance to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. It commanded the fisheries by its position. The island also produced large quantities of excellent ship timber. That ripe scholar, the Rev. Jeremy Belknap, in his exhaustive description of its capture, says the town of Louisburg "was two and a half miles in circumference, fortified in every accessible part, with a rampart of stone from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide. . . . On an island at the entrance to the harbor, which was only four hundred yards wide, was a battery of thirty cannon, carrying twenty-eight pound shot ; and at the bottom of the harbor, directly opposite to the entrance, was

the grand or royal battery, of twenty-eight forty-twos, and two eighteen-pound cannon. . . . The entrance to the town was at the west gate, over a drawbridge, which was protected by a circular battery of thirteen twenty-four-pound cannon. These works had been twenty-five years in building, and, though unfinished, had cost France not less than six millions of dollars." It is worthy of notice that only New-England troops took part in the siege. Col. Pepperrell was selected to command the forces, with the rank of lieutenant-general. He already occupied the next highest post to that of the governor; viz., president of the council. He was also very wealthy and popular, and likely to draw soldiers to his standard, as indeed proved to be the case. "*Nil desperandum Christo duce,*" was the motto of the invaders. Col. Pepperrell advanced five thousand pounds from his own fortune, and threw himself into the work of preparation with all the impetuosity of his nature.

The West India squadron under Commodore Warren, which was to co-operate with the New-England troops, failed to arrive at the appointed time; but they set sail without them on March 24, 1745, and after a short passage reached Louisburg, and began at once to disembark and invest the town. On the 24th of April, Warren and three of his men-of-war joined them, and others arrived later. It appears that they took part in the bombardment to some extent, but most of the work had necessarily to be done by the land forces with their heavy siege-guns. The ships also served to good purpose in preventing re-enforcements and supplies from entering the harbor. But space will not permit a detailed account of the capture of the "Dunkirk of America." Suffice

it to say that the place capitulated after a seven-weeks arduous attack by land and sea. The cross of St. George had supplanted the lilies of France. On the 17th of June, 1745, Gen. Pepperrell marched into the town at the head of his troops, and received the keys; although Commodore Warren had vainly flattered himself that he or one of his officers should have the honor of receiving the surrender of the place. He had even gone so far as to send a letter to the French governor, ordering him to deliver the keys to some one whom he should afterwards designate. Gen. Pepperrell did not know of this action at the time; and he probably never learned of it, as they continued to be good friends. Very likely he knew of Warren's desire to assume the glory; for this was the general opinion among the people of New England at the time, and, indeed, feeling ran very high on the subject. Dr. Chauncey expressed their sentiments when he wrote the following to Gen. Pepperrell. He said, "If the high admiral of England had been there, he would not have had the least right to command anywhere but aboard his own ships." A good instance of the *American* spirit thirty years prior to the Revolution.

Smollett says, "The conquest of Louisburg was the most important achievement of the war of 1744."

Ward, in his edition of "Curwen's Journal of the Loyalists," says, "That such a city should have yielded to the farmers, merchants, and fishermen of New England, is almost incredible. The lovers of the wonderful may read the works which contain accounts of its rise and ruin, and be satisfied that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

He received a letter from the Duke

of Newcastle, dated at Whitehall, Aug. 10, 1745, acquainting him that his majesty had sent a patent from Hanover creating him a baronet of Great Britain, — an honor never before conferred on a native of America. Commodore Warren was also promoted to the rank of admiral.

A trophy of the capture of Louisburg lies almost at our own doors. The visitor, on approaching the massive and stately building known as Gore Hall, at Cambridge, may see a gilded cross over one of its doors, which was taken from a French church and eventually found a resting-place there. The granite pile stands for learning and progress. The cross may well remind the students and all friends of the university of its motto, "*Christo et Ecclesiæ*," that its meaning may never be forgotten in our onward march.

Sir William embarked in Admiral Knowles's squadron for Boston, Sept. 24, 1746, and arrived there on the 2d of October, after a stormy passage. The ships then dropped down the harbor, and anchored in Nantasket Roads. Many of Knowles's men having deserted here, he thought that Boston should make up the deficiency. He accordingly sent press-gangs — an infamous practice sanctioned, or at least submitted to, in those days — to the merchantmen and wharves, and carried off many poor fellows, including a few landsmen. A mob of several thousand people soon collected at the head of King (now State) Street, and even threw missiles into the windows of the Province House. Speeches were made from the balcony by Sir William, and also by Gov. Shirley; and the former, by his tact and popularity, avoided any further trouble (as Knowles agreed to release the citizens), but the cowardly

Shirley had meanwhile taken the precaution to go to the castle in the harbor.

On Dec. 9, 1746, the Province House (now the Old State House) took fire, and all but the walls were consumed. It was rebuilt shortly after, and still stands in the heart of our busy city, a fitting link between all that was noteworthy in our Colonial history, and all the good that has been accomplished since we became a nation. The lion and the unicorn represent the puissant British race from which we sprung; while the Indian, facing to the west, illustrates the onward march of our great Republic.

Sir William set sail for London in September, 1749, and was cordially received at court by his Majesty King George II. He was also the recipient of many attentions from the Prince of Wales and Lord Halifax. The mayor of London waited on him, and presented him with a set of plate in honor of his distinguished services. Sir William was a man of fine appearance, somewhat inclined to be portly, and his dignified and elegant bearing made him noted, even at the Court of St. James. A description of the dress which he wore when presented has not come down to us, but he ordinarily dressed in the rich apparel customary for gentlemen in his day; viz., a suit of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold lace, silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles, and the usual powdered wig. He also wore lace ruffles at his wrists, and the long vest then in fashion. There is extant a full-length portrait of him by the gifted Smibert in the Essex Institute at Salem. It belongs to, and was formerly in, the Portsmouth Athenæum, where it should have remained.

He lived in great style at Kittery,

and kept open house for all his friends, although he was choice in his acquaintance. His library was the best in that part of the country, and was much consulted by scholars, especially the clergy. His large and substantial house was hung with beautiful paintings and costly mirrors. His cellar was filled with rare old wines,—not to mention the highly prized New-England rum, that had been mellowed by its voyage to the Indies and back. His park was stocked with deer; he kept a coach-and-six, and also had a splendid barge, manned by six slaves in uniform.

In March, 1751, Sir William and Lady Pepperrell met with a severe affliction in the death of their son Andrew, who died from the effects of a severe cold contracted while crossing the Piscataqua River late one night, after attending a party at Portsmouth. He was a young man of much promise. They had three other children; namely, Elizabeth, William, and Margery, but the latter two died in infancy. Andrew was born Jan. 4, 1726, and, after a careful preparatory course, graduated at Harvard College in 1743. He of course had the best social advantages that Boston afforded, and was very much of a favorite in society. He never married.

The name of Pepperrell, that was a power in the eighteenth century, is now extinct; and but one or two of his descendants, if any, are living. There are, however, several collateral relatives of the baronet in New England.

Having seen something of Sir William in his official capacity, let us now look at him for a moment in his higher character,—that of a *man*. Perhaps

the best thing that can be said of him is that he had deep religious convictions, and always followed the Golden Rule. His benefactions were many and large. Among other public gifts was that of a four-acre lot to the town of Saco, for a church. He also gave a bell to the town of Pepperrell in Massachusetts.

He owned immense tracts of land in Maine: and it is said that he could travel from Portsmouth to Saco River, a distance of thirty miles, all the way on his own soil. All these vast estates were confiscated during the Revolution.

Still another honor awaited him; for he received a commission of lieutenant-general in the royal army, bearing date Feb. 20, 1759, giving him the command of all the forces engaged against the French and their savage allies. But the old veteran could not take the field, for his health was failing; and he died on the 6th of July, 1759, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were placed in the family tomb on his estate at Kittery Point. There he sleeps in a quiet spot overlooking the restless, changing sea,—fit burial-place for his ambitious soul. The same winds play over his tomb that brought his argosies from foreign lands. The waves still break upon the shore. But his tide had ebbed into the great sea. He was brought up to believe that his duty consisted in being a loyal subject of the British Crown. Had he lived until the stormy days of the Revolution, would he have led the colonists, or would he have been a royalist, and manfully supported his king, who had so trusted and honored him?

THE HARRISBURG CONVENTION OF DECEMBER, 1839.

BY C. S. SPAULDING.

It was customary for many years among politicians to charge that Mr. Henry Clay was defrauded of the nomination for the presidency at the Harrisburg convention, by the devices of certain personal opponents, and that his election in the following year would have been as certain as any future event can be that depends upon the contingencies of politics. This was the language of political declaration; and the quiet, discerning men among the Whigs, who knew better, were generally silenced by the concurring averments of Mr. Clay's adherents. On both these points the opinion of Mr. Clay amounted to conviction; and he went to his grave with the sincere conviction and belief that he was defeated at Harrisburg by unworthy trickery, and that his electoral majority would have fully equalled that of Gen. Harrison. That impression prevailed generally throughout the country for many years; and I am inclined to think that it is still entertained by those who are old enough to remember the circumstances attending the presidential election of 1840, and the political condition of the country during the three or four preceding years.

It is due to the memory of those men who composed the Harrisburg convention, that certain facts and circumstances, tending to show that the public mind has been greatly abused on this subject, should be recalled, and the considerations which led to the nomination of Gen. Harrison fairly stated; and as preliminary to this, and in order to a correct understanding of the situation,

it is necessary to glance hastily at the political condition of the country during the presidency of Mr. Van Buren. The financial revulsion of 1837 had led to the overthrow of the Democratic party in several large States, where its ascendancy had been almost perpetual, and notably in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Maine, and several other States; and it had come to be generally supposed that the Whigs would be able to carry the election in 1840. There seemed to be no doubt that Mr. Clay would be the candidate; and under that expectation the Democrats had regained the power in Ohio, Indiana, Maine, and several other States, and the party had gained largely in New York; and then there was the unexpectedly large vote for Gen. Harrison in 1836, when he was brought forward irregularly and partially, with no effective organization of his supporters, and no hope of his election. These things conspired to direct the attention of sagacious Whigs to the question of the expediency of nominating him as a stronger man with the people than Mr. Clay.

With the exception of some of the adherents of Mr. Webster, the delegates were generally anxious to elect a president irrespective of any personal considerations. The feelings of jealousy and rivalry which had for some time subsisted between Messrs. Clay and Webster, and which culminated in an open rupture in 1841, were shared to some extent by their friends. But Mr. Webster was not a candidate before the convention, and therefore there was no

competition between them; but the more pronounced and zealous of his supporters were the persistent and efficient advocates of Gen. Harrison's nomination, and the result of the proceedings of the convention was owing in a large measure to their address, perseverance, and determination. Scott had a few earnest supporters in the convention, mostly from New York: but evidently they had no hope of nominating him, and were inspired chiefly by their dislike of Clay; and when he was defeated, they came readily and heartily into the support of Gen. Harrison.

It was ascertained before the convention was organized that a majority of the delegates had been chosen to support Mr. Clay; and it was easily seen that, if an informal *per capita* vote should be taken in advance, his nomination was inevitable. It was important, therefore, that this should be prevented; and Peleg Sprague, who had been a member of the Senate from Maine, having served from 1829 to 1835, and a warm partisan of Mr. Webster, before any other steps could be taken offered a plan for the action of the convention, which was adopted by a small majority against the earnest opposition of the friends of Mr. Clay. It was substantially as follows: That there should be no vote of preference taken in the convention, until the following questions should have been determined by the delegations of the several States, each sitting as a committee, to wit: First, Can the state be carried for the Whig candidate for the presidency? Second, If yes, who is the strongest man to nominate? Third, Can the vote of the State be given to Mr. Clay?

A very animated debate sprang upon the resolution, and it only prevailed by a small majority; where upon the convention adjourned for the day. As the delegates were leaving the hall, Benjamin W. Leigh of Virginia, who had been in the Senate from 1834 to 1837 from that State, and a persistent supporter of Henry Clay, remarked to John Tyler, who was one of the vice-presidents of the convention, "Clay is surely beaten. That sharp black-eyed Yankee has stolen a march upon us, and Harrison's nomination is certain." Mr. Tyler expressed his apprehensions about the result, but did not consider the game as wholly lost.

The deliberations of the delegations ran through several days, and every hour's delay darkened the prospects of Mr. Clay. Consultation and comparison of views ascertained the fact that Gen. Harrison was the strongest man with the people; and there was never a moment, after the adoption of Mr. Sprague's resolution, that the nomination of another candidate was at all probable.

The delegates generally were moved by a common feeling. The desire to break down the Van Buren dynasty was the all-important consideration, and personal feeling was compelled to give way before it.

Whether any other candidate could have been elected is a question; but there is every reason to suppose that, had Mr. Clay been nominated, he would have been defeated.

It is said that John Tyler cried when Harrison's nomination was announced to the convention, and Horace Greeley said that the whole Whig party had reason to cry when John Tyler became President.

PROTECTION vs. FREE-TRADE.

THE October meeting of the Liberal Union Club was held at Young's Hotel, Saturday, Oct. 31, 1885, when Senator Morrill of Vermont made some very interesting remarks. In the course of his address he said, —

"I understand, gentlemen, that there are here Republicans and Democrats, protective tariff men and free-trade men, and, in the classic language of the newspapers, Mugwumps. If I am to say any thing at all to you to-night, I must speak my honest sentiments. I have been long suspected of being somewhat in favor of a protective tariff, and of being a pretty stanch Republican; and while it has been my effort heretofore to always speak what I believed, if it should run contrary to some of your views, it may be useful in creating a little effervescence in your stomachs not to be regretted.

"I ought, perhaps, to say that I feel almost as much love and admiration for Massachusetts as one to the manor born: for near here I found my wife, and she claims Massachusetts as the State of her birth; and here from 1824 to 1850 I found the great tariff authority was Daniel Webster, the authority not only in Massachusetts, where his name ought to be immortal, but throughout the country. It may have been my misfortune that I have not had the later guides and philosophers of some of your learned institutions; but I must frankly confess, that, while I have some respect for standard English literature, I have none at all for the standard English political economy.

"Let me say that, that free-trade economy may be good enough for Great Britain, for England, but it don't do anywhere else. It won't do even for Ireland, and certainly not for America. It may be that some of your learned professors, who are sometimes politicians, are greater men than were Webster and Choate, or than are our Hoar and Dawes; but, I beg your pardon, up in Vermont we don't think so.

"They say, however, that we must have revenue reform. Cui bono? For whose benefit? For they assent that if we should reduce the

tariff a good deal lower, we might collect the same amount of revenue. Suppose that that were to be admitted, it is evident then that we should have to import a much larger amount of foreign merchandise, and also should have to furnish a market for a much less, a correspondingly less, amount of American productions. It strikes me that the statesmanship that only seeks to create a market for foreign productions is un-American, and in my judgment the advocates of that policy have a legitimate claim upon the British Parliament for their services.

"The Lowells, the Appletons, the Lawrences, the Lyman, and the Bigelows, by planting manufactures on the sterile soil of Massachusetts, — and they were the contemporaries of such men as Webster and Choate, and of honest John Davis, and of Winthrop, — and thus developing and multiplying the employments of your people, giving every man of your State an opportunity to do his best, have secured its growth, its prosperity, and its reputation the world over.

"Without this policy, the farms of Massachusetts to-day would not bring one-half of their present valuation. It is through this policy that the rich endowments of your colleges have taken place. It is by this policy that you have established broadcast your common schools. Without it, one-half, more than one-half, of the pulpits of your churches, and the church-going bells, would to-day be silent. Without this policy, your State to-day would not have one-fourth of the present magnitude of its population. And yet some of these men, if they could carry out their policy, if they could be successful, in my judgment, in a very short time, would be nothing but tramps in the streets.

"The protective tariff is not a local question. Its beneficence touches the foot as well as the hand, the heart as well as the head. Its example, the example of Massachusetts, may be as safely followed in the South as in the North, in Virginia and Georgia as in Pennsylvania and New York, in the States beyond the Mississippi as well as in Illinois and Ohio. In fact, our great wheat-fields of the West, unless they can find a great and steadfast home market, will soon find that

they have no attraction to emigrants for their magnificent productions.

"A foreign market is a will-o'-the-wisp. The only sure props of our great Western wheat and corn growing territories is a tariff and cheap transportation.

"But it is said that we must have revenue reform. And what is that? Why, it is a Mugwump gravitation downward toward free-trade. The effect of it will be, whether designed or not, to cheapen labor, and to deprive labor of some of its present comforts and ornaments. Its effect will be to send more of our children barefoot into the fields and into the workshops, and less to the common schools.

"I may say that the free-traders would emasculate the Declaration of Independence; they would not leave us enough manhood to support any thing more than a government of the police, not enough to enable us to chose our own avocations. I trust, however, that we shall have enough of that ancient heroic independence to show that we intend now and forever, in peace or in war, to make our own coats and shirts (in homely phrase), to make our own dresses and blankets, to make our own shoes and stockings, to make our own dinner plates and knives and forks, above all to make our own ships and cannon; and finally that we shall have enough to demand a little Americanism in our colleges. It strikes me that it would be well, and I don't wish to boycott them, but life is too short for our young men men to learn and unlearn theories that have no root anywhere except upon aristocratic soil, upon the soil of England. And I think that I am in favor of an extension of civil service reform; and, while I won't do any thing to injure any educational institution, God forbid, yet if any vacancies should happen in their staffs, I would subject the candidates to a proper civil service examination as to their qualifications."

On the same occasion Hon. William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania made a strong appeal for high tariff. A few of his remarks are of especial interest to all.

"Now, as to foreign markets; for, as I say, I came not as a propagandist, not as a missionary, but because I had been invited, and was glad to come. On the subject of foreign markets, let me ask you where they are to be found. Are you ready to enter Congo, the Congo country, the Congo Free

State? What could you sell there? What can our generation, or your generation, — for I have passed beyond it, — trade with in Congo? We cannot enter the British markets. British industry has never been more paralyzed. Manufacturers were never producing goods with less certainty of profits on the British Islands than now. You cannot hope to get into France. They simply confiscate raw goods; as, for instance, in the matter of cutlery, drugs: whatever is not free, or put at a fixed dutiable rate, is confiscated, and the party bringing it in is put under penalty. You cannot find markets there. You cannot beat the French people in producing that which is elegant. You cannot beat them in cheapness. You cannot beat the Swiss. There is nobody there to buy any thing. Where can you find a market in which you can compete successfully with Germany, with France, with England, with Switzerland, unless you bring your laboring people to live as unhappily as the British laboring people are now living, as I have shown you the Swiss people are living, as the German peasants are living? You can't do that. You can't maintain a republic with a starving laboring population. You can't promote the welfare and strength of the country, and the safety of capital and society, by degrading the laboring people, and making them feel that they are under the heel of oppressors instead of co-operating fraternally with their countrymen, and hopeful in seeing others of their countrymen rising from poverty to wealth as they pass from youth or young manhood to graver maturity. We require sympathetic action with our laboring people. . . .

"I live where manufacturers are concentrated in power and authority as they are, I think, in no other Congressional district in the country. My district is a set of homes. A larger per cent of the population of Philadelphia live in houses owned by the head of the family, or which have descended from him to his widow and heirs, than in any other community in the world. We have gone through a very severe pressure. But it does not come from either free trade or protection. The United States, protected as they are, have felt it. England, free trade as she is, has felt it on a higher, a broader, a keener degree. I think that the depression will continue, with little waves of apparent prosperity, so long as the nations struggle to show the Almighty that he was wrong in making two metals which might be used as money."

GROTON PLANTATION.¹

THE description of the original grant of Dunstable has been twice printed, but with so many inaccuracies and interpolations, that I am constrained to print it again for the third time. The original copy, in the handwriting of Jonathan Danforth, surveyor, is found on the first page of the earliest book of Dunstable town records, now in the possession of the city of Nashua. The leaf on which it is written is much torn and worn near the front edge.

Of the first line, about three-quarters of an inch is gone, and near the middle of the edge probably an inch and a quarter is also gone. Without attempting to supply the missing letters or words, I have placed brackets thus [] to indicate them, which in some lines are very evident. The following copy was made by me with much care on June 5, 1885, and it is here given line for line with the original:—

THE NEW PLANTATION GRANTE
APON MERIMACK REUER

It Lieth on both sids merimack Riuer on the n[]
 Riuer it is bounded by Chelmsford on the south by []
 partly by Cuntry land the Line runing from the boun[]
 du north Ten mile untill you Come to Souhegon Riuer []
 Called dram Cup hill to a great Pine ny to y^e said Riuer: a []
 of Charlstown Scoole farm bounded by Souhegon Riuer
 North and on the east Sid merrimacke: It begins at a great che[]
 corner of
 which was supposed to be near the northern M^r Brintons land
 and from thence it runs sou south east six miles to a Pine []
 with : F : standinge within sight of Beauer Broke
 It Runs two degres west from the the south four mile and ouer []
 which reached to the to the to the south side of henery []
 ffarme at Jeremies Hill then from y^e South-East angell of []
 it runs two degres and a quartor westward of the south []
 of the long Pond which lieth at y^e head of Edward Co[]
 And thus it is Bounded by the said Pond and the head of th[]
 Takeinge in Captaine Scarlets farme to that bou[]
 All which is sofficiently Bounded and described []
 danforth Suruayer: 3^m: 1674:

3

The map of Old Dunstable, between pages 12 and 13 in Fox's History of that town, is very incorrect, so far as it relates to the boundaries of Groton. The Squannacook River is put down as the Nissitissett, and this mistake may

have tended to confuse the author's ideas. The southern boundary of Dunstable was by no means a straight line, but was made to conform in part to the northern boundary of Groton, which was somewhat angular. Groton was

¹ From The Boundary Line of Old Groton, by Hon. Samuel A. Green, M.D. Groton, Mass., 1885.

incorporated on May 25, 1655, and Dunstable on Oct. 15, 1673, and no part of it came within the limits of this town. The eastern boundary of Groton originally ran northerly through Massapoag Pond, and continued into the present limits of Nashua, N.H. (pp. 17, 18.)

A brief statement of the boundary question between Massachusetts and New Hampshire is here given.

During many years the dividing line between the two Provinces was the subject of controversy. The cause of dispute dated back to the time when the original grant was made to the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. The charter was drawn up in England at a period when little was known in regard to the interior of this country; and the boundary lines, necessarily, were somewhat indefinite. The Merrimack River was an important factor in fixing the limits of the grant, as the northern boundary of Massachusetts was to be a line three miles north of any and every part of it. At the date of the charter, the general direction of the river was not known, but it was incorrectly assumed to be easterly and westerly. As a matter of fact, the course of the Merrimack is southerly for a long distance from where it is formed by the union of the Winnepesaukee and the Pemigewasset Rivers, and then it turns and runs twenty-five or thirty miles in a north-easterly direction to its mouth: and this deflexion in the current caused the dispute. The difference between the actual and the supposed direction was a matter of little practical importance, so long as the neighboring territory remained unsettled, or so long as the two Provinces were essentially under one government; but as the

population increased, it became an exciting and vexatious question. Towns were chartered by Massachusetts in territory claimed by New Hampshire, and this action led to bitter feeling and provoking legislation. Massachusetts contended for the land "nominated in the bond," which would carry the line fifty miles northward into the very heart of New Hampshire; and, on the other hand, that Province strenuously opposed this view of the case, and claimed that the line should run east and west three miles north of the mouth of the river. At one time, a royal commission was appointed to consider the subject, but their labors produced no satisfactory result. At last the matter was carried to England for a decision, which was rendered by the king on March 5, 1739-40. His judgment was final, and in favor of New Hampshire. It gave that Province not only all the territory in dispute, but a strip of land fourteen miles in width, lying along her southern border, mostly west of the Merrimack, which she had never claimed. This strip was the tract of land between the line running east and west three miles north of the southernmost trend of the river, and a similar line three miles north of its mouth. By the decision twenty-eight townships were taken from Massachusetts, and transferred to New Hampshire. The settlement of this disputed question was undoubtedly a public benefit, although it caused, at the time, a great deal of hard feeling. In establishing the new boundary, Pawtucket Falls, situated now in the city of Lowell, and near the most southern portion of the river's course, was taken as the starting-place; and the line which now separates the two States was run west, three miles north of this point. It was surveyed officially in the

spring of 1741, with reference to the settlement of this dispute.

The new boundary passed through the original Groton Plantation, cutting off a triangular portion of its territory, now within the limits of Nashua, and a very small corner of Hollis, and went to the southward of Groton Gore, leaving that tract of land wholly in New Hampshire. (pp. 37-39.)

GREEN'S GROTON BOUNDARIES.

No town in Massachusetts has a more loyal son, or one who has done more to illustrate her history, than Groton has in Dr. Samuel A. Green. His numerous publications, designed to preserve the perishable records or memories of the past, have been true labors of love, and have left nothing to be desired as respects thoroughness of research and accuracy of statement. The latest of

his Groton monographs deals with the original boundaries of the town, and with the repeated partitions of the township, by which her area has been reduced to a mere fraction of what it was two centuries or more ago. His narrative is clear and succinct, and is made perfectly intelligible to every one by three excellent plans. The value of the publication is greatly enhanced by the very large number of petitions and legislative orders, which are now printed for the first time; and it is only fair to add that it is just what such a publication ought to be. It will make every reader impatient for the time when Dr. Green shall gather his materials into a well compacted history of Groton.

[*The Boundary Lines of Old Groton.*

By Samuel A. Green, M.D. Groton, Mass., 1885. 8vo, pp. 105.]

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to our advertising pages. It will be noticed, in glancing over the list, that our patronage has been liberal, and from the leading houses in their several lines in Concord, Boston, and New York. We seek advertising only from firms whose standing is high in the commercial world; and it would be a favor to them and to the publisher of this magazine, if, in communicating with them, mention should be made of this publication. To those who receive this number of the magazine, whose names are not already on the subscription list, we wish to state

that we offer to give eighteen months' subscription for \$1.50,—an offer open until Jan. 1, 1887,—subscriptions to commence with July, 1886. We wish to add a thousand names to our list this fall, and embrace this opportunity to do it.

Styles, Qualities, Prices. Three things every one should consider when buying goods. With this in mind, we recommend the fine dry-goods store of E. W. Willard & Co., Concord, and call attention to their advertisement in this number of THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

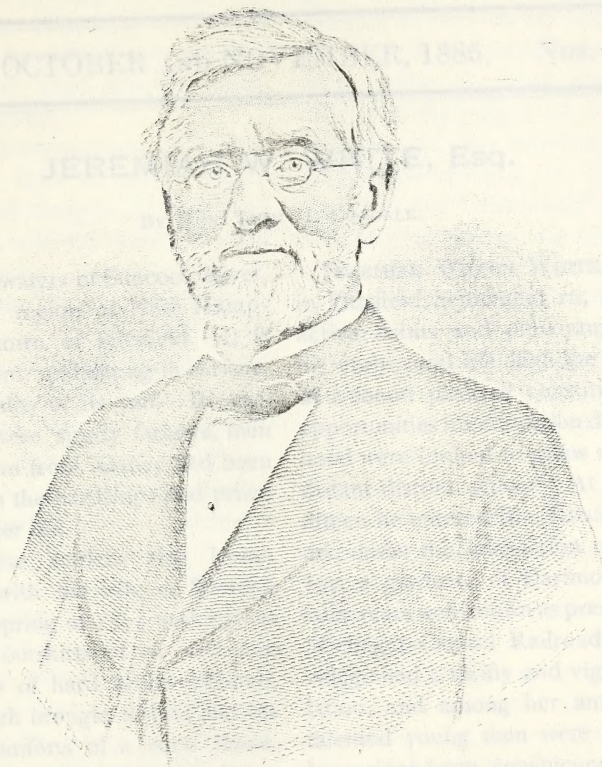
Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and Social Progress.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER

1886.

No. 1 & 2.

JEREMIAH W. WHITE, Esq.



Yours truly
J. W. White

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY.

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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1886. Nos. X & XI.

JEREMIAH W. WHITE, Esq.

BY HON. JOHN H. GOODALE.

ON the headwaters of Suncook River, in the central region of New Hampshire, is the town of Pittsfield. It is limited in extent, undulating in surface, rich in the quality of its soil. Its earliest settlers were sturdy farmers, men and women who from infancy had been accustomed to the hardships and privations of pioneer life.

Among these settlers was Josiah White, who, with his wife of Scottish origin, in the spring of 1775 took up his abode in the outskirts of an unbroken forest. Years of hard labor followed, which at length brought to him and his family the comforts of a rural home. Of his sons, Jeremiah White, the father of the subject of this sketch, succeeded to the homestead. He was born March 4, 1775, and, passing his life amid the scenes of his earlier days, died December 5, 1848. He is still remembered by the older residents of Pittsfield as a citizen who was useful, influential, and respected. Of great personal activity and tact in business, genial and generous, an enterprising farmer of the old school, a safe and sagacious adviser, his departure left a place difficult to fill in the business affairs of the vicinity.

JEREMIAH WILSON WHITE was born in Pittsfield, September 16, 1821. The active habits and pure atmosphere of his early rural life laid the foundation of a sound physical constitution. His opportunities for education during childhood were limited to a few months at a distant district school. At the age of fifteen he entered the Pittsfield Academy, under the instruction of James F. Joy, a graduate of Dartmouth, and in later years well known as president of the Michigan Central Railroad. Pittsfield village had a thrifty and vigorous population, and among her ambitious and talented young men were several who have since been conspicuous in public life. One became United States senator; three, judges of the supreme court in their respective States; and one, founder of the system of public instruction now in successful operation on the Pacific coast. Remaining at the Academy two and a half years, Mr. White, then in his seventeenth year, decided to prepare himself for mercantile and active business life. Adopting the plan which appeared most feasible, he went to Boston and entered upon an apprenticeship in a drug-store. Forty years ago a mercantile apprenticeship in that

city was not a sinecure position. But the young man was not averse to toil, and by assiduous and systematic attention to his duties was preparing the way for future success. Added to his other duties he began the study of medicine in all its branches, and continued it for several years after, until he was qualified for, and, if occasion had required, could have entered upon, professional service.

Finishing his engagement at Boston, he engaged as clerk to Luther Angier, postmaster and druggist at Medford, Massachusetts, with the agreement that with proper notice he could leave to engage in business for himself. Early in the summer of 1845, Mr. White believed that that time had arrived. He had never visited Nashua, but had heard of its reputation as a growing manufacturing town. A few hours' inspection settled the question, and before leaving he hired the store which he afterwards occupied for nearly thirty years.

Mr. White, in engaging in trade for himself in Nashua, was aware that a young man and a stranger must encounter severe difficulties in entering upon mercantile life. Many before him succumbed to the obstacles which he was now to encounter. He did not hesitate. Laying out his plan of business, he examined into the most minute details of its management. He was never idle. No man was more thorough and painstaking in the discharge of obligations to his customers. His labors often extended far into the night. In fact, he lived in labor, and thought no plan complete till its execution was secured. With these habits, added to sound business judgment and foresight and a rare knowledge of men, the record of the business life of Mr. White has been an uninterrupted success; and

it is in this department of consistent and persistent effort that his example is worthy of imitation.

In many of the business enterprises of Nashua Mr. White has taken an active, and in some of them a prominent, part. Engaging in the transportation and sale of coal on his arrival, he has always been the leading dealer in the trade. After the close of the war he originated the project of, and gave his attention to, the construction of the large block of stores on Main Street, known as the "Merchants' Exchange," retaining for himself and son the corner store, which he still occupies. Early in 1875 he conceived the idea of establishing a new national bank, and in the April following obtained a charter. The people of Nashua and vicinity, believing in his financial ability, immediately subscribed for the stock and elected him president, a position he continues to hold to the satisfaction of the stockholders and the advantage of the institution.

In addition to the presidency of the Second National Bank, Mr. White is now recognized by the public as a sagacious and influential railroad manager. Since 1876 he has been prominently connected with the affairs of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad as a director and large stockholder. For many years this road had been connected with, and used by, the Boston & Lowell Railroad corporation, and, as Mr. White clearly saw, on terms greatly disadvantageous to the stockholders of the Nashua & Lowell company. The stock had gradually declined much below par. To resist so great and powerful a corporation required pluck and energy. To be successful against such odds demanded a leader daring, prompt, aggressive. Mr. White was the man for the emergency.

How well his measures succeeded is realized not only by every stockholder, but in all railroad circles throughout New England.

In the transaction of business Mr. White is not only methodical but positive. He reaches his conclusions quickly and acts upon them with the utmost directness. Having decided upon a measure, he engages in it with all his might, bending all his efforts to make sure of the desired end. Selecting his agents, he accomplishes the whole work while many would be halting to determine whether the project was feasible. A man of so pronounced opinions and prompt action naturally makes some enemies; but he has no opponents who do not accord to him the credit of an open and honorable warfare. In a word, he is essentially a business man in the full sense of that term. Not only in occupation, but in taste and aptitude, he is a representative of that class of American citizens who have won a world-wide reputation for practical sagacity, enterprise, and thrift.

Mr. White is in no sense of the word a party politician. Of Whig antecedents, his first vote was cast for Henry Clay, in 1844, for President. Before leaving his native town his liberal tendencies had been quickened by witnessing the unwarranted arrest, in the pulpit, of Rev. George Storrs, who was about to deliver the first anti-slavery lecture in Pittsfield. The event justly occasioned an unusual excitement, and was the beginning of that agitation which reached every town and hamlet in the Union.

Since the organization of the Republican party, Mr. White has supported it in all national issues; but is one of the independent thinkers who does not hesitate to exercise "the divine right of

bolting" when unfit men are put in nomination.

In the winter of 1861, Mr. White and his family left on a southern trip, and reached Charleston, South Carolina, the last of February, not long after the United States troops under Major Anderson were shut up in Fort Sumter by the rebel forces. Mr. White had letters of introduction to several citizens of the city, high in authority, who received him kindly and, learning that he was a business man and not a politician, were anxious to learn from him the state of feeling among the business men and the middle-class of citizens at the North. While the statements of Mr. White were far from gratifying, they continued their friendly relations. Previously he had written to his friend, Captain J. G. Foster, second in command at Fort Sumter, of his intended tarry at Charleston. He was desirous of an interview with him. Applying to the Confederate authorities for a pass to Fort Sumter, it was granted him—a privilege not allowed to any other civilian during the siege.

On the following day, March 5, he went on the steamer *Clinch* to Fort Johnson, to which point Major Anderson was allowed to send his boat under a flag of truce for the daily mail. Here a new obstacle was encountered, for the boat was forbidden by Major Anderson to bring any person to the fort. But, with the restriction that he should remain outside with the boat till Captain Foster could be notified, he was permitted to go. The interview was a great surprise as well as gratification.

Reaching Washington before the bombardment of Fort Sumter and the beginning of actual hostilities, Mr. White was taken to the war department and interviewed by General Scott as to the deter-

mination and strength of the Confederate force at Charleston. Mr. White thought it would require a force of ten thousand men to relieve Fort Sumter, and said so. General Scott laughed heartily, and told him that two thousand men would be ample for the purpose. In common with most of the leading men at the capital, General Scott underestimated the pluck and strength of the rebels.

In 1846, the year after coming to Nashua, Mr. White was united in mar-

riage with Miss Caroline G. Merrill, of his native town. Of their two children, the eldest, Caroline Wilson, died in infancy. The son, James Wilson White, born June 10, 1849, died in Florida, January 27, 1876. Mrs. White, having survived her children, died suddenly of apoplexy in 1880.

In April, 1881, Mr. White was married the second time to Mrs. Ann M. Prichard, of Bradford, Vermont.

Hon. JOSIAH GARDNER ABBOTT, LL.D.

BY COLONEL JOHN HATCH GEORGE.

THE Honorable JOSIAH GARDNER ABBOTT, the subject of this biographic sketch, traces his lineage back to the first settlers of this Commonwealth. The Puritan George Abbott, who came from Yorkshire, England, in 1630, and settled in Andover, was his ancestor on his father's side; while on his mother's side his English ancestor was William Fletcher, who came from Devonshire in 1640, and settled, first, in Concord, and, finally, in 1651, in Chelmsford. It may be noted in passing that Devonshire, particularly in the first part of the seventeenth century, was not an obscure part of England to hail from, for it was the native shire of England's first great naval heroes and circumnavigators of the globe, such as Drake and Cavendish.

George Abbott married Hannah, the daughter of William and Annis Chandler, whose descendants have been both numerous and influential. The young couple settled in Andover. As has been said, ten years after the advent on these shores of George Abbott came William Fletcher, who, after living for a short time in Concord,

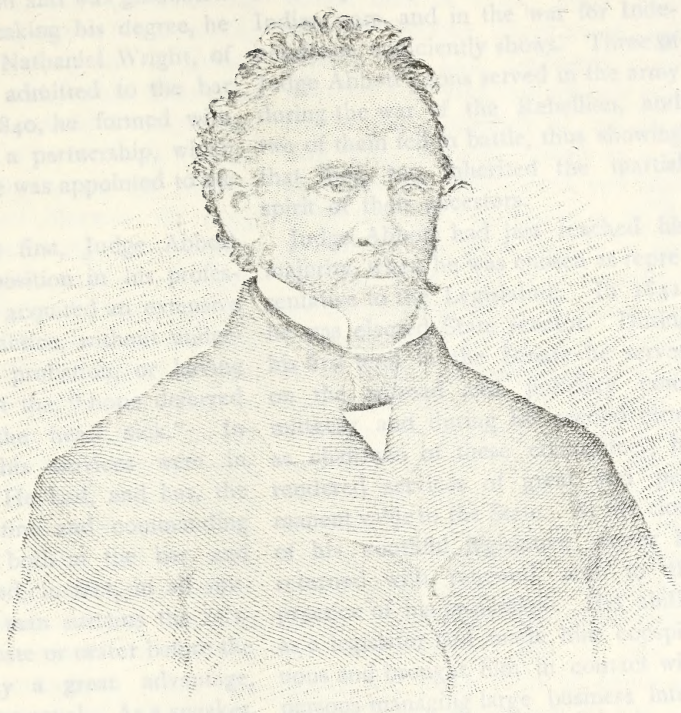
settled finally in Chelmsford. In direct descent from these two original settlers of New England were Caleb Abbott and Mercy Fletcher, the parents of the subject of this sketch. Judge Abbott is, therefore, of good yeomanly pedigree. His ancestors have always lived in Massachusetts since the settlement of the country, and have always been patriotic citizens, prompt to respond to every call of duty in the emergencies of their country, whether in peace or war. Both his grandfathers served honorably in the war of the Revolution, as their fathers and grandfathers before them served in the French and Indian wars of the colonial period of our history. In his genealogy there is no trace of Norman blood or high rank: but

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

In this country, while it is not necessary to success to be able to lay claim to an aristocratic descent, it is certainly a satisfaction, however democratic the community may be, for any person to know that his grandfather was an honest man and a public-spirited citizen.

Judge Abbott was born in Chelsea, Mass., on the first of November, 1814. He was fitted for college under the instruction of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He entered Harvard College at the early age of fourteen and was graduated in 1832. After taking his degree, he studied law with Nathaniel Wright, of Lowell, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. In 1840, he formed with Samuel A. Brown a partnership, which continued until he was appointed to the bench in 1855.

is almost needless to add that he is full of self-reliance and of confidence in whatever he deliberately champions. His nerve and pluck are inherited traits, which were conspicuous in his career, as their participation in the French and Mexican wars, and in the war for independence, abundantly show. Three times he served in the army, and in the battle of the Marston, this showing of courage and valor, which has been the subject of the popular imagination, has been the subject of the popular imagination.

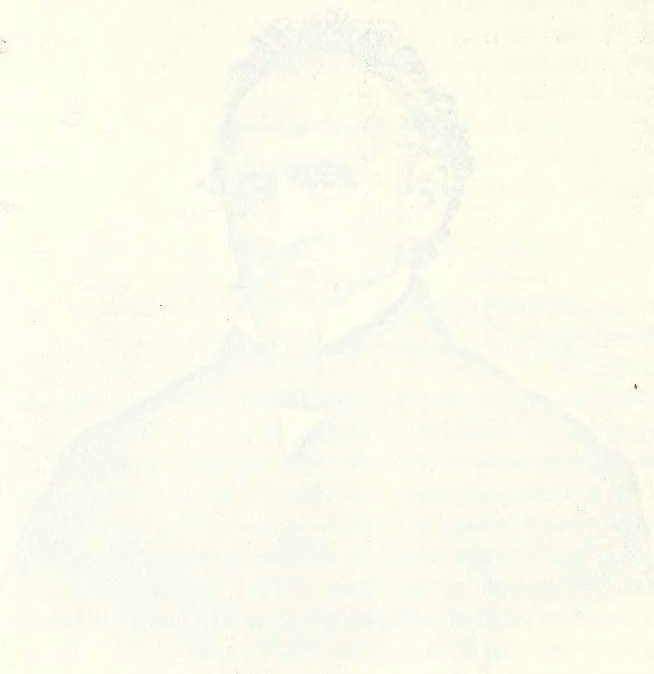


From the very first, Judge Abbott took a leading position in the profession, and at once acquired a reputation and a lucrative practice. He was going a tedious and unprofitable way, any experienced lawyer would have which maketh the criminal cases of the great demand, and the advantage of the person, which, in the Senate, and in the courts, where a man of an advocate or of a great public, is really a great advantage. As a speaker, Judge Abbott is fluent, persuasive, and effective. He exerts his own intensity of feeling in the jury or audience that he is addressing. His client's cause is emphatically his own. He is equal to any emergency of attack or defense. If he believes in a person or cause, he believes fully and without reserve, and thus he is an immense orator and an able advocate. He has great energy, labor, and immense power of application, extremely independent, and what may be called a nervous susceptibility, which, in a phrase, gives him a great staying power, a most important quality in the conduct of long and contested jury trials. After saying this, it

is almost needless to add that he is full of self-reliance and of confidence in whatever he deliberately champions. His nerve and pluck are inherited traits, which were conspicuous in his career, as their participation in the French and Mexican wars, and in the war for independence, abundantly show. Three times he served in the army, and in the battle of the Marston, this showing of courage and valor, which has been the subject of the popular imagination, has been the subject of the popular imagination.

At this period General Butler was almost invariably his opposing or associate counsel. Which they were. He needs to say that their association was not without the utmost advantage to both parties. When they met, they met on a level of legal ability. In 1844 Judge Abbott was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, which nominated Fremont as its presidential candidate, and he has been a delegate,

J. G. Abbott



[Handwritten signature]

Judge Abbott was born in Chelmsford on the first of November, 1814. He was fitted for college under the instruction of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He entered Harvard College at the early age of fourteen and was graduated in 1832. After taking his degree, he studied law with Nathaniel Wright, of Lowell, and was admitted to the bar in 1837. In 1840, he formed with Samuel A. Brown a partnership, which continued until he was appointed to the bench in 1855.

From the very first, Judge Abbott took a leading position in his profession, and at once acquired an extensive and lucrative practice, without undergoing a tedious probation, or having any experience of the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." In criminal cases his services were in great demand. He had, and has, the advantage of a fine and commanding person, which, both at the bar and in the Senate, and, in fact, in all situations where a man sustains the relation of an advocate or orator before the public, is really a great advantage, other things being equal. As a speaker, Judge Abbott is fluent, persuasive, and effective. He excites his own intensity of feeling in the jury or audience that he is addressing. His client's cause is emphatically his own. He is equal to any emergency of attack or defence. If he believes in a person or cause, he believes fully and without reservation; thus he is no trimmer or half-and-half advocate. He has great capacity for labor, and immense power of application, extremely industrious habits, and what may be called a nervous intellectuality, which, in athletic phrase, gives him great staying power, a most important quality in the conduct of long and sharply contested jury trials. After saying this, it

is almost needless to add that he is full of self-reliance and of confidence in whatever he deliberately champions. His nerve and pluck are inherited traits, which were conspicuous in his ancestors, as their participation in the French and Indian wars, and in the war for Independence, sufficiently shows. Three of Judge Abbott's sons served in the army during the war of the Rebellion, and two of them fell in battle, thus showing that they, too, inherited the martial spirit of their ancestors.

Judge Abbott had just reached his majority, when he was chosen as representative to the Legislature. In 1841, he was elected State senator. During his first term in the Senate he served on the railroad and judiciary committees; and during his second term, as chairman of these committees, he rendered services of great and permanent value to the State. At the close of his youthful legislative career he returned with renewed zeal to the practice of his profession. His ability as a legislator had made him conspicuous and brought him in contact with persons managing large business interests, who were greatly attracted by the brilliant young lawyer and law-maker, and swelled the list of his clients.

At this period General Butler was almost invariably his opposing or associate counsel. When they were opposed, it is needless to say that their cases were tried with the utmost thoroughness and ability. When they were associated, it is equally needless to say that there could hardly have been a greater concentration of legal ability. In 1844, Judge Abbott was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, which nominated James K. Polk as its presidential candidate; and he has been a delegate,

either from his district or the State at large, to all but one of the Democratic National Conventions since, including, of course, the last one, at Cincinnati, which nominated General Winfield S. Hancock. His political prominence is shown by the fact that he has invariably been the chairman of the delegation from his State, and, several times, the candidate of his party in the Legislature for the office of United States senator.

Judge Abbott was on the staff of Governor Marcus Morton. In 1853, he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, which consisted so largely of men of exceptional ability. In the debates and deliberations of this convention, he took a conspicuous part. In 1835, he was appointed judge of the superior court of Suffolk County. He retired from the bench in 1858, having won an enviable reputation for judicial fairness and acumen, and suavity of manner, in the trial of cases, which made him deservedly popular with the members of the bar who practised in his court. In the year following his retirement from the bench, he removed his office from Lowell to Boston, where he has since resided, practising in the courts, not only of this Commonwealth, but of the neighboring States and in the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1874, he was elected a member of Congress, from the fourth congressional district of Massachusetts. He was chosen by his Democratic colleagues of the House a member of the Electoral Commission, to determine the controverted result of the presidential election. When the gravity of the situation, and the dangers of the country at that time, are taken into account, it is obvious that no higher compliment could have been paid than that in-

volved in this selection; a compliment which was fully justified by the courage and ability which Judge Abbott manifested as a member of that commission. It should have been mentioned before, that, in 1838, Judge Abbott married Caroline, daughter of Judge Edward St. Loe Livermore. After what has been said, it is scarcely necessary to give a summary of the prominent traits of Judge Abbott as a man and a lawyer. The warmth and fidelity of his friendship are known to all such as have had the good fortune to enjoy that friendship. He is as conspicuous for integrity and purity of character as for professional ability. As a citizen, he is noted for patriotism, liberality, and public spirit. As a politician, he is true to his convictions. As a business man, he has brought to the aid of the large railroad and manufacturing interests, with which he has long been, and is still, connected, large intelligence, great energy, and sound judgment. His physical and mental powers are undiminished, and it may be hoped that many years of honor and prosperity are still in store for him.

GENEALOGY.

[1. GEORGE ABBOT, the pioneer, born in 1615, emigrated from Yorkshire, England, about 1640, and was one of the first settlers and proprietors of Andover, in 1643. His house was a garrison for many years. In 1647, he married Hannah Chandler, daughter of William and Annis Chandler. They were industrious, economical, sober, pious, and respected. With Christian fortitude they endured their trials, privations, and dangers. He died December 24, 1681, aged 66. She married (2) the Reverend Francis Dane, minister of Andover, who died in February, 1697, aged 81. She died June 11, 1711, aged 82.

2. TIMOTHY ABBOT, seventh son and ninth child of George and Hannah (Chandler) Abbot, born November 17, 1663; was captured during the Indian War in 1676, and returned in a few months to his parents; was married in January, 1690, to Hannah Graves, who died November 16, 1726. He lived at the garrison-house, and died September 9, 1730.

3. TIMOTHY ABBOT, eldest son of Timothy and Hannah (Graves) Abbott, was born July 1, 1863; lived with his father in the garrison-house; was industrious, honest, useful, and respected. He married in December, 1717, Mary Foster, and died July 10, 1766.

4. NATHAN ABBOT, third son and sixth child of Timothy and Mary (Foster) Abbot, was born January 18, 1729; married, in 1759, Jane Paul.

5. CALEB ABBOT, son of Nathan and Jane (Paul) Abbot, married, in 1779, Lucy Lovejoy, who died February 21, 1802; he married (2) Deborah Baker; he died 1810.

6. CALEB ABBOTT, son of Caleb and Lucy (Lovejoy) Abbot, was born November 10, 1779; settled in Chelmsford; married Mercy Fletcher (daughter of Josiah Fletcher), who died in 1834; he died December 5, 1846.

7. JOSIAH GARDNER ABBOTT, second son and fourth child of Caleb and Mercy (Fletcher) Abbott, was born November 1, 1814. In 1838, he married Caroline Livermore, daughter of the Honorable Edward St. Loe Livermore, and granddaughter of the Honorable Samuel Livermore, of New Hampshire. Their children are:—

1. Caroline Marcy Abbott, born April 25, 1839; married April 19, 1869; and died in May, 1872, leaving one daughter, Caroline Derby, born in April, 1872.

II. Edward Gardner Abbott, born in Lowell, September 29, 1840; was killed in battle August 9, 1862.

III. Henry Livermore Abbott, born January 21, 1842; was killed in battle May 6, 1864.

IV. Fletcher Morton Abbott, born February 18, 1843.

V. William Stackpole Abbott, born November 18, 1844; died May 6, 1846.

VI. Samuel Appleton Browne Abbott, born March 6, 1846; married October 15, 1873, Abby Francis Woods, and has four children.

(a) Helen Francis Abbott, born July 29, 1874.

(b) Madeline Abbott, born November 2, 1876.

(c) Francis Abbott, born September 8, 1878.

(d) Caroline Livermore Abbott, born April 25, 1880.

VII. Sarah Livermore Abbott, born May 14, 1850; married October 12, 1870, William P. Fay, and has three children.

(a) Richard Sullivan Fay, born in July, 1871.

(b) Catherine Fay, born in September, 1872.

(c) Edward Henry Fay, born in 1876.

VIII. Franklin Pierce Abbott, born May 6, 1842.

IX. Arthur St. Loe Livermore Abbott, born November 6, 1853; died March 28, 1863.

X. Grafton, born November 14, 1856.

XI. Holker Welch Abbott, born February 23, 1858.

EDITOR.]

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM. — A Review.

BY LUCIUS H. BUCKINGHAM, PH.D.

THOSE who have read Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* will probably agree on one point, namely: that, whether the statements of the book be true or false, the book, as a whole, is a great stimulant of thought. The European world has looked upon Indian philosophy as mere dreams, idle speculations, built only on a foundation of metaphysical subtleties. Here comes a book which, going down to the root of the whole matter, claims that, instead of resting on mere imaginations, this whole structure of Buddhistic philosophy has, as its cornerstone, certain facts which have been preserved from the wrecks of a time earlier than that which our grandfathers

ascribe to the creation of the world, and handed down without interruption from eras of civilization of which the earth at present does not retain even the ruins. Such a claim of antiquity rouses an interest in our minds, were it only for its stupendous contempt of common belief.

There is one direction in which the book so harmonizes with one's speculations that it makes upon us a very peculiar impression. It carries out the theory of human development, physical and metaphysical. Darwin's idea of the origin of the human animal, in connection with the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, might, if one had

the time to make it all out, be shown to be the sufficient basis for a belief in, and a logical ground for anticipating, the progress of man toward moral and spiritual perfection. A healthy man is an optimist. Pessimism is the product of dyspepsia; and all the intermediate phases of philosophy come from some want of normal brain-action. Following out the Darwinian theory, — supported as it seems to be by the facts, — one must believe that the human race as a whole is improving in bodily development; that the results of what we call civilization are, increase of symmetry in the growth of the human body, diminution of disease, greater perfection in the power of the senses, in short, a gradual progress toward a healthy body. Now, a healthy body brings with it a healthy mind. The two cannot be separated. Whatever brings the one will bring the other; whatever impairs the one will impair the other. A sound mind must bring, in time, a sound moral nature; and all, together, will tend toward the perfection of humanity in the development of his spiritual affinities. Such has been, roughly sketched, my belief regarding the progress of man. It has left all the men of the past ages, all of the present time, all of many generations yet to come, in a condition, which, compared with that which I try to foresee, must be called very immature. This has never been a stumbling-block to me; for I hold that the Lord understands his own work, the end from the beginning; and that, if "order is heaven's first law," there is a place for every soul that is in it, and a possible satisfaction of the desires of every one. Dr. Clarke expresses the thought that, however much any being may have gone astray, the soul reconciled at last to God, though

it can never undo the past, or be at that point it might have reached, will yet be perfectly content with its place in the universe, and as much blessed as the archangels. That consideration has satisfied my mind when I contemplated humanity, seeming to stop so far short of its perfection. My regrets — if I can use such a term — came, as I believed, out of my ignorance.

Now comes a book which claims to give us the key of the whole problem of human destiny — a book containing some assertions regarding occult science, belief in which must remain suspended in our minds, and some points in cosmogony which conflict with our Christian convictions — yet a book making statements about human history which, though in the highest degree startling, are not contradicted by anything we know of the past, but are rather an explanation of some of its dark passages — a book developing a system of human growth which cannot be disproved and which makes plain some of the riddles of destiny.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the book is its tremendous assumption. "All that have hitherto written on this subject have been only half-taught. They have not been admitted to the real inner doctrine. Here is the first putting-forth, to the world, of the real teaching, as the Buddhists present it to those who have been initiated into occult science." Such is, in substance, the author's claim. We may believe just as much of this as we can. I, for my part, knowing nothing about the matter, choose, just now, and for our purpose, to assume that the doctrines of Esoteric Buddhism are what Sinnett says they are, because they suggest to my mind so many attractive avenues for my imagination to wander in.

There are two main points in this book which give it its chief interest :

(1) "The past history of the human race as now living on this planet ;" and
 (2) "The manner in which, and the circumstances under which, any individual man works out his own salvation." But before entering upon these, we should say a word about the Buddhist statements regarding the nature of man.

Seven is the sacred number in the Buddhist system. As there are seven worlds in the planetary chain, seven kingdoms in Nature, seven root-races of men, in like manner man is a seven-fold being, continuing, through untold millions of years, his existence as an individual, yet changing, one knows not how many times, many of his component elements. As the Buddhist sees the mortal body to be dissolved into its molecules, and these molecules to be transferred with their inherent vitality to other organisms, so some of his higher elements, among them his "astral body," his impulses and desires, under the name, as our author gives it, of *animal soul*, may separate from the more enduring parts of his composition, and become lost to him in Nature's great store of material substance. As there is an *animal soul*, the seat of those faculties which we possess in common with the lower beings about us, so there is a *human soul*, the seat of intelligence ; and, higher still, a *spiritual soul*, possessing powers of which as yet we know but little, yet destined to give us, when it shall be more fully developed, new powers of sense, new avenues for the entrance of knowledge, by which we shall be able to communicate directly with Nature, and become as much greater than the present race of men,

as *that* is greater than the lowest brutes. Above all these elements of man, controlling all, and preserving its individuality throughout, is "spirit." Yet even this, when absorbed into Nirvana, is lost in that great whole which includes all things and is Nature herself. Lost, do I say ? — yes, lost for inconceivable ages upon ages, yet destined to come forth again at some moment in eternity, and to begin its round through the everlasting cycle of evolution.

Here, you will say, is materialism. As the intelligent man of early ages looked out upon the world, he felt the wind he could not see, he smelt the odor that he could not feel, and he reasoned with himself, I think, as follows : "There is somewhat too subtle for these bodily senses to grasp it. Something of which I cannot directly take cognizance brings to me the light of sun and stars." These somethings were, in his conception, forms of matter. He saw the intelligence and the moral worth of his friend, and then he saw that friend a lifeless body stretched upon the ground, and he said some *thing* is gone. This thing was again to him only another and more subtle form of matter. We, with all the aids of modern knowledge and thought, are absolutely unable to say what distinction there is between matter and spirit. The old philosopher was logical. He could find no point at which to draw his line. Therefore he drew no line. He recognized only different manifestations of one substance. In terms of our language, he was a materialist. So is the modern scientist ; yet I cannot help thinking that the Buddhist stands much nearer to truth than the materialist of to-day. The various faculties of human sense and human intellect are

so many molecules forming, by their accretion, the animal and the human soul. As, at death, the molecules of the body separate and are, by-and-by, absorbed with their inherent vitality into new agglomerations, and become part of new living forms, so the elements of the human soul may be torn apart, and some of them, being no longer man, but following the fortunes of the lower principles, may be lost to us, while other elements, clinging to the spiritual soul, follow its destiny in the after-life. I know a thinking man who believes in nothing but matter and motion; add time and space, and we have the all in all, the Nature, of Buddhism. Yet the Buddhist believes in a state of being beyond this earthly life: a state whose conditions are determined absolutely by the use which the human soul has made of its opportunities in the life that now is, and my friend says he does not. Truly, Buddhism is better than the materialism of to-day.

Let me now turn to the history of humanity as revealed to us in our book. Every monad, or spirit-element, beginning its course by becoming separated from what I conceive as the great central reservoir of Nature, must, before returning thither, make a certain fixed round through an individual existence. If it belongs to the planetary chain, of which our earth is the fourth and lowest link, it must pass seven times through each of the kingdoms of Nature on each one of the seven planets. Of these seven planets, Mars, our Earth, and Mercury, are three. The other four are too tenuous to be cognizable by our present senses. Of the seven kingdoms of Nature, three are likewise beyond our ken or conception; the highest four are

the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, and man. Our immortal part has therefore passed already through six of the kingdoms of its destiny, and is, in fact, now near the middle of its fourth round of human existence upon the earth. One life on earth is, however, not sufficient for the development of our powers. Every human being must pass through each of the seven branches of each of the sub-races of each of the root-races of humanity; and must, in short, live, or, as our author expresses the idea, be incarnated about eight hundred times — some more and some less — upon this planet, before the hour will come when it will be permitted to him, by a path as easy of passage for him then, as is that followed by the rays of light, to visit the planet Mercury, for his next two million years of existence.

Through each of these eight hundred mortal lives, man is purifying and developing his nature. When, at the end of each, his body dies, his higher principles leave the lower to gradual dissolution, while they themselves remaining still bound in space to this planet, pass into *Devachan*, the state of effects. Here, entirely unconscious of what passes on earth, the soul remains, absorbed in its own subjectivity. For a length of time, stated as never less than fifteen hundred years, and shown by figures to average not less than eight thousand, the soul, enjoying in its own contemplation those things it most desired in mortal life, surrounded in its own imagination by the friends and the scenes it has loved on earth, reaps the exact reward of its own deeds. When Nature has thus paid the laborer his hire, when his power of enjoyment has exhausted itself, the soul passes by a gradual process into oblivion of all the

past — an oblivion from which it returns only on its approach to Nirvana — and waits the moment for reincarnation. Yet it comes not again to conscious life, unaffected by the forgotten past. *Karma*, — the resultant of its upward or downward tendencies, — which has been accumulating through all the course of its existence, remains; and the new-born man comes into visible being with good or evil propensities, the balance of which is to be affected by the struggles of one more mortal phase of existence. Thus we go on through one life after another, each time a new person yet the same human soul, ignorant of our own past lives, yet never free from their influence upon our character, exactly as in mature life we have absolutely forgotten what happened to us in our infancy, yet are never free from its influence. In Devachan, which corresponds, says our author, to what in other religions is the final and eternal heaven, we receive, from time to time, the reward of our deeds done in the body, yet still pass on with all our upward or downward tendencies until, many millions of years in the future, during our next passage through life on this planet, we shall come to the crisis in our existence which shall determine whether we are to become gods or demons.

Let me now turn back the page of history. A little more than one million years ago this earth was covered, as now, with vegetable forms, and was the dwelling of animals, as numerous, perhaps, and as various as now; but there was no humanity. The time was come when man, who had passed already three times round the planetary chain, and was nearly half way through his fourth round, should again make his appearance on the scene. Nature

works only in her own way, and that way is uniform. The first man must be born of parents already living. As there are no human parents, he must be born of lower animals, and of those lower animals most nearly resembling the coming human animal. Darwin has told us what the animal was, yet the new being was a man and not an ape, because, in addition to its animal soul, it was possessed also of a human soul. We all know that man is an animal. Those modern students of science, who affirm that that is the whole truth of human nature, take a lower view of their own being than the Indian philosophers. Man is an animal plus a human and a spiritual soul.

Behold, now, the earth peopled by man. Through seven races must he pass, each with its various branches. Yet these races are not contemporaneous; for Nature is in no hurry. One race comes forward at a time, reaches the height of its possibility, then passes away during great physical transformations, and leaves but a wreck behind to live, and witness, in some new part of earth, the coming of another race. These races and branch-races and sub-branch races are to be animated by the same identical souls. Hence, one race at a time; at first, even, one sub-race only, for the next is to be of a higher order. After each root-race has run its course, the earth has always been prepared by a great geological convulsion for the next. In this convulsion has perished all that makes up what we call civilization, yet not all men then living. Since some souls are slower than others, all are not ready to pass into the second race, when the time for that race has come. Hence fragments of old races survive, kept up for a time by the incarnation

of the laggard souls whose progress has been too slow. Thus, we are told, although the first and second root-races have now entirely disappeared, there still remain relics of the third and fourth. The proper seat of this third root-race was that lost continent which Wallace told us, long ago, stood where now roll the waters of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, south and southwest of Asia. Here we have, in the degraded Papuan and Australian, the remainder of the third race. Degraded I call him, because his ancestors, though inferior to the highest races of to-day, were far in advance of him. So it must always be. Destroy the accumulations of the highest race of men now living, and the next generation will be barbarians; the second, savages.

The fourth root-race inhabited the famous, but no longer fabulous, Atlantis, now sunk, in greater part, beneath the waters of the Atlantic. Fragments of this race were left in Northern Africa, though perhaps none now remain there, and we are told that there is a remnant in the heart of China. From the relics of the African branch of this root-race, the old Egyptian priests had knowledge regarding the sunken continent, knowledge which was no fable, but the traditionary lore and history of the survivors of the lost Atlantis.

Such is, in brief, an outline of the nature, history, and destiny of man, as the Buddhist relates it. How has he obtained his knowledge? By means which, he says, are within the reach of any one. First, of the history: it is said to be well-authenticated tradition. Of the actual knowledge of former races, the Egyptian priests were the repositories, inheriting their information from the Atlantids. Of human nature and destiny the Bud-

dhist would say: Here are the facts, look about you and see. From a theory of astronomy, or botany, or chemistry, we find an explanation of facts, and these facts explained, confirm and establish the theory. So, too, of man, here is the view, once a theory, but now as firmly established as the law of gravitation. Besides, by study and contemplation, the expert has developed, in advance of the age in which he lives, his spiritual soul, and this opens to him sources of information which place him on a higher level in point of knowledge than the rest of mankind, just as the man with seeing eyes has possibilities of information which are absolutely closed to one born blind.

Let me stop here to explain more fully what is the spiritual soul. I should call it, using a term that seems to me more natural to our vocabulary, the transcendental sense. In the reality of such a sense I am a firm believer. It was once fashionable to ridicule whatever was thought, or nicknamed, transcendental. Yet transcendentalism seems to me the only complete bar to modern scepticism. Faith, in the highest Christian sense, is transcendental. We know some things for which we can bring no evidence, things the truth of which lies not in logic, nor even in intellect. The intellect never gave man any firm conviction of God's being. Paley's mode of reasoning never brought conviction to any man's mind. At best, it only serves to confirm belief, to stifle doubt, to silence logic misapplied. Faith is the action of the spiritual sense—or, as the Buddhist says, the spiritual soul. It seems to me that it is a fair statement, that every man who has a conviction of the being of God, has that conviction

from inspiration. Many people have it, or think they have it, as a result of reasoning, or it has been, they say, grounded and rooted in their minds by the earliest teaching. There are those, perhaps, who have no other reason than this tradition, for their supersensuous ideas. Such people, as soon as they come to reason seriously on or about those ideas, begin to doubt and to lose their hold. But others have a conviction regarding things unseen, that no reasoning can shake, except for a moment; because their belief, though it may have been originally the result of early teaching, is now established on other foundations. One can no more tell how he knows some things, than he can tell how he sees; yet he does know them, and all the world cannot get the knowledge out of him. The source of this knowledge is transcendental. It is a sixth sense. It is what the Buddhist calls an activity of the spiritual, as distinct from the human, soul. By his animal soul man has knowledge of the world around him; he sees, he hears, he feels bodily pain or pleasure; by his human soul, he reasons, he receives the conceptions of geometry or the higher mathematics; by his spiritual soul, he comes to a conception of God and of his attributes, and receives impressions whose source is unknown to him because his spiritual soul, in this his fourth planetary round, is, as yet, only imperfectly active. The reality of the spiritual soul, the vehicle of inspiration, the source of faith, is the only earnest man has for this trust in the Divine Father. It is not developed in us as it will be in our next round through earthly life, when, by its awakening, faith will become sight, and we shall know even as we are known. Yet some there are, say the Buddhists, who have, by effort,

already pushed their development to the point that most men will reach millions of years hence, when we shall return again, not to this life — that we shall do perhaps in a few thousand years — but to this planet.

It will be seen that the Buddhist idea of spirituality is very unlike our Christian idea. The thought of man's higher sense striving after the Divine, the whole conception, in short, of what the word spirituality suggests to modern thought, is impossible in a system of philosophy which has no personal God. To apply the term religion to a scheme which has no place for the dependence of man upon a conscious protector, is to use the word in a sense entirely new to us. Buddhism — notwithstanding its claims to revelation — is a philosophy, not a religion.

I have sketched, as well as I can in so short a time, what seem to me the main points in the book under review. There are many things unexplained. Of some of them, the author claims to have no knowledge. Others he does not make clear; but, "take it for all in all," the book will probably give the reader a very great number of suggestions. I am heterodox enough to say that if the idea of a personal God, the Father of all, were superadded to the system (or perhaps I ought to say were substituted for the idea of absorption into Nirvana), there would be nothing in Buddhism contradictory of Christianity. What orthodox Christians of the present day and of this country believe with regard to eternal punishment is a question about which they do not altogether agree among themselves. Whether the so-called hell is a place of everlasting degradation, is a point on which those who cannot deny to each other the name of Christian are

not in accord. Why, then, should it be thought heretical to maintain that the future world of *rewards* is *also* not eternal? I believe that the Christian Scriptures use the same words with reference to both conditions —

“Τὸ πῦρ τὸ αἰώνιον: — εἰς ζωὴν αἰώνιον.”

The Buddhist denial of the eternity of the condition next following the separation of soul and body cannot, I think, be pronounced a subversion of Christian doctrine by any one who will admit that the Greek word *αἰώνιος* may mean something less than endless.

Of the antiquity of Buddhistic philosophy, I have already spoken indirectly. Buddha came upon the earth only 643 B.C. But he was not the founder of the system. His purpose in re-incarnating himself at that time was to reform the lives of men. Doubtless he made many explanations of doctrine, perhaps gave some new teaching; but the philosophy comes down to us from, at least, the times of the fourth root-race, the men of Atlantis.

However we may regard a claim to so great age, a little reflection will convince us that the Buddhistic view of what may fairly be called the natural history of the human soul is very old, for it seems to have been essentially the doctrine of Pythagoras, who was not its founder, but who may have got it either from Egypt or from India, since he visited and studied in both those countries. If, as Sinnett asserts, the true Chinese belong to the fourth root-race, as appears not improbable, did not the system come into India from China? Plato was a Buddhist, says our author. Quintilian, perhaps getting his idea from Cicero, says of Plato that he learned his philosophy from the Egyptian priests. It is much more probable that the latter received it from

the Atlantids — if we are to believe in them — than that it came from India. Indeed, when we seem to trace the same teachings to the Indians, on the one side, and to the Egyptians on the other, putting the one, through Thibet, — the land, above all others, of occult science, — into communication with the true Chinese, and the other, through their tradition, with the lost race of the Atlantic, the asserted history of the fourth root-race of humanity assumes a very attractive degree of reasonableness.

That Cicero held to the Buddhist doctrines at points so important as to make it improbable that he did not have esoteric teaching in the system, any one will, I believe, admit, who will read the last chapter of the *Somnium Scipionis*. And Cicero's ideas must have been those of the students and scholars of his day. He puts them forward in a manner too commonplace, too much as if they were things of course, for us to suppose that there was anything unusual in them. On this subject of the wide extension of that philosophy which in India we call Buddhism, I will make only one other suggestion. It is the guess that it lay at the foundation of the famous Eleusinian Mysteries.

Let me now come back to the idea that the succession of human races upon this earth is, like that of animal races, a development. Sinnett tells us that what we recognize as language began with the third root-race. I imagine that the preceding races had, in progressive development, some vocal means of communication; for we find that even the lower animals have that, and the lowest man of the first race was superior to the highest possible animal, by the very fact that he had developed

a human soul. Now, we are told that the home of the third race was on the continent "Lemuria," which stretched across the Indian Ocean. I imagine the Tasmanians, the Papuans, and the degraded races of that part of the world to be fragments of the third race. Query: Is the famous click of the Zulu a remainder of the gradual passage from animal noise to human articulation in speech?

Again, the true Chinese belong to the fourth root-race. They have reached the height of their possible intellectual advance. They have been stationary for untold centuries. Query: Does this account for their apparent inability to develop their language beyond the monosyllable?

There are, have been, or will be, seven branches to each of the seven great races. These branches must originate at long intervals of time, one after the other, though several may be running their course at the same moment. For instance, the second race could not come into the world, until some human souls had passed at least twice, as we are told, through "the world of effects." This would occupy at least sixteen thousand years, according to our author's calculation, though he does not claim to have on this point exact information. He says, only, that the initiated know exactly the periods of time: but they are withheld from him. Now, according to a French savant, geological investigation proves that the Aryan race — branch-race, I will call it — was preceded in Europe by at least three others, whose remains are found in the caves or strata that have been examined. Of these the first has entirely disappeared: no representatives of it are now to be found in any known part of the world. The second

was driven, apparently, from the north, by the invasions of the ice, during the glacial period and spread as far, at least, as the Straits of Gibraltar. With the disappearance of the ice, they also traveled toward the pole, and are now existing in the northern regions of the earth, under the name of Esquimaux. Following them came a race, the fragments of which were powerful within historic days in the Iberian peninsula, — the Iberians of the Roman writers — the Basques of to-day. Then came from the east the Aryan race, hitherto the highest form of humanity. These races do not, of course, begin existence as new creations. They are developed from — their first members must be born from — the preceding race. Query: Is a fifth race now in the throes of nativity? Have the different sub-races of the Aryan branch sent their contingents to the New World, that from the mixture of their boldest and most vigorous blood the fifth sub-race might have its origin? "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

Buddhism gives a peculiar explanation of the disappearance of inferior races. Since the object of the incarnation of the human soul is its progress toward the perfect and divine man; since every human soul must dwell on earth as a member of each one of the sub-races, the time must come when all shall have passed through a given stage. Then there can be no more births into that race. There is, at this moment, a finite number of human souls whose existence is limited to this planet, and no other planet in our chain is at present the abode of humanity. For the larger part of all these souls — at least nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand — are, at any one instant, existing in "the world of effects," in

Devachan. All will remain linked by their destiny to this planet, until the moment when all — a few rare, unfortunate, negligent laggards excepted — shall have passed through their last mortal probation, in the seventh root-race. Then will the tide of humanity overflow to the planet Mercury, and this earth, abandoned by conscious men, will for a million years fall back into desolation, gradually deprived of all life, even of all development. In that condition it will remain, sleeping, as it were, for ages — “not dead, but sleeping”; for the germs of mineral, vegetable, and animal life will await, quiescent, until the tide of human soul shall have passed around the chain, and is again approaching our globe. Then will earth awake from its sleep. In successive eons, the germs of life, mineral, vegetable, and animal, in their due order, will awake; the old miracle of creation will begin again, but on a higher plan than before, until, at last, the first human being — something vastly higher in body, mind, and spirituality than the former man — will make his appearance on the new earth. From this explanation of the doctrine that life moves not by a steady flow, but by what Sinnett calls gushes, it follows, of course, that there must come a time when each race, and each sub-race, must have finished its course, completed its destiny. There are no more human souls in Devachan to pass through that stage of progress. For a long time the number has been diminishing, and that race has been losing ground. Now it has come to its end. So, within a hundred years, has passed away the Tasmanian. So, to-day, are passing many races. The disappearance of a lower race is therefore no calamity; it is evidence of progress. It means that

that long line of undeveloped humanity must go up higher. “That which thou sowest, is not quickened except it die.” If there be “joy among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth,” why not when the whole human race, to the last man, has passed successfully up into a higher class in the great school?

I am constantly turning back to a thought that I have passed by. Let me now return to the consideration of Buddhism as a religion. It is evident that, viewed on this side, Buddhism is one thing to the initiated, another to the masses. So was the religion of the Romans, so is Christianity. It is necessarily so. No two persons receive the formal creed of the same church in the same way. The man of higher grade, and the man of lower, cannot understand things in the same sense because they have not the same faculties for understanding. Hence the polytheism among those called Buddhists. There could be no such thing among the initiated. Religion, then, like everything else, is subject to growth. Such must be the Buddhist doctrine. If, then, Buddhism, or the philosophy which bears that name, originated with the fourth root-race of men, does it not occur to the initiated that the fifth race ought, by this same theory, to develop a higher form of truth? Looking at the matter merely on its intellectual side, ought not the higher development of the power of thought to bring truer conceptions of the highest things? Again, a query: Is the rise of the Brahmo-Somaj a step toward the practical extension of Christianity into the domain of Buddhism? This brings to discussion the whole question of the work done by missionary effort among the lower races. I do

not mean the question whether we should try to Christianize them, but what result is it reasonable to expect. And here I imagine that there is a strict limit, beyond which it is impossible for the members of a given race to be developed. On the Buddhist principle, given a certain human being, and we have a human soul passing through a definite stage of its progress. While it occupies its present body it is, except, our author always says, in very peculiar cases, incapable of more than a certain advance, — as incapable as a given species of animal, or tree, or even as the body of the man itself is incapable of more than a certain growth. I think that any one who has studied or observed the processes of ordinary school training, must have been sometimes convinced that he has in hand a boy whose ability to be further advanced has come to an end. Sometimes we find a boy who will come forward with the greatest promise; but, at a certain point, although goodwill is not lacking, the growth seems to be arrested. The biologist will explain this as due to the physical character of the brain. The Buddhist affirms that when that human soul last came from the oblivion which closes the Devachanic state, it chose unconsciously, but by natural affinity, out of all the possible conditions and circumstances of mortal life, that embryonic human body, for which its spiritual condition rendered it fit.

Some years ago, in conversation with a missionary who had spent many years in China, I asked him, having this subject in my mind, whether he thought that his converts were capable of receiving Christianity in the sense in which he himself held the faith. His answer, which he illustrated by in-

stances, was that the heathen conceptions and propensities could not be entirely eradicated; and that, under unfavorable circumstances, the most trusted converts would sometimes relapse into a condition as bad as ever they had known.

It is also a matter of common assertion that our American Indians, after years of training in the society of civilized life, are generally ready to fall back at once to their old ways. What we call civilization is to them but an easy-fitting garment.

I do not know what is the belief of scholars regarding the comparative age of the different minor divisions — sub-branches, as Sinnett calls them — of the Aryan race. I imagine, however, that of the European sub-branches, the Celtic is practically the oldest. The Italic or Hellenic may have broken off from the parent stem earlier than the Celtic, but they have not wandered so far away, and have not been so isolated from the influence of later migrations. The Celtic race has mingled its blood with the Iberian in Spain and with many elements in Gaul and Italy; but in the northwest of Europe, on its own peculiar isle, it seems to have remained, if not purer than elsewhere, at least less affected by mixture with later, that is, higher, races.

What is the practical use of all this study? Ever since I first read *Esoteric Buddhism*, my attention has been turned to the confirmation of its theory of human development. As I ride in the horse-car, as I walk on the street, still more constantly as I stand before one class after another in the school-room, I am struck with the thought that here, behind the face I am looking into, is a human soul whose capacities are limited — a soul that *cannot* grasp

the thought which catches like a spark upon the mind of its next neighbor. Yet that half-awakened soul is destined to work its way through all the phases of human possibility and reach at last the harbor of peace. This thought should make one ashamed to be impatient or negligent. Why should one lose patience with this boy's inability to learn, more than at the inanimate obstacle in one's pathway? How can one be unfaithful in one's effort, when it may be the means of lessening the number

of times that that poor soul must pass through earthly life?

Do I believe in the teachings of this book? I do not know. So far as the doctrine of repeated incarnation goes, I hold it to be not inconsistent with Christianity; but rather an explanation of Christ's coming upon earth at the precise time when he did. I still hold the subject of Buddhistic philosophy as a matter of very serious and edifying reflection.

THE DEFENCE OF NEW YORK, 1776.

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U.S.A., LL.D.

[The siege of Boston gave to the Continental Army that instruction in military engineering and that contact with a disciplined foe which prepared it for the immediate operations at New York and in New Jersey. (See *The Bay State Monthly*, January, 1884, pages 37-44.)

The occupation and defence of New York and Brooklyn, so promptly made, was a strategic necessity, fully warranted by existing conditions, although temporary.]

It is not easy to reconcile the views which we take, in turn, through the eye and object lenses of a field-glass so that the real subject of examination will not be distorted by too great nearness or remoteness.

If we bring back to this hour the events of one hundred years ago, it is certain that the small armies and the smaller appliances of force then in use will seem trifling, in contrast with those which have so recently wearied science and have tasked invention in the work and waste of war.

If we thrust them back to their proper place behind the memory of all living men, we only see a scattered people, poorly armed, but engaged in

hopeful conflict with Great Britain, then mistress of the seas, proudly challenging the world to arms, and boldly vindicating her challenge.

In an effort to reproduce that period and so balance the opposing factors that the siege of Boston and the deliverance of Washington at Brooklyn and New York shall have fair co-relation and full bearing upon the resulting struggle for National Independence, there must be some exact standard for the test; and this will be found by grouping such data as illustrate the governing laws of military art.

It has never been claimed that the siege of Boston was not the legitimate result of British blunder and American

pluck. In a previous paper, the siege itself has been presented as that opportunity and training-school exercise which projected its experience into the entire war, and assured final triumph. It has not been as generally accepted, as both philosophical and necessary, that the fortification and defence of Brooklyn became the wise and inevitable sequence to that siege.

Let us drop a century and handle the old records.

If Great Britain had not called continental auxiliaries to her aid in 1776, her disposable force for colonial service would have been less than half of the army of Washington.

Until the fortification of Brooklyn and New York had been well advanced, the British ministry had not been able to assign even fifteen thousand men for that service. General Clinton did, indeed, anchor at the New York Narrows, just when General Charles Lee reached that city for its defence, but did not risk a landing, and sailed for South Carolina, only to be repulsed.

The British Crown had no alternative but to seek foreign aid. The appeal to Catharine of Russia for twenty thousand men was met by the laconic response, "There are other ways of settling this dispute than by resort to arms." The Duke of Richmond prophetically declared, "The colonies themselves, after our example, will apply to strangers for assistance." The opposition to hiring foreign troops was so intense, that, for many weeks, there was no practical advance in preparations for a really effective blow at the rebels, while the rebellion itself was daily gaining head and spirit.

The British army, just before the battle of Long Island, including Hessians, Brunswickers, and Waldeckers,

was but a little larger than that which the American Congress, as early as October 4, 1775, had officially assigned to the siege operations before Boston. That force was fixed at twenty-three thousand, three hundred and seventy-two men. General Howe landed about twenty thousand men. With the sick, the reserves on Staten Island, all officers and supernumeraries included, his entire force exhibited a paper strength of thirty-one thousand, six hundred and twenty-five men. It is true that General Howe claimed, after the battle of Long Island, that his entire force (Hessians included) was only twenty-four thousand men, and that Washington opposed the advance of his division with twenty thousand men. The British muster rolls, as exhibited before the British Parliament, accord with the statement already made. The actual force of the American army at Brooklyn was not far from nine thousand men, instead of twenty thousand, and the effective force (New York included) was only about twenty thousand men. As the British regiments brought but six, instead of eight, companies to a battalion, there is evidence that Washington himself occasionally over-estimated the British force proper; but the foreign battalions realized their full force, and they were paid accordingly, upon their muster rolls. Nearly three fifths of General Howe's army was made up from continental mercenaries. These troops arrived in detachments, to supplement the army which otherwise would have been entirely unequal to the conquest of New York, if the city were fairly defended.

If, on the other hand, Washington had secured the force which he demanded from Congress, namely, fifty-eight thousand men, which was, indeed

(but too tardily), authorized, he could have met General Howe upon terms of numerical equality, backed by breast-works, and have held New York with an equal force.

This estimate, by Washington himself, of the contingencies of the campaign, will have the greater significance when reference is made to the details of British preparations in England.

While Congress did, indeed, as early as June, assign thirteen thousand additional troops for the defence of New York, the peremptory detachment of ten battalions to Canada, in addition to previous details, persistently foiled every preparation to meet Howe with an adequate force. Regiments from Connecticut and from other colonies reported with a strength of only three hundred and sixty men. While the "paper strength" of the army was far beyond its effective force, even the "paper strength" was but one half of the force which the Commander-in-chief had the right to assume as at his disposal.

Other facts fall in line just here.

At no later period of the war did either commander have under his immediate control so large a nominal force as then. During but one year of the succeeding struggle did the entire British army, from Halifax to the West Indies inclusive (including foreign and provincial auxiliaries), exceed, by more than seven thousand men, the force which occupied both sides of the New York Narrows in 1776. The British Army at that time, without its foreign contingent, would have been as inferior to the force which had been ordered by Congress (and should have been available) as the depleted American army of 1781 would have been inferior to the British without the French contingent.

The largest continental force under arms, in any one year of the war, did not greatly exceed forty thousand men, and the largest British force, as late as 1781, including all arrivals, numbered, all told, but forty-two thousand and seventy-five men.

The annual British average, including provincials, ranged from thirty-three to thirty-eight thousand men. The physical agencies which Great Britain employed were, therefore, far beneath the prestige of her accredited position among the nations; and the disparity between the contending forces was mainly in discipline and equipment, with the advantage to Great Britain in naval strength, until that was supplanted by that of France.

To free the question from a popular fallacy which treats oldtime operations as insignificant, in view of large modern armies and campaigns, it is pertinent to state, just here, that the issues of the battle-field for all time, up to the latest hour, have not been determined by the size of armies, or by improvements in weapons of war, except relatively, in proportion as civilized peoples fought those of less civilization; or where some precocity of race or invention more quickly matured the operations of the winning side.

If the maxims of Napoleon are but a terse restatement of those of Cæsar, and the skill of Hannibal at Cannæ still holds place as a model for the concave formation of a battle-line, so have all the decisive battles of history taken shape from the timely handling of men, in the exercise of that sound judgment which adapts means to ends, in every work of life. Thus it is that equally great battles, those in the highest sense great, have become memorial, although numbers did not impart value to the struggle; but they were the expression

of that skill and wisdom which would have ensured success, if the opposing armies had been greater or less.

If a timely fog did aid the retreat of Washington from Brooklyn, in 1776, so did a petty stream, filled to the brim by a midnight shower, make altogether desperate, if it did not, alone, change, the fortunes of Napoleon at Waterloo.

If, also, the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, was conducted by few against few, as compared with modern armies, it is well to note the historical fact that, at the second siege, in 1861, the same ravine was used by General Poe (United States Engineers) to connect "parallels," and thereby save a "regular approach." Numbers did not change relations, but simply augmented the physical force employed and imperilled.

He who can seize the local, incidental, and seemingly immaterial elements which enter into all human plans, and convert them into determining factors, is to be honored; but the man who can so anticipate the possibilities and risks which lie ahead, that the world counts as a miracle, or, at least, as marvelous; that which is only the legitimate result of faith, courage, and skill, is truly great. Washington did it. His retreat from Long Island was deliberately planned before he had a conference with his subordinates; and the entire policy and conduct of his operations at and near New York will defy criticism. To hold the facts of the issue discussed, right under the light of that military science (that is, that mental philosophy which does not change with physical modes and appliances), is simply to bring out clearly the necessity for the occupation of New York and Brooklyn by Washington in 1776.

The mere statement of the British forces which were available in 1776

will show that if Washington knew, in advance, exactly what he had to meet, then he had a right to anticipate a successful resistance. As early as July, 1775, he demanded that the army should be enlisted "for the war." In a previous article, the policy of the Commander-in-chief and of General Greene was noticed, and the formulated proposition, then accepted by both, gave vitality and hope to the struggle. When the issue ripened at New York, and, swiftly as possible, the besieging force before Boston became the resisting force at New York, there was one man who understood the exact issue. The temper of the British press, and that of the British House of Commons, was fully appreciated by the American Commander-in-chief. He knew that General Gage had urged that "thirty thousand men, promptly sent to America, would be the quickest way to save blood and end the war." He also knew that when John Wesley predicted that "neither twenty, forty, nor sixty thousand men would suppress the rebellion," the British Cabinet had placed before Parliament a careful statement of the entire resources which were deemed available for military purposes abroad. As early as May, 1776, Washington was advised of the following facts:—

First, That the contracts at that time made with continental States, including that with Hesse and Brunswick, would place at British disposal a nominal strength of fifty-five thousand men.

Second, That, with all due allowance for deficiencies, the effective force, as claimed by the ministry, could not exceed, but might fall below, forty thousand men.

The debate in Parliament was so sharp, and the details of the proposed

operations were so closely defined and analyzed, that Washington had full right to assume, as known, the strength of his adversary.

When, during May, 1776, the American Congress sent troops from New York to Canada, he sharply protested, thus: "This diversion of forces will endanger both enterprises; for Great Britain will attempt to capture New York as well as Canada, if they have the men." He did not believe that they would capture New York, if he could acquire and retain the force which he demanded.

The point to be made emphatic, is this: That, from the date of the call of Massachusetts, early in 1775, for thirty thousand men, up to the occupation of New York, the force which he had the right to assume as at his own disposal was equal to the contingencies of the conflict; and that, when he did occupy New York, and begin its exterior defences at Brooklyn, the British ministry had admitted its inability to send to America a force sufficiently strong to capture the city. The maximum force proposed was less than that which Congress could easily supply for resistance. In other words, Washington would not have to fight Great Britain, but a specific force; namely, all that Great Britain could spare for that service; so that the issue was not between the new Republic and England, but between the Republic and a single army, of known elements and numbers. In fact, the opinion that France had already made war upon England had so early gained credit, that Washington, while still in New York, was forced to issue an order correcting the rumor, and thus prevent undue confidence and its corresponding neglect to meet the demands of the crisis.

Thus far, it is clear that there was nothing extravagant in the American claim to independence; nor in the readiness of Washington to seize and hold New York; nor in his belief that the colonial resources were equal to the contest.

One other element is of determining value as to the necessity for his occupation and defence of Brooklyn Heights. New York was the only base from which Great Britain could operate against the colonies as an organized State. By Long Island Sound and the Hudson River, her right hand would hold New England under the guns of her war-ships, and by quick occupation of Chesapeake and Delaware Bays and their tributary streams, her left hand would cut off the South.

If the views of Lord Dartmouth had prevailed, in 1775, there would have been no siege of Boston; but New York would have had a garrison fully equal to its defence, while sparing troops for operations outside. But the prompt occupation of New York, as the headquarters of revolution, was a clear declaration to the world, and to the scattered people of the colonies, that a new nation was asserting life, and that its soil was free from a hostile garrison. The occupation of New York centralized, at the social, commercial, and natural capital of the Republic, all interests and resources, and gave to the struggle real force, inspiration, and dignity.

Just as the men at Bunker Hill fought so long as powder and ball held out, but could not have been led to assail, in open field, the veterans whom they did, in fact, so effectively resist; and, as very often, a patriotic band has bravely defended, when unequal to aggressive action, — so the possession,

defence, and even the loss, of New York, as an incident of a campaign, were very different from an effort to wrest the city from the grasp of a British garrison, under cover of yawning broadsides.

History is replete with facts to show how hopefully men will seek to regain lost positions, when an original capture would have been deemed utterly hopeless. Poland wellnigh regained a smothered nationality through an inspiration, which never could have been evoked, in a plan to seize from the Russian domain a grand estate, upon which to establish an original Poland.

To have held but to have lost New York, would simply show the defects of the defence, and the margin wanting in ability to retain, while no less suggesting how, in turn, it might be regained, at the right time, by adequate means and methods. The occupation and defence of Brooklyn Heights was the chief element of value in this direction. It not only combined the general protection of the city and post, in connection with the works upon Governor's Island, but to have neglected either would have admitted an inability to retain either.

British troops at Brooklyn would command New York. American troops at Brooklyn presented the young nation in the attitude of guarding the outer doorway of its freshly-asserted independence. It put the British to the defensive, and compelled them to risk the landing of a large army, after a protracted ocean voyage, before they could gain a footing and measure strength with the colonists. It does not lessen our estimate of the skill of Washington to know that Congress failed to supply adequate forces; but he made wise estimates, and had reason to expect a prompt response to his requisitions.

That episode at Breed's Hill, which tested the value of even a light cover for keen sharpshooters, had so warned Howe of the courage of his enemy that the garrison of Bunker Hill had never worried Putnam's little redoubt across the Charlestown Isthmus; neither had the troops at Boston ever assailed, with success, the thin circumvallation which protected the besiegers.

At Brooklyn, Washington established ranges for firing-parties, so that the rifle could be intelligently and effectively used, as the British might, in turn, approach the danger line. All these preparations, although impaired by the illness and absence of General Greene, had been so well devised, that even after General Howe gained the rear of Sullivan and Stirling and captured both, he halted before the entrenchments and resorted to regular approaches rather than venture an assault.

If that portion of the proper garrison of New York which had been sent to Canada, to waste from disease and fill six thousand graves, had been available at New York, they might have made of Jamaica Ridge and Prospect Hill a British Golgotha before the lines of Brooklyn.

If we conceive of an invasion of New York to-day, other than by some devastating fleet, we can at once see that the whole outline of defence as proposed by Washington, until he ordered the retreat, was characteristic of his wisdom and his settled purpose to resist a landing, fight at every ridge, yield only to compulsion, enure his men to face fire, and "make every British advance as costly as possible to the enemy."

The summary is briefly this: There was an universal revolt of the colonies, and a fixed purpose to achieve and maintain independence. There was,

at the same time, in England, not only a vigorous opposition to the use of force, but a clearly-defined exhibit of the maximum military resources which its authorities could call into exercise. Imminent European complications were already bristling for battle, both by land and sea, and Great Britain was without a continental ally or friend. As the British resources were thus definitely defined, so was the military policy distinctly stated; namely, to make, as the first objective, the recovery of New York, and its acceptance as the permanent base for prosecution of the war. The first blow was designed to be a fatal blow. It was for Washington to take the offensive. He did so, and by the occupation of New York and Brooklyn put himself in the attitude of resisting invasion, rather than as attempting the expulsion of a rightful British garrison from the British capital of its American colonies.

Not only did the metal of such men as he commanded stand fire on the

seventeenth of June, 1775, at Breed's Hill, but when he followed up the expulsion of the garrison of Boston by the equally aggressive demonstrations at New York, he gave assurance of the thoroughness of his purpose to achieve independence, and thereby inspired confidence at home and abroad. The failure to realize a competent field force for the issue with Howe, and the circumstances of the retreat and evacuation, do not impair the statement that, in view of his knowledge of British resources and those of America, the occupation and defence of Brooklyn and New York was a military necessity, warranted by existing conditions, and not impaired by his disappointment in not securing a sufficient force to meet his enemy upon terms of equality and victory. It increases our admiration of that strategic forethought which habitually inspired him to maintain an aggressive attitude, until the surrender at Yorktown consummated his plans, and verified his wisdom and his faith.

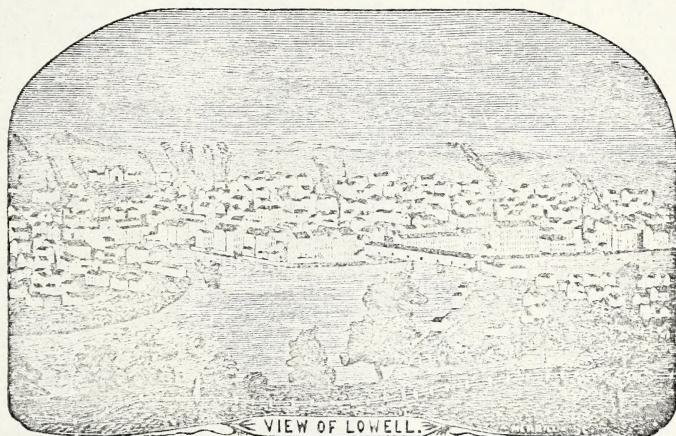
LOWELL.

TWENTY-SIX miles northwest from Boston, on the banks of the Merrimack at its confluence with the Concord, is situated the city of Lowell,—the Spindle City, the Manchester of America. The Merrimack, which affords the chief water-power that gives life to the thousand industries of Lowell, takes its rise among the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, its source being in the Notch of the Franconia Range, at the

ell's fair rival is built; thence onward past Nashua, to the Falls of Pawtucket, where its waters are thoroughly utilized to propel the machinery of a great city.

The men are still living who have witnessed the growth of Lowell from an inconsiderable village to a great manufacturing city, whose fabrics are as world-renowned as those of Marseilles and Lyons, or ancient Damascus.

With the dawn of American history,



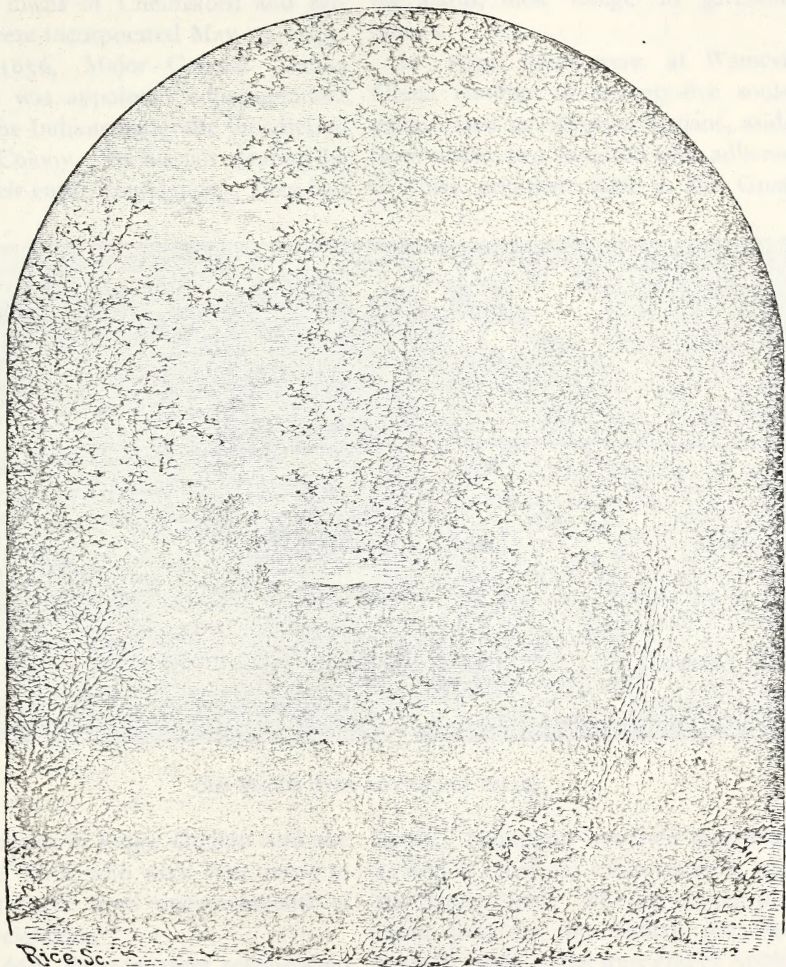
LOWELL AS IT APPEARED IN 1840.

base of Mount Lafayette. For many miles it dashes down toward the sea, known at first as the Pemigewasset, until finally its waters are joined by the outflow from Lake Winnipiseogee, and a great river is formed, which, in its fall of several hundred feet, offers immense power to the mechanic. Past Penacook the river glides, its volume increased by the Contoocook; through fertile intervals, over rapids and falls, past Suncook and Hooksett, it comes to the Falls of Amoskeag, where Low-

the Penacooks, a tribe of Indians, were known to have occupied the site of Lowell as their favorite rendezvous. Here the salmon and shad were caught in great abundance by the dusky warriors. Passaconaway was their first great chief known to the white man, and he was acknowledged as leader by many neighboring tribes. He was a friend to the English. Before the coming of the Pilgrims a great plague had swept over New England, making desolate the Indian villages. Added to the

terrors of the pestilence, which was resistless as fate to the children of the forest, was the fear and dread of their implacable enemies, the fierce Mohawks of the west. The spirit of the Indian was broken. In 1644, Passaconaway

Wamesit Falls, on the Concord, the Musketaquid of the aborigines, were first visited in 1647 by the Reverend John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. In 1652, Captain Simon Willard and Captain Edward Johnson made their



MERRIMACK RIVER BELOW HUNT'S FALLS.

renounced his authority as an independent chief, and placed himself and his tribe of several thousand souls under the protection of the colonial magistrates. The Indian villages at Pawtucket Falls, on the Merrimack, and

tour up the Merrimack River to Lake Winnipiseogee, and marked a stone near the Weirs as the northern boundary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The following year the work of settlement swept onward, crowding

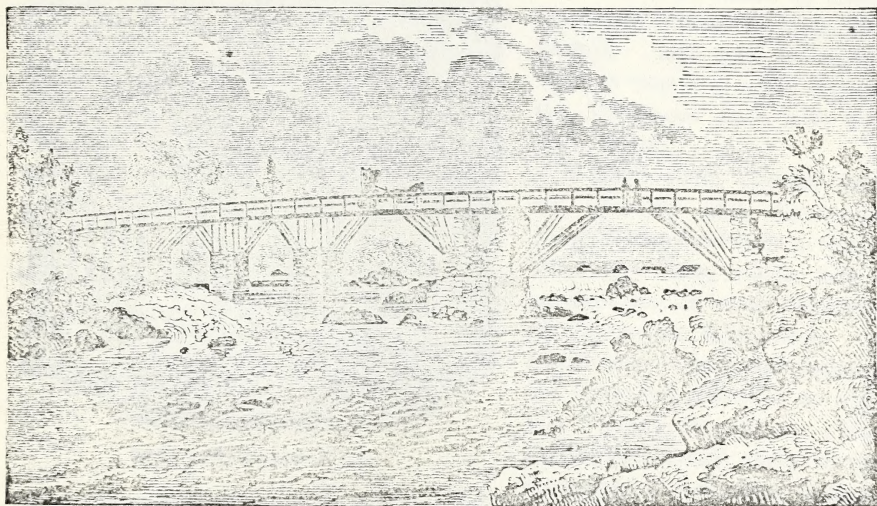
in upon the cornfields of the red men; and Eliot, caring for his charges, procured the passage of an act by the General Court reserving a good part of the land on which Lowell now stands to the exclusive use of the Indians.

The towns of Chelmsford and Billerica were incorporated May 29, 1655.

In 1656, Major-General Daniel Gookin was appointed superintendent of all the Indians under the jurisdiction of the Colony. By his fair dealing he won their entire confidence. They had

in dread of the Mohawks, came down the river with his whole tribe, and located at Wamesit, and built a fortification on Fort Hill in Belvidere, which was surrounded with palisades. The white settlers of the vicinity, catching the alarm, took refuge in garrison-houses.

In 1674, there were at Wamesit fifteen families, or seventy-five souls, enumerated as Christian Indians, aside from about two hundred who adhered to their primitive faith in the Great



OLD BRIDGE OVER PAWTUCKET FALLS.

good friends in Judge Gookin and the Apostle Eliot, who were ever ready to protect them from encroachments of their neighbors.

In 1660, Passaconaway relinquished all authority over his tribe, retiring at a ripe old age, and turning over his office of sachem to his son Wannalancet, whose headquarters were at Penacook. Numphow, who was married to one of Passaconaway's daughters, was the chief for some years of the village of Pawtucket. In 1669, Wannalancet,

Spirit. Numphow was their magistrate as well as chief, his cabin standing near the Boott Canal. The log chapel presided over by the Indian preacher, Samuel, stood at the west end of Appleton Street near the site of the Eliot Church. In May of each year came Eliot and Gookin: the former to give spiritual advice; the latter to act as umpire or judge, having jurisdiction of higher offences, and directing all matters affecting the interests of the village. Wannalancet held his court,

as sachem, in a log cabin near Pawtucket Falls.

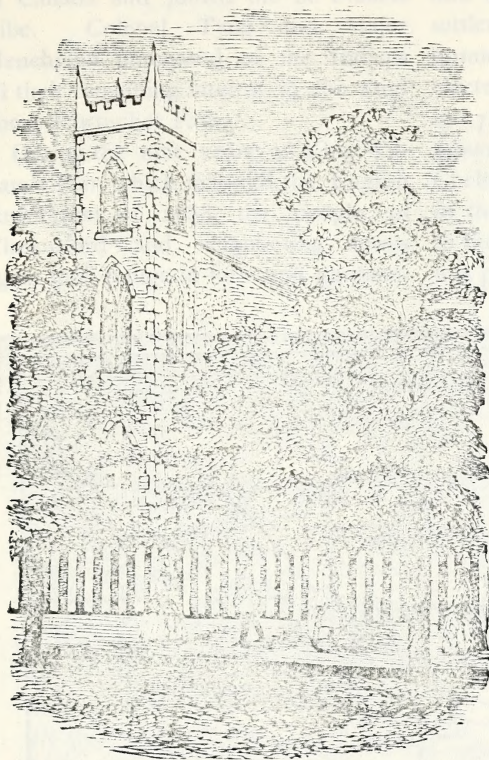
King Philip's War broke out in

a few of their helpless and infirm old people at the mercy of their neighbors.

Around their fate let history draw the veil of oblivion, lest the present generation blush for their ancestors. The Indians of those days, like their descendants, had no rights which the white men were bound to respect.

During the war the white settlers were gathered for protection in garrison-houses. Billerica escaped harm, but Chelmsford was twice visited by hostile bands and several buildings were burned. Two sons of Samuel Varnum were shot while crossing the Merrimack in a boat with their father.

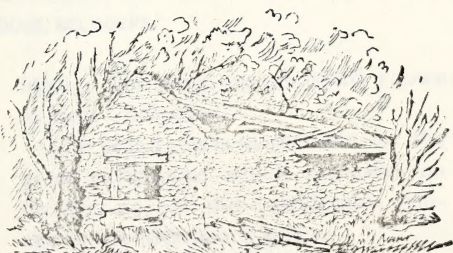
In April, 1676, Captain Samuel Hunting and Lieutenant James Richardson built a fort at Pawtucket Falls, which, with a garrison, was left under command of Lieutenant Richardson. A month later it was reinforced and the command entrusted to Captain Thomas Hinchman. This proved an effectual check to the incursions of marauding Indians.



SAINT ANNE'S CHURCH, 1850.

1675. Wannalancet and the local Indians, faithful to the counsels of Passaconaway, took sides with the settlers, or remained neutral. Between the two parties they suffered severely. Some were put to death by Philip, for exposing his designs; some were put to death by the colonists, as Philip's accomplices; some fell in battle, fighting for the whites; some were slain by the settlers, who mistrusted alike praying and hostile Indians.

During the following year, 1676, the able-bodied Indians of Wamesit and Pawtucket withdrew to Canada, leaving



RUINS OF A CELLAR, BELVIDERE.

When the war was over, Wannalancet returned with the remnant of his tribe, to find the reservation in possession of the settlers. The tribe was placed on Wickasauke Island, in charge of Col-

onel Jonathan Tyng, where they remained until their last rod of land had been bartered away, when they retired to Canada and joined the St. Francis tribe. Colonel Tyng and Major Henchman purchased of the Indians all their remaining interest in the land about Pawtucket Falls.

During the nine years of King William's War, which followed the English Revolution of 1688, the people of Chelmsford and neighboring towns again took refuge in forts and garrison-

in 1701. It contained twenty-five families, and was set off from Chelmsford.

The Wamesit purchase was divided into small parcels of land and sold to settlers. Samuel Pierce, who had his domicile on the Indian reservation, was elected a member of the General Court, in 1725, but was refused his seat on the ground that he was not an inhabitant of Chelmsford. Accordingly the people of the reservation refused to pay taxes to the town of Chelmsford until an act was passed legally annexing them to the



OLD BUTMAN HOUSE, BELVIDERE.

houses. Major Henchman had command of the fortification at the Falls. August 1, 1682, a hostile raid was made into Billerica and eight of the inhabitants were killed. August 5, 1695, fourteen inhabitants of Tewksbury were massacred. Colonel Joseph Lynde, from whom Lynde Hill in Belvidere derives its name, was in command of a force of three hundred men who ranged through the neighboring country to protect the frontier.

The town of Dracut was incorporated

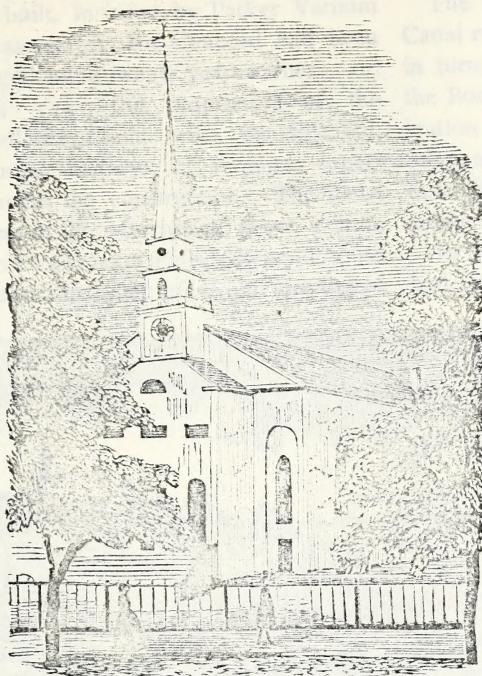
town. The place was afterward known as East Chelmsford.

The year 1729 is memorable for the great earthquake which occurred on October 29, and did considerable damage in the Merrimack valley.

Tewksbury was incorporated in 1734, its territory before having been included in Billerica.

At the battle of Bunker Hill two companies of Chelmsford men were present, one under command of Captain John Ford, the other under Cap-

tain Benjamin Walker; and one company composed largely of Dracut men was under Captain Peter Colburn. command of General Lincoln served in the western counties. The people of Chelmsford, from the



FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1840.

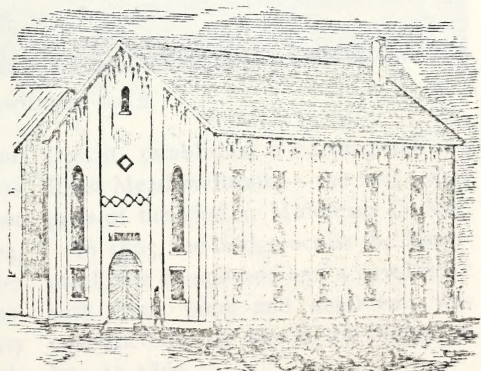
Captain Ford had served previously at the siege and capture of Louisburg, in 1745. When the first man in his company fell at Bunker Hill, an officer prevented a panic by singing Old Hundred. When closely pressed by the British, and the ammunition had been exhausted, Captain Colburn, on the point of retreating, threw a stone at the advancing enemy and saw an officer fall from the blow.

Colonel Simeon Spaulding, of Chelmsford, was an active patriot during the Revolution and did good service in the Provincial Congress.

During Shays' Rebellion, in 1786, a body of Chelmsford militia under

the earliest settlement, gave every encouragement to millers, lumbermen, mechanics, and traders, making grants of land, and temporary exemption from taxation, to such as would settle in their town. It became distinguished for its sawmills, gristmills, and mechanics' shops of various kinds. Billerica, Dracut, and Tewksbury gave like encouragement. About the time of the Revolution a sawmill was built below Pawtucket Falls and owned by Judge John Tyng.

Toward the close of the last century the lumbering industry on the Merrimack grew into prominence; and, in 1792, Dudley A. Tyng, William Coombs, and others, of Newburyport, were incorporated as "The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on Merrimack River." This canal,



PAIGE-STREET FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH, 1840.

which was demanded for the safe conduct of rafts by the Falls, was completed in 1797, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars. The fall of thirty-

two feet was passed by four sets of locks.

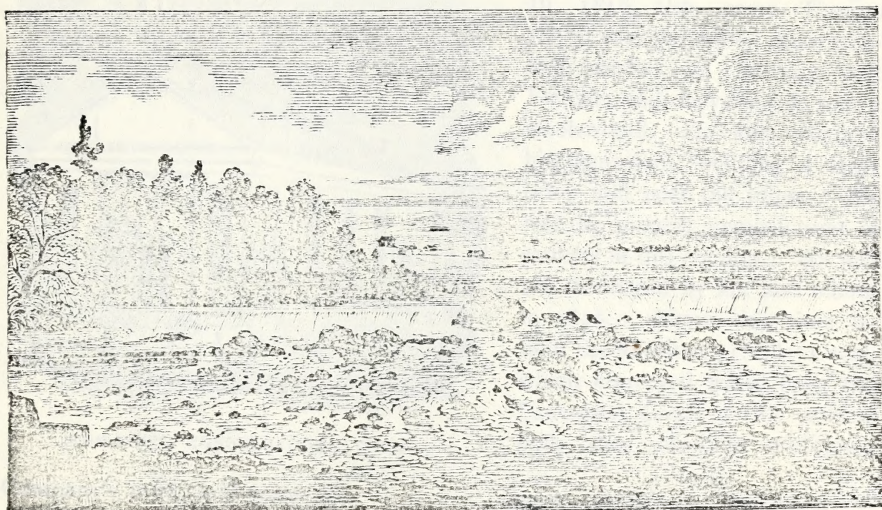
The first bridge across the Merrimack was built, in 1792, by Parker Varnum and associates; the Concord had been bridged some twenty years earlier.

In 1793, the proprietors of the Middlesex Canal were incorporated. Loammi Baldwin, of Woburn, superintended the construction. The canal began at the Merrimack, about a mile above Pawtucket Falls, extended south by east thirty-one miles, and terminated

shire, was made in 1814; the first steamboat from Boston reached Concord in 1819.

The competition of the Middlesex Canal ruined the Pawtucket Canal, as it in turn, in after years, was ruined by the Boston and Lowell Railroad. Navigation finally ceased on its waters in 1853, since which date its channel has been filling up and its banks have been falling away.

In 1801, Moses Hale, whose father had long before started a fulling-mill in



DAM AT PAWTUCKET FALLS.

at Charlestown. It was twenty-four feet wide and four feet deep and was fed by the Concord River. It cost \$700,000, and was completed in 1804, — the first canal in the United States opened for the transportation of passengers and merchandise. For forty years it was the outlet of the whole Merrimack valley north of Pawtucket Falls.

The first boat voyage from Boston, by the Middlesex Canal and the Merrimack River, to Concord, New Hamp-

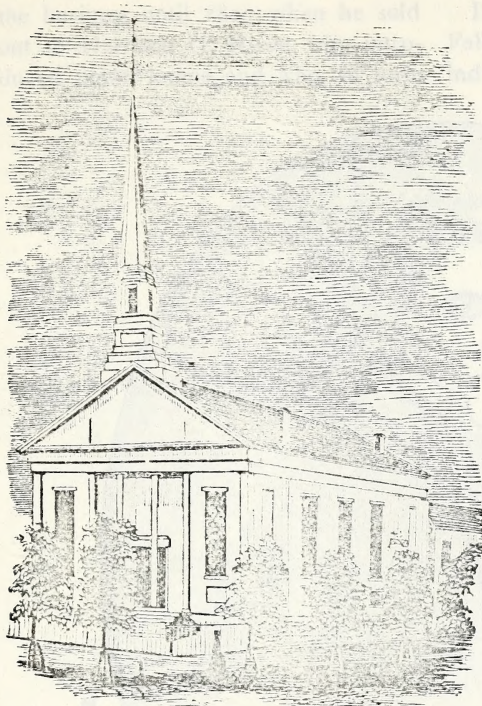
Dracut, established a carding-mill on River Meadow Brook, — the first enterprise of the kind in Middlesex County.

In 1805, the bridge across the Merrimack was demolished and a new bridge with stone piers and abutments was constructed. It was a toll-bridge as late as 1860.

The second war with England stimulated manufacturing enterprises throughout the United States; and several were started, depending upon the water-power of the Concord River. In

1813, Captain Phineas Whiting and Major Josiah Fletcher erected a wooden cotton-mill on the site of the Middlesex

In 1818, Moses Hale started the powder-mills on Concord River. The following year Oliver M. Whipple and William Tileston were associated with him in business. In 1821, the firm opened Whipple's Canal. The business was enlarged from time to time and was at its zenith during the Mexican War, when, in one year, nearly five hundred tons of powder were made. The manufacture of powder in Lowell ceased in 1855. In 1818, also, came Thomas Hurd, who purchased the cotton-mill started by Whiting and Fletcher and converted it into a woolen-mill. He soon enlarged his operations, building a large brick mill near the other. He was the pioneer manufacturer of satinets in this country. His mill was destroyed by fire and rebuilt in 1826. About this time he built the Middlesex (Mills) Canal, which conveyed water from the Pawtucket Canal to his satinet-mills, thus affording additional

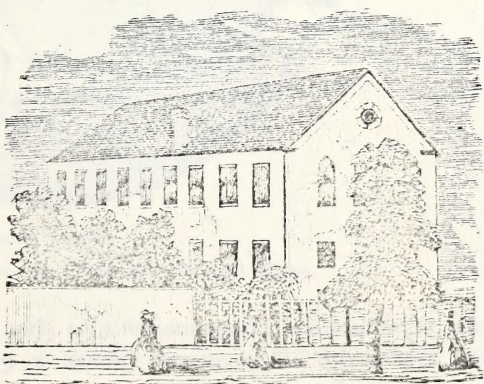


JOHN-STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Company's mills, and were successful in their enterprise. John Golding, in the same neighborhood, was not so fortunate.

The year 1815 is memorable for the most disastrous gale that has devastated New England during two centuries; it was very severe in Chelmsford.

The sawmill and gristmill of the Messrs. Bowers, at Pawtucket Falls, was started in 1816. The same year Nathan Tyler started a gristmill where the Middlesex Company's mill No. 3 now stands. Captain John Ford's sawmill stood near the junction of the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.



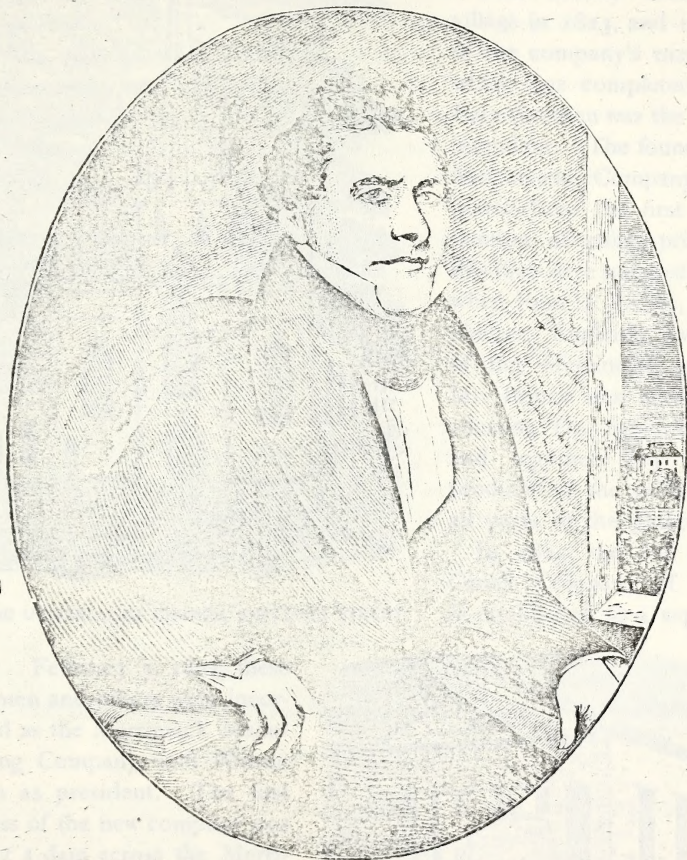
FREE CHAPEL, 1860.

power. His business was ruined in 1828 by the reaction in trade; and two years later the property passed into the hands of the Middlesex Company.

The year 1818 also brought Winthrop Howe to town. He started a mill for the manufacture of flannels at Wamesit Falls, in Belvidere, and continued in the business until 1827, when he sold out to Harrison G. Howe, who introduced power-looms, and who, in turn,

and Ames was built. The works were extended in 1823, and continued by them until 1836, when the privilege was sold to Perez O. Richmond.

In 1821, the capabilities of Pawtucket Falls for maintaining vast mechanical industries were brought to the attention



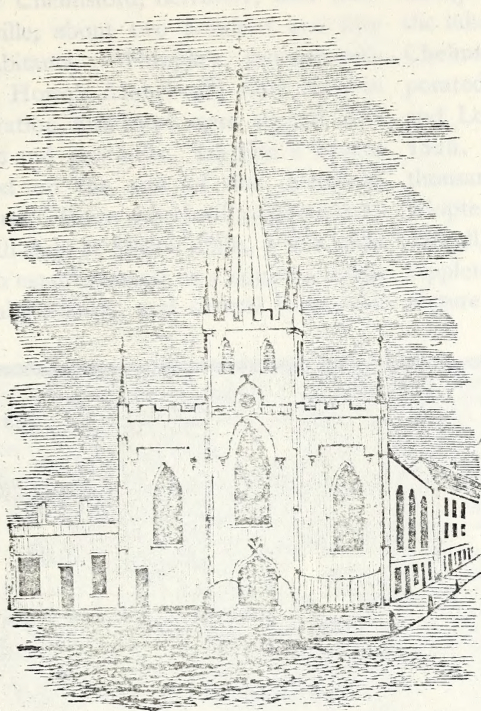
KIRK BOOTT.

Born in Boston, October 20, 1790. Died in Lowell, April 11, 1837.

sold the property to John Nesmith and others in 1831. In the year 1819 a new bridge across the Concord River was built to replace the old one built in 1774. About this time the dam across the Concord at Massic Falls was constructed, and the forging-mill of Fisher

of a few successful manufacturers, who readily perceived its advantages and hastened to purchased the almost worthless stock of the Pawtucket Canal Company. In November, Nathan Appleton, Patrick Tracy Jackson, Kirk Boott, Warren Dutton, Paul Moody,

and John W. Boott, visited the canal, wide and eight feet deep. The first which they now controlled, perambulated the ground, and planned for the mile of the company was completed and started September 1, 1823. The first treasurer and agent was Kirk Boott, a man of great influence, who left his mark on the growing village.

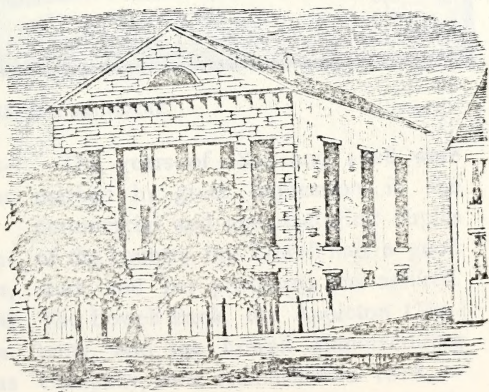


SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, SHATTUCK STREET.

future. February 5, 1822, these gentlemen and others were incorporated as the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, with Warren Dutton as president. The first business of the new company was to erect a dam across the Merrimack at Pawtucket Falls, widen and repair Pawtucket Canal, renew the locks, and open a lateral canal from the main canal to the river, on the margin of which their mills were to stand. Five hundred men were employed in digging and blasting, and six thousand pounds of powder were used. The canal, as reconstructed, is sixty feet

Paul Moody settled in the village in 1823, and took charge of the company's machine-shop, which was completed in 1826. Ezra Worthen was the first superintendent. The founders of the Merrimack Company contemplated from the first the introduction of calico-printing. In this they were successful, in 1826, when John D. Prince, from Manchester, England, took charge of the Merrimack print-works. Mr. Prince was assisted by the chemist, Dr. Samuel L. Dana; and together they made the products of the mills famous in all parts of the globe.

In 1825, the old Locks and Canals Company of 1792 was re-established as a separate cor-



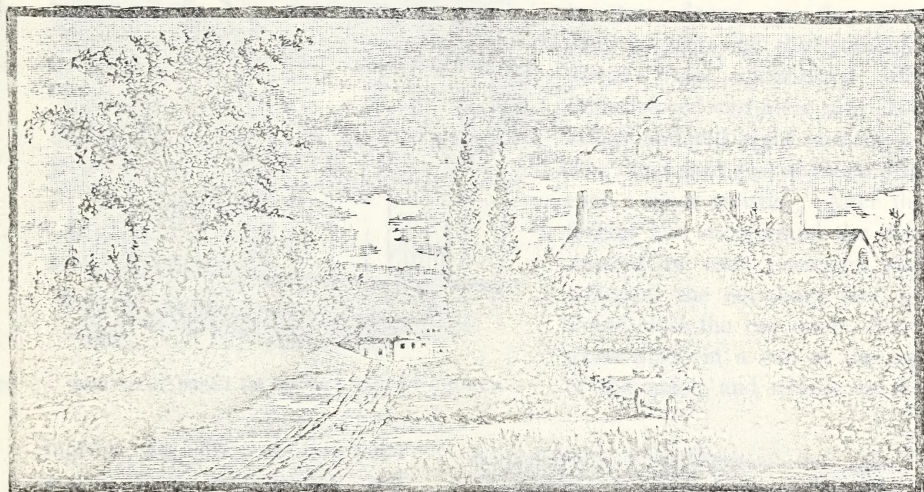
APPLETON-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

poration, with the added right to purchase, hold, sell, or lease land and water-power, and the affairs of the com-

pany were placed in the hands of Kirk Boott.

In 1820, there were in the villages of East Chelmsford, Belvidere, and Centralville, about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Whipple's powder-mills and Howe's flannel-mill were then in operation, and there were several saw-mills and gristmills. Ira Frye's Tavern stood on the site of the American House. There was Hurd's mill, a blacksmith shop at Massic Falls, a few other such establishments as a country village usually affords, and several substantial

Middlesex Mechanics' Association and the Central Bridge Corporation were incorporated; the Hamilton Manufacturing Company was established; and the inhabitants of the village of East Chelmsford petitioned to be incorporated. The petition was granted, and Lowell became a town March 1, 1826, with a population of about two thousand. The name of the town was adopted in honor of Francis Cabot Lowell, a business associate of Nathan Appleton, and a promoter of the manufacture of cotton goods in this country.



ROGERS HOMESTEAD, BELVIDERE.

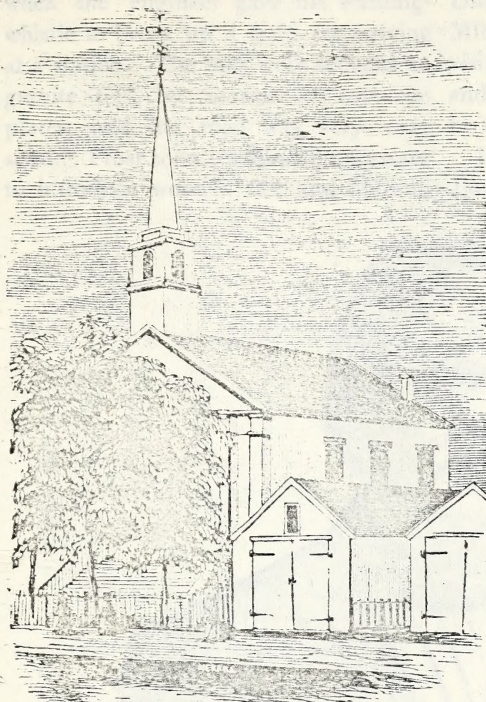
dwelling-houses, farmhouses, and cottages, conspicuous among which was the Livermore House in Belvidere.

The operations of the Merrimack Company soon attracted settlers. In 1822, a regular line of stages was established between East Chelmsford and Boston. In 1824, the Chelmsford Courier was established, and became at once the organ of the growing community. The next year a militia company was organized; the Fourth of July was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies; the

The years of 1827 and 1828 were marked by great depression in the commercial and manufacturing circles of the country, but Lowell had a good start, and her prosperity was assured. The Lowell Bank, the Appleton Company, and the Lowell Manufacturing Company, were established in 1828,—the year the first ton of coal was brought to town. The coal was used for fuel in the law office of Samuel H. Mann.

In 1829, the Lowell Institution for

Savings was incorporated, and William projected; and it was a part of the Livingston established himself in trade. original plan to have the cars drawn by For a quarter of a century Mr. Liv- horses. The successful operation of



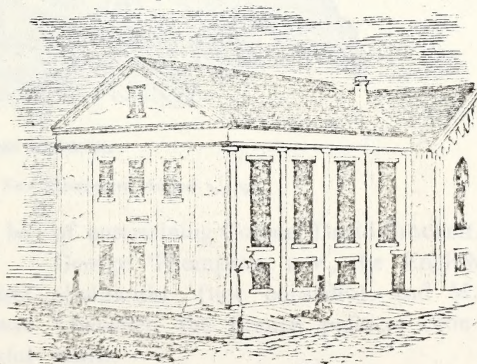
WORTHEN-STREET OR SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH.

ingston was one of the most active, most enterprising, and most public-spirited citizens of Lowell. Much of the western portion of the city was built up by his instrumentality.

The Middlesex Company was established in 1830, as was the Lowell fire department. The Town Hall was also built; and Lowell numbered sixty-four hundred and seventy-seven inhabitants.

In 1830, Mr. Jackson undertook to connect Boston and Lowell with a railroad. A macadamized road had been surveyed, when this new road was

Stephenson's Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was known to Mr. Jackson, and he was encouraged to persevere. The road was completed at a cost of \$1,800,000 and was opened to the public, July 4, 1835. The cars and locomotive would be a curiosity to-day. The former, resembling Concord coaches, were divided by a partition into two compartments, each entered by two doors, on the sides. The interiors of the compartments were upholstered with drab-colored cashmere, and each accommodated eight passengers. The conductor and engineer had each a silver whistle. After the former had ascertained the destination of each passenger and collected the necessary fare, he would close the car doors, climb to his place in a cab at the top of the coach, and whistle to the



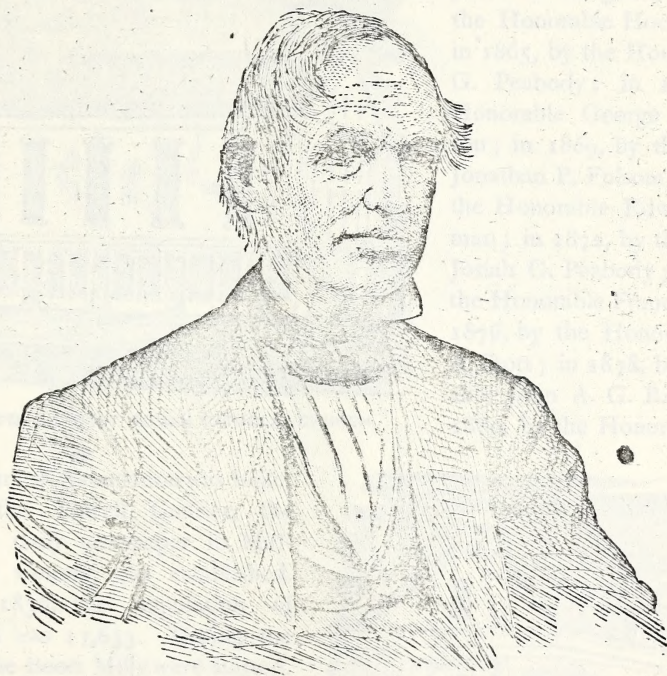
CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH.

engineer as a signal for starting. The engineer, who was protected by no cab, would respond with his whistle, when

the train would dash out of the station. The brakes were such as are used on a coach, and it was a scientific matter, when the engineer gave his warning-whistle to break up a train on arriving at a station. The rails were secured to granite ties, by means of cast-iron plates, and the road was very, *very* solid. Frost soon rendered it necessary to introduce wooden ties, and nothing

In 1833, the town felt the need of a police court, and one was established. Joseph Locke was the first justice. During the same year the Lawrence Mills were started; and the town was visited by President Andrew Jackson and members of his Cabinet, and later by the great statesman, Henry Clay.

In 1834, Belvidere was included in Lowell, and the town had the honor



JOHN NESMITH.

Born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 3, 1793.

has yet been discovered which can be used as a substitute for them.

The Lowell Railroad was not the first opened in the United States, but it was the first passenger road in successful operation in New England.

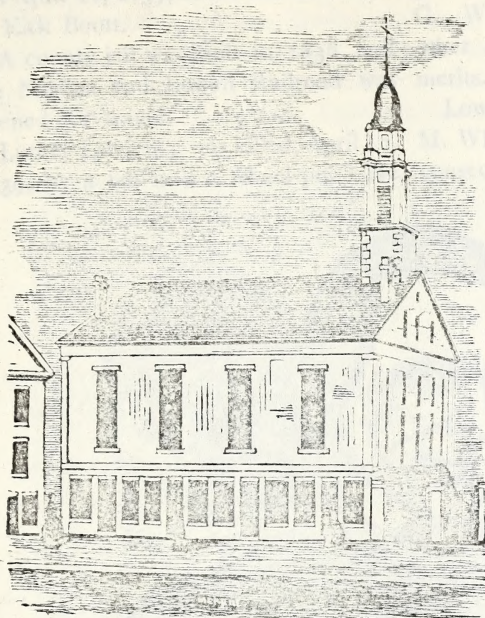
In 1831, the Railroad Bank was established.

In 1832, the Suffolk and Tremont Mills were established.

of entertaining Colonel David Crockett, George Thompson, M.P., the English abolitionist (not cordially), and M. Chevalier, the French political economist.

In 1835, Joel Stone, of Lowell, and Joseph P. Simpson, of Boston, built the steamboat *Herald*, for navigating between Lowell and Nashua, but the enterprise proved a failure; the Nashua

and Lowell Railroad Company was by Dr. Huntington; in 1853, by the incorporated; the Lowell Almshouse Honorable Sewall G. Mack; in 1855, was started; the hall of the Middlesex by the Honorable Ambrose Lawrence;



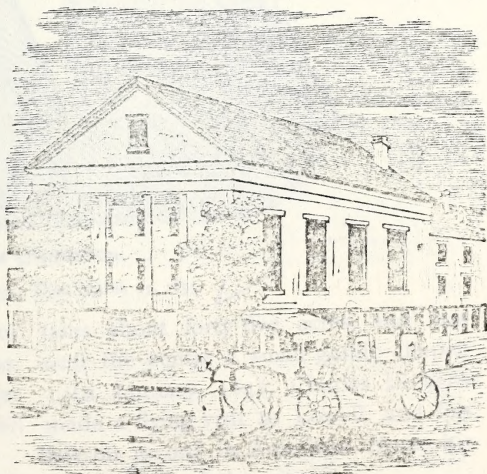
SUFFOLK-STREET ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Mechanics' Association was built; and the Lowell Courier, the oldest daily newspaper in Middlesex County, was established.

In 1836, the population of Lowell was 17,633. During the year the Boott Mills were started, and a city charter was adopted.

Dr. Elisha Bartlett was elected first mayor of the city of Lowell. He was succeeded, in 1838, by the Honorable Luther Lawrence; in 1840, by the Honorable Elisha Huntington, M.D.; in 1842, by the Honorable Nathaniel Wright; in 1844, by Dr. Huntington; in 1846, by the Honorable Jefferson Bancroft; in 1849, by the Honorable Josiah B. French; in 1851, by the Honorable J. H. B. Ayer; in 1852,

in 1856, by Dr. Huntington; in 1857, by the Honorable Stephen Mansur, the first Republican mayor; in 1858, by Dr. Huntington, for his eighth term; in 1859, by the Honorable James Cook; in 1860, by the Honorable Benjamin C. Sargent; in 1862, by the Honorable Hocum Hosford; in 1865, by the Honorable Josiah G. Peabody; in 1867, by the Honorable George F. Richardson; in 1869, by the Honorable Jonathan P. Folsom; in 1871, by the Honorable Edward F. Sherman; in 1872, by the Honorable Josiah G. Peabody; in 1873, by the Honorable Francis Jewett; in 1876, by the Honorable Charles A. Stott; in 1878, by the Honorable John A. G. Richardson; in 1880, by the Honorable Frederic



THE THIRD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.
Now Barristers' Hall.

T. Greenhalge; in 1882, by the Honorable George Runels; in 1883, by the

present mayor, the Honorable John J. Donovan.

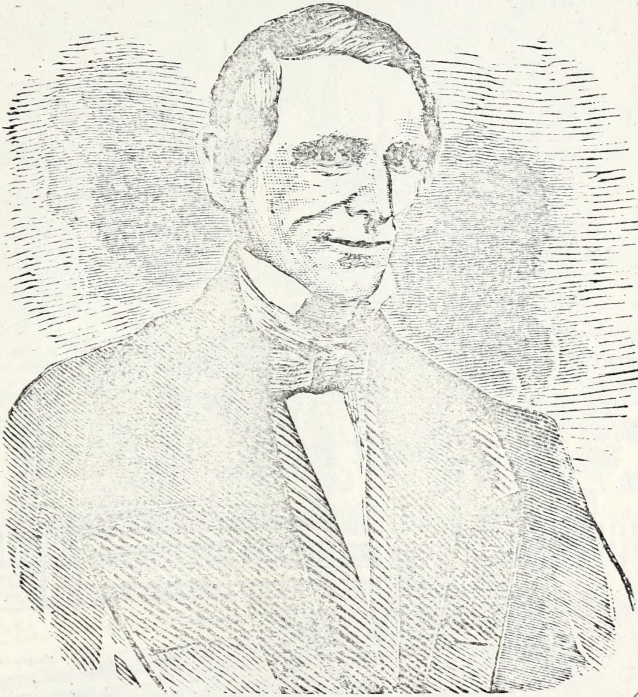
The young city met with a serious loss April 11, 1837, in the sudden death of Kirk Boott.

A county jail was built in 1838, and the Nashua and Lowell Railroad was opened for travel.

Luther Lawrence was killed, April 17, 1839, by a fall into a wheel-pit. He

peared the Lowell Offering, a monthly journal, edited by Miss Harriet Farley and Miss Harriot Curtiss, two factory girls. The journal was praised by John G. Whittier, Charles Dickens, and other gifted writers, for its intrinsic merits.

Lowell is largely indebted to Oliver M. Whipple for its cemetery, which was consecrated June 20, 1841. It con-



WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

Born April 12, 1803. Died March 17, 1855. ✓

was serving his second term as mayor of the city at the time of the accident. His residence was bought by the corporations and converted into the Lowell Hospital.

In 1840, the Massachusetts Mills were established; and the South Common, of about twenty acres, and the North Common, of about ten acres, were laid out. During this year ap-

peared about forty-five acres, and has near the centre a small gothic chapel.

In January, 1842, Charles Dickens made a flying visit to Lowell, and has left on record in American Notes his impressions of the city.

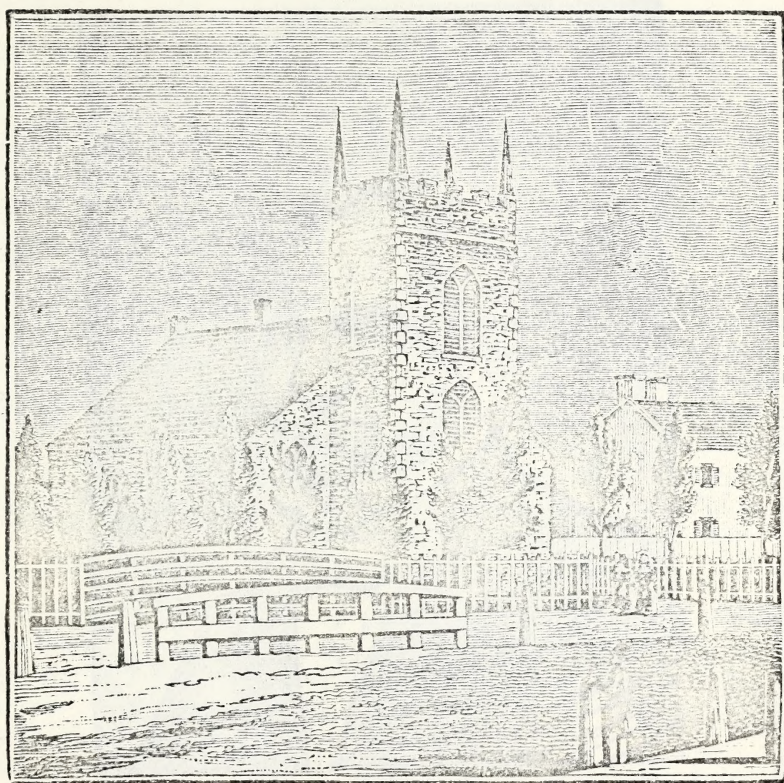
During this period the court-room of the city was occasionally graced by the presence of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate.

The City Library was instituted in 1844.

The Stony Brook Railroad Company was incorporated in 1845.

The Honorable Nathan Crosby was appointed justice of the police court in 1846, and still continues in office. The Lowell and Lawrence Railroad

guished hydraulic engineer in the United States. It was a stupendous work and stands a monument to the genius of its constructor. Daniel Webster, in company with Abbott Lawrence, rode along its dry channel, before the water was admitted, and fully appreciated the immense undertaking.



SAINT ANNE'S CHURCH, 1840.

was incorporated this year; and the population of Lowell numbered 29,127.

President James K. Polk visited Lowell in 1847; and the city met with the loss of Patrick Tracy Jackson, a man whose name should be always honored in Lowell. The great Northern Canal was completed this year by James B. Francis, the most distin-

The Salem and Lowell Railroad was incorporated in 1848, and was opened for travel two years later.

The reservoir on Lynde's Hill was constructed in 1849.

Gas was introduced, and the Court House on Gorham Street built, in 1850.

In 1851, Centralville, previously a part of Dracut, was included within

the city limits, and the Lowell Reform School was established.

In 1852, George Wellman completed his first working model of his self top card stripper—one of the most valuable inventions of the present century; Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited Lowell; and the Legislature of

her young men many of the best were sacrificed to preserve the Union.

The fall of Fort Sumter produced a profound sensation in Lowell. Four companies from the city hastened to join their regiment: the Mechanic Phalanx, under command of Captain Albert S. Follansbee; the City Guards,



OLIVER M. WHIPPLE.

Massachusetts enacted the first prohibitory liquor law.

The City Hall was reconstructed in 1853. The Lowell Jail was built in 1856. Thomas H. Benton visited Lowell in 1857. Washington Square was laid out in 1858.

During the dark days of the Rebellion, Lowell responded loyally to the appeal for soldiers and money, and of

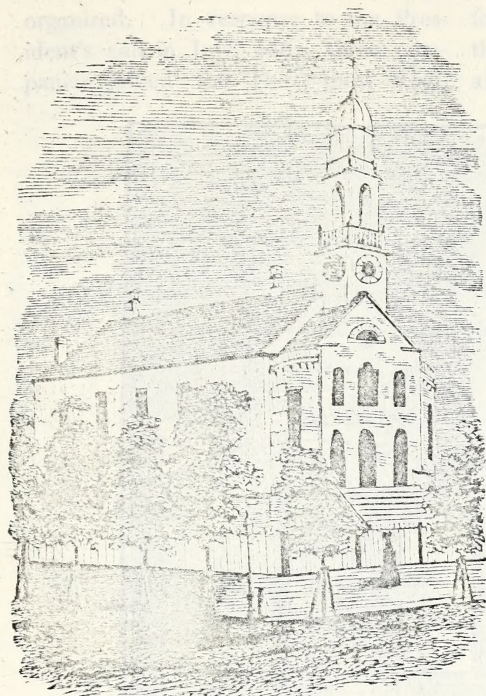
Captain James W. Hart; the Watson Light Guard, Captain John F. Noyes, and the Lawrence Cadets (National Grays), Captain Josiah A. Sawtelle. They assembled at Huntington Hall, the day after President Lincoln's call for troops, and were mustered into the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment under command of Colonel Edward F. Jones. They at once proceeded to Boston and

were joined at Faneuil Hall by the other companies of the regiment and the next day were on their way to the

the Richardson Light Infantry, Captain Phineas A. Davis, were formed the day after the Baltimore riot. The company known as the Abbott Grays, under Captain Edward Gardner Abbott, was organized five days later. That called the Butler Rifles was organized May 1, by Eben James and Thomas O'Hare.

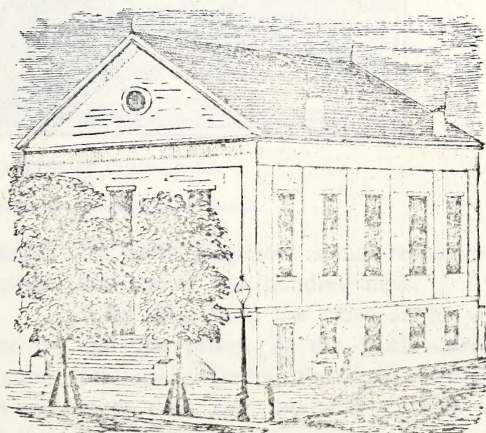
While these active preparations for war were progressing, Judge Crosby called a public meeting, April 20, at which the Pioneer Soldiers' Aid Association, the germ of the Sanitary Commission, was formed. The city government was liberal, too, in its appropriations for the families of absent soldiers. In September, Camp Chase, a military rendezvous, was established at Lowell.

Among the first, and most distinguished, of the citizens of Lowell to offer his services to the general government at this crisis, was General Benjamin F. Butler, already a lawyer and



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, 1860.

seat of war. A detachment of the regiment had to fight their way through a mob in Baltimore, and four of the Lowell City Guards were the first to lay down their lives in the great drama of war known as the Rebellion. Addison O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd, of Lowell, were the first martyrs; their last resting-place is commemorated by a monument in a public square of the city. The regiment arrived at Washington, were quartered in the Senate Chamber, and formed the nucleus of the rapidly gathering Northern army. The Hill



KIRK-STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1840.

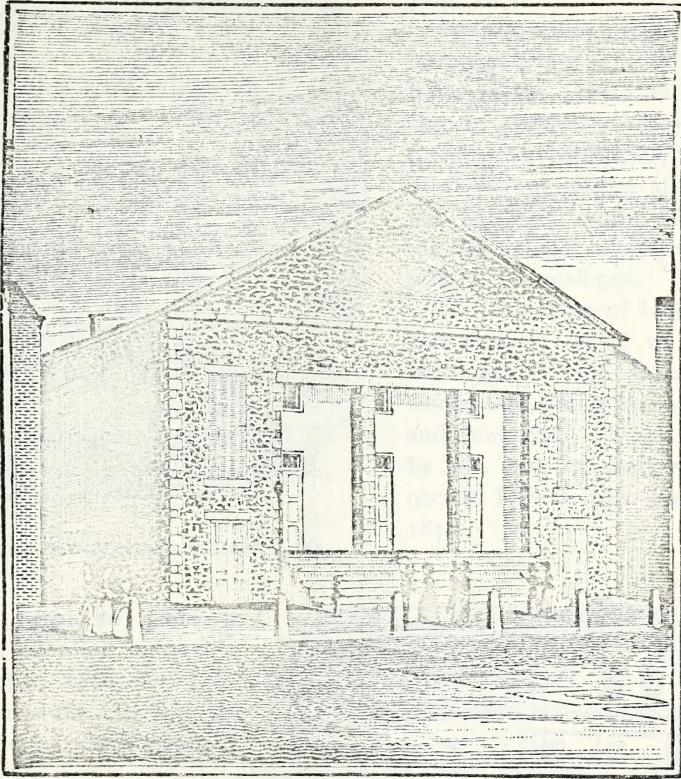
orator of great reputation, who had previously held high rank in the militia.

Six companies from Lowell joined his expedition to the Gulf.

Early in 1862, the Sixth and Seventh Batteries, mostly Lowell men, were organized. In response to the President's call in July, 1862, three companies joined the Thirty-third Regi-

the second held in the Northern States.

In July, 1863, the "draft" called for over four hundred additional soldiers from Lowell; less than thirty were forced into the service. These were the palmy days for the substitute brokers and bounty-jumpers. In July, 1864,



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, 1840.

Formerly Appleton-street Congregational Church.

ment. In August, the Sixth Regiment again entered the field for a campaign of nine months.

In February, 1863, Lowell sent to the war the Fifteenth Battery, in command of Captain Timothy Pearson and Lieutenant Albert Rowse. During this month the ladies of the city raised about five thousand dollars for the Sanitary Commission by a Soldiers' Fair—

the Sixth Regiment again responded, and served one hundred days.

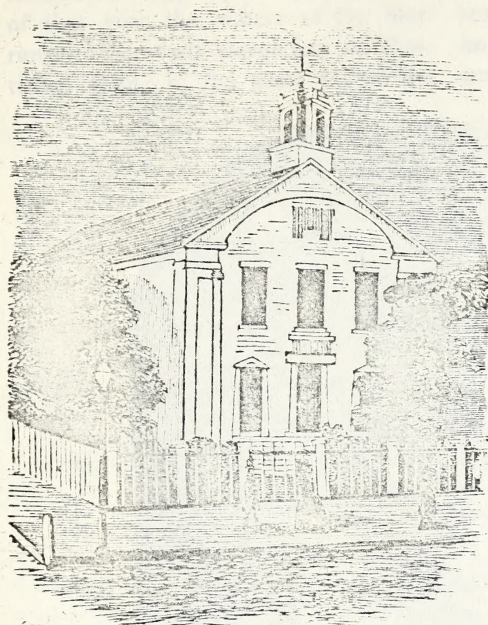
In 1865, came the close of the war and the return of the battle-scarred veterans. During the long struggle more than five thousand citizens of Lowell were in the army and navy of the United States, and the city expended over \$300,000 in equipment and bounties.

The Lowell Horse Railroad Company and the First National Bank were incorporated in 1864. The French-

In 1869, the city authorities undertook a system of water-supply works which was completed four years later; the Lowell Hosiery Company was incorporated in May. The Thorndike Manufacturing Company commenced operations in June, 1870.

The fire-alarm telegraph was introduced in 1871; in August, trains on the Lowell and Framingham Railroad commenced running; in November, the new iron bridge across the Merrimack was finished; during the year, the city suffered severely from the scourge of small-pox.

The boundaries of Lowell were extended, in 1873, to include Middlesex Village, taken from Chelmsford, and a part of Dracut and Tewksbury. A new railroad by the way of Andover connected Lowell with Boston in 1874.

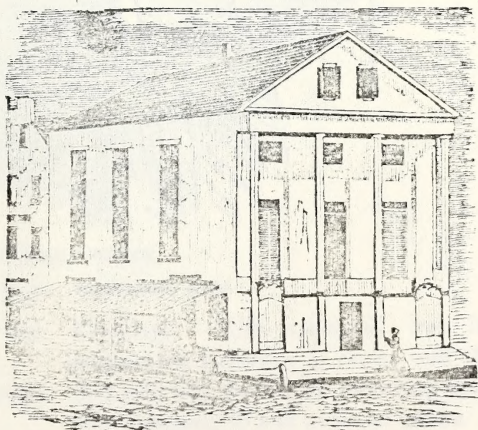


ST. PETER'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, 1860.

Canadians began to settle in Lowell just after the war.

In October, 1866, Dr. J. C. Ayer presented the city with the statue of Victory which stands in Monument Square.

The Old Ladies' Home was dedicated July 10, 1867. St. John's Hospital was completed and opened in 1868. It occupies the site of the old yellow house built in 1770 by Timothy Brown. In November of the same year the first meeting of the Old Residents' Historical Association of Lowell was held at the store of Joshua Merrill; in December, the city was visited by General Grant.



OLD FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

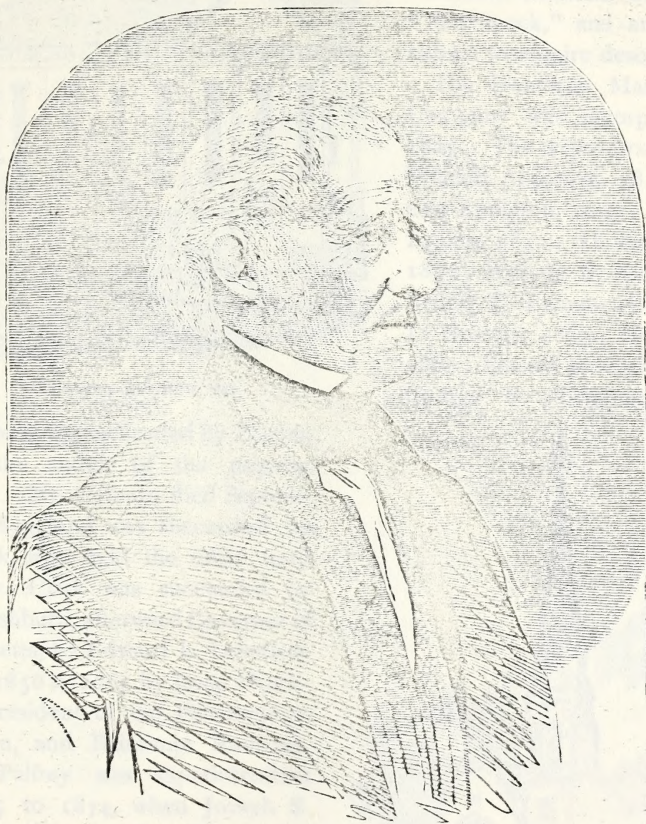
Which stood on site of the Boston and Maine Railroad Station.

The city celebrated the semi-centennial of its incorporation, March 1, 1876.

The Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil visited the city in June of the same year.

The Lowell Art Association was formed in May, 1878. In December of that year the waters of the Merrimack rose nearly eleven feet on Pawtucket Dam; in the same month the

wisdom of their early managers; accordingly the record of these corporate bodies is intimately connected with the annals of the city. The reader has noted the fact that the first impetus was given to the place by the acts of the Merrimack Manufacturing



JOHN DYNELY PRINCE.

Born in England, 1780. Died January 5, 1860.

Merrimack Company introduced the electric light.

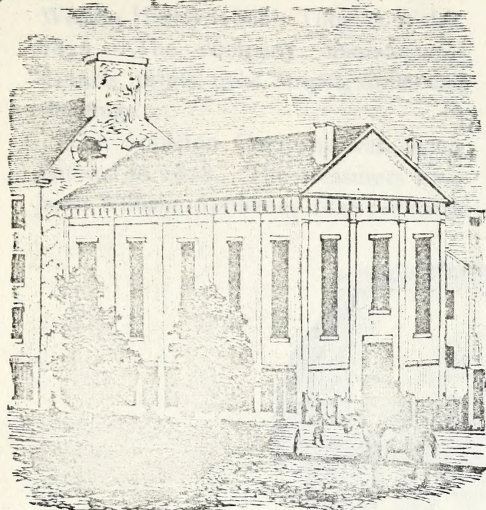
In August, 1880, Boston and Lowell were connected by telephone.

As one glances over the history of Lowell, he recognizes the fact that the city has gained its prominence, its wealth, and its population, chiefly through the great corporations, and the

Company. This company was incorporated February 5, 1822; and the first mill was started the following year. The company is not only the oldest in the city but is the largest, employing the most operatives and producing the most cloth; their chimney, two hundred and eighty-three feet high, is the tallest in the country.

Ezra Worthen, the first superintendent of the mills, died, suddenly, June

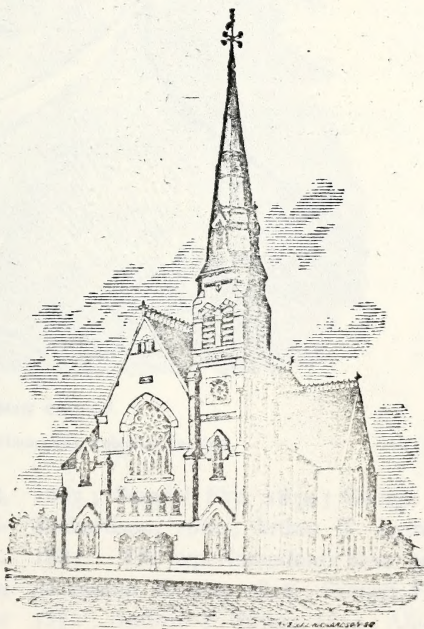
The property of the company occupies twenty-four acres of land. They have five mills besides the print-works, 153,552 spindles, 4,465 looms, and employ 3,300 operatives. They use up 18,000 tons of coal. The prints made at this establishment, are marked "Merrimack," and are too well known to require description.



UNITARIAN CHURCH, 1845.

18, 1824, and was succeeded by Warren Colburn, the author of the popular arithmetic. Mr. Colburn died September 13, 1833, and was succeeded by John Clark, who held the office until 1848. Mr. Clark was succeeded by Emory Washburn, afterward Governor of Massachusetts, by Edward L. Lebreton, and from 1850 to 1865 by Isaac Hinckley, now president of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad. John C. Palfrey was superintendent from 1865 to 1874, when Joseph S. Ludlam was appointed. The print-works were in charge of Kirk Boott in 1822; after him was Allen Pollock, 1823 to 1826; John D. Prince, 1826 to 1855; Henry Barrows, 1855 to 1878; James Duckworth, 1878 to 1882; Robert Latham, since 1882. The treasurers of the company have been Kirk Boott, Francis C. Lowell, Eben Chadwick, Francis B. Crowinshield, Arthur T. Lyman, Augustus Lowell, and Charles H. Dalton.

The Hamilton Manufacturing Company was incorporated in 1825. The treasurers have been William Appleton, 1825; Ebenezer Appleton, 1830; George W. Lyman, 1833; Thomas G. Cary, 1839; William B. Bacon, 1859; Arthur T. Lyman, 1860; Arthur L. Devens, 1863; Eben Bacon, 1867; Samuel Batchelder, 1869; George R. Chapman, 1876;



FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, HURD STREET.

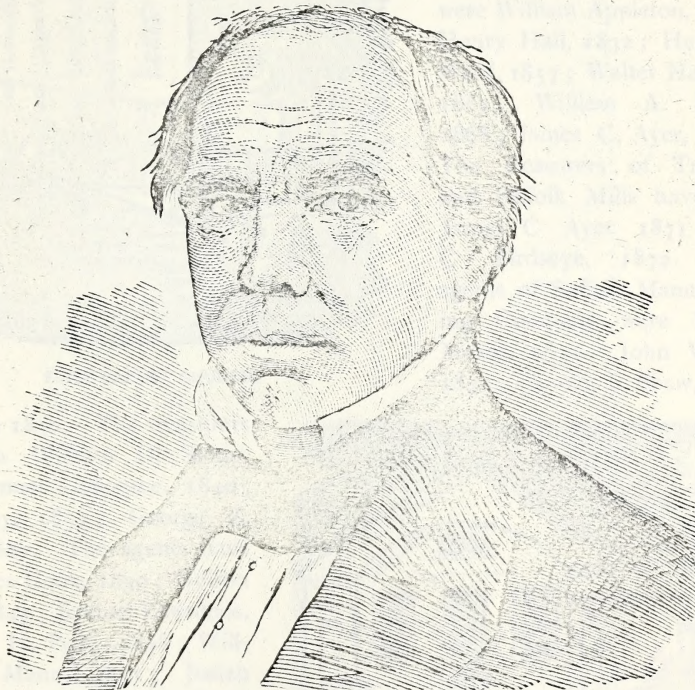
James A. Dupee, since 1870. The agents have been Samuel Batchelder, 1825; John Avery, 1831; O. H.

Moulton, since 1864. The superintendents of print-works have been William Spencer, 1828; William Hunter, 1862; William Harley, 1866; Thomas Walsh, 1876. The company manufactures flannels, prints, ticks, stripes, drills, and sheetings.

The Appleton Company was incorporated in 1828. The treasurers have been William Appleton, 1828; Patrick

Wright, 1881. The company manufactures sheetings, drillings, and yarn.

The Lowell Manufacturing Company was incorporated in 1828. The treasurers have been Frederick Cabot, 1828; George W. Lyman, 1831; Nathaniel W. Appleton, 1841; William C. Appleton, 1843; J. Thomas Stevenson, 1847; Israel Whitney, 1848; Charles L. Harding, 1863; David B. Jewett,



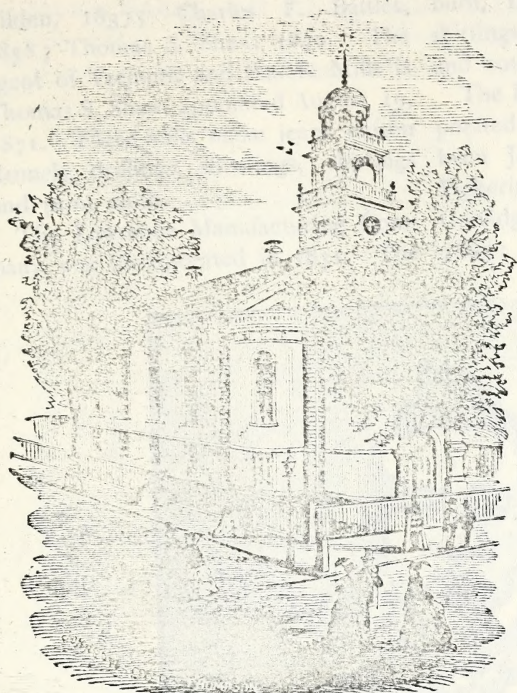
NATHAN CROSBY.

Born in Sandwich, New Hampshire, February 12, 1798.

T. Jackson, 1829; George W. Lyman, 1832; Thomas G. Cary, 1841; William B. Bacon, 1859; Arthur Lyman, 1861; Arthur L. Devens, 1863; John A. Burnham, 1867; George Motley, 1867; James A. Dupee, since 1874. The superintendents have been John Avery, 1828; George Motley, 1831; J. H. Sawyer, 1867; Daniel

1865; Samuel Fay, 1874; George C. Richardson, 1880; Arthur T. Lyman, 1881. The superintendents have been Alexander Wright, 1828; Samuel Fay, 1852; Andrew F. Swapp, 1874; Albion C. Lyon was appointed June 1, 1883. The company makes ingrain, Brussels, and Wilton carpets.

The Middlesex Company was incor-

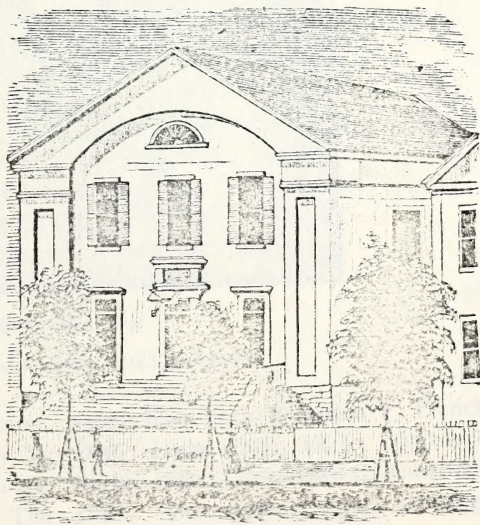


FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

porated in 1830. The treasurers have been William D. Stone, 1830; Samuel Lawrence, 1840; R. S. Fay, 1857; George Z. Silsbee, 1882. The agents have been James Cook, 1830; Nelson Palmer, 1845; Samuel Lawrence, 1846; O. H. Perry, 1848; William T. Mann, 1851; Josiah Humphrey, 1852; James Cook, 1858; O. H. Perry, 1858; G. V. Fox, 1869; William C. Avery, 1874; O. H. Perry, from June, 1882. O. Saunderson, superintendent. The company makes indigo blue coatings, cassimeres, police, yacht, and cadet cloth, ladies' sackings, beavers, and shawls.

The Suffolk Manufacturing Company was incorporated January 17, 1831. The proprietors of the Tremont Mills were

incorporated March 19, 1831. The two were consolidated in 1871. The treasurers of Suffolk Manufacturing Company were John W. Boott, 1831; Henry Hall, 1832; Henry V. Ward, 1857; Walter Hastings, 1865; William A. Burke, 1868; James C. Ayer, 1870. The treasurers of the proprietors of the Tremont Mills were William Appleton, 1831; Henry Hall, 1832; Henry V. Ward, 1857; Walter Hastings, 1865; William A. Burke, 1868; James C. Ayer, 1870. The treasurers of Tremont and Suffolk Mills have been James C. Ayer 1871; John C. Birdseye, 1872. The agents of Suffolk Manufacturing Company were Robert Means, 1831; John Wright, 1842; Thomas S. Shaw, 1868.



WORTHEN-STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

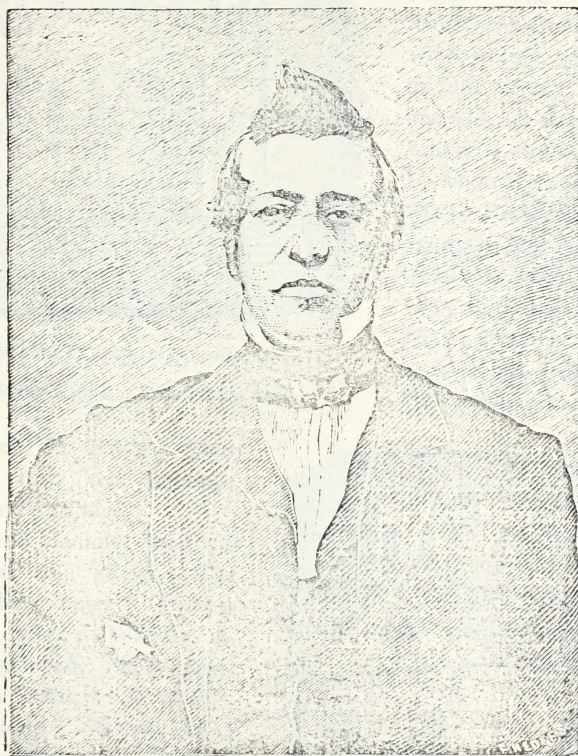
The agents of the proprietors of the Tremont Mills were Israel Whitney, 1831; John Aiken, 1834; Charles L.

Tilden, 1837; Charles F. Battles, 1858; Thomas S. Shaw, 1870. The agent of Tremont and Suffolk Mills is Thomas S. Shaw, appointed August 19, 1871. These mills make jeans, cotton flannels, drillings, sheetings, shirtings and print cloth.

The Lawrence Manufacturing Company was incorporated in 1831. The

burn, 1878. The company makes shirtings, sheetings, cotton flannels, and cotton and merino hosiery.

The Boott Cotton Mills were incorporated in 1835. The treasurers have been John Amory Lowell, 1835; J. Pickering Putnam, 1848; T. Jefferson Coolidge, 1858; Richard D. Rogers, 1865; Augustus Lowell, 1875. The



GEORGE WELLMAN.

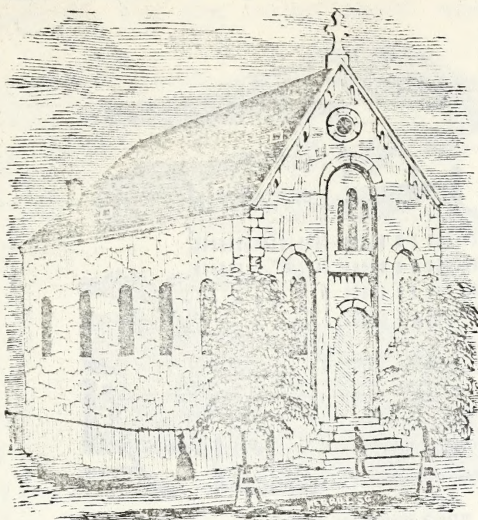
Born in Boston, March 16, 1810. Died April 4, 1864.

treasurers have been William Appleton, 1831; Henry Hall, 1832; Henry V. Ward, 1857; T. Jefferson Coolidge, 1868; Lucius M. Sargent, 1880. The agents have been William Austin, 1830; John Aiken, 1837; William S. Southworth, 1849; William F. Salmon, 1865; Daniel Hussey, 1869; John Kil-

agents have been Benjamin F. French, 1836; Linus Child, 1845; William A. Burke, 1862; Alexander G. Cumnock, 1868. The company makes sheetings, shirtings, and printing cloth.

The Massachusetts Cotton Mills were incorporated in 1838. The treasurers have been John Amory Lowell, 1839;

Homer Bartlett, 1848; George Atkinson, 1872. The agents have been Homer Bartlett, 1840; Joseph White, 1837; P. T. Jackson, 1838; John T. Morse, 1845. The agents have been Kirk Boott, 1822; Joseph Tilden, 1837; William Boott, 1838; James B. Francis, 1845, to present date.



LEE-STREET UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Now French Catholic. Enlarged and rebuilt.

1848; Frank F. Battles, 1856. The mills turn out sheetings, shirtings, and drillings.

The Lowell Machine Shop was incorporated in 1845. The treasurers have been J. Thomas Stevenson, 1845; William A. Burke, from 1876. The agents have been William A. Burke, 1845; Mertoun C. Bryant, 1862; Andrew Moody, 1862; George Richardson, 1870; Charles L. Hildreth, 1879. The company makes all kinds of machinery for mills.

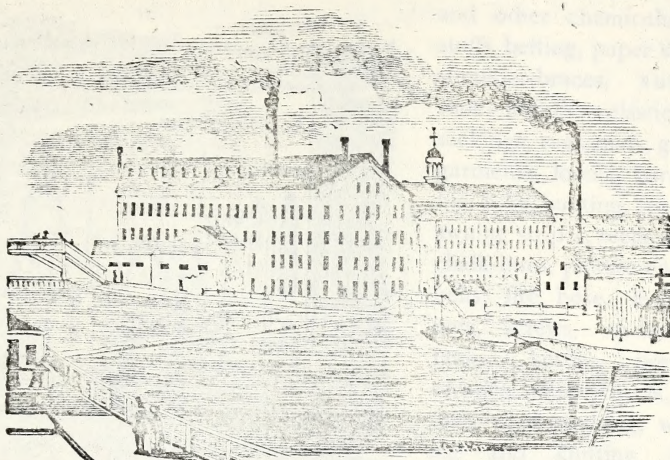
The Proprietors of Locks and Canals on Merrimack River were incorporated in 1792. The treasurers have been Joseph Cut-

ler, 1792; W. W. Prout, 1804; Samuel Homer Bartlett, to June, 1872; Charles Cutler, 1809; Samuel Tenney, 1817; S. Storrow, to June, 1878; James A. Kirk Boott, 1822; Joseph Tilden, Dupce, to June, 1882. Directors,



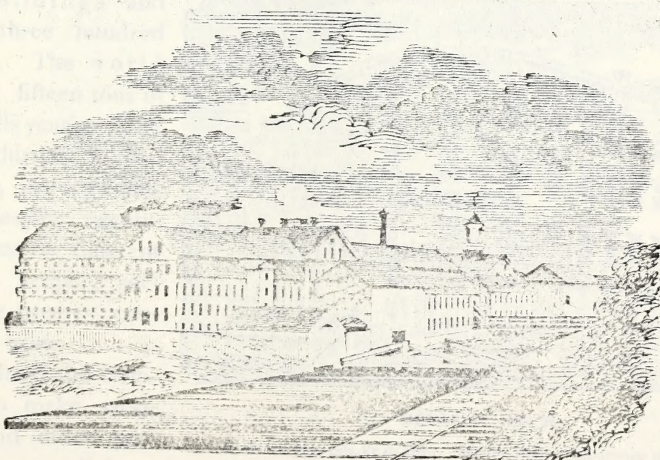
PRESOTT-STREET CHURCH.

1883: Charles Storow, president; of J. C. Ayer and Company. Dr. J. C. James A. Dupee, Augustus Lowell, Ayer started the business in 1837, when Howard Stockton, George Atkinson. he offered to physicians the prescrip-



LOWELL MACHINE SHOP About 1860

Clerk of corporation, Augustus T. Owen; treasurer, George Atkinson; agent, T. P. Hutchinson. The com- tion of cherry pectoral. It soon became a very popular remedy, and he was soon embarked in the enterprise



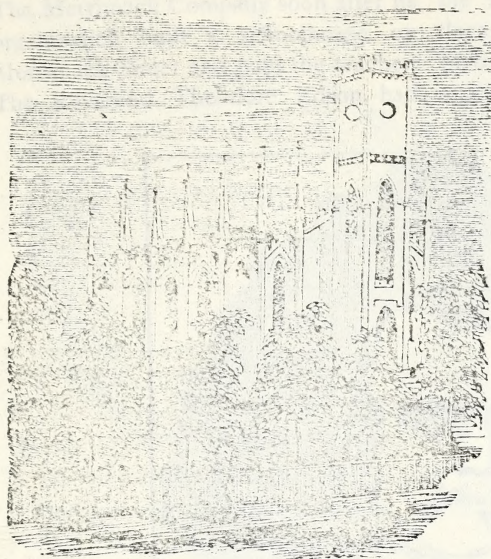
APPLETON MILLS. 1845.

pany guards the storage of water at Lake Winnipiseogee. of manufacturing it. Later he added to the list of his proprietary medicines cathartic pills, sarsaparilla, ague cure,

Nor would a sketch of Lowell be complete without mention of the firm and hair vigor. He died July 3,

1878, after having accumulated a princely fortune. His brother, and partner, Frederick Ayer, conducts the business. The firm occupy several

tories in the city, of more or less extent. Their products consist of porous and adhesive plasters, lung protectors, sulphuric, hydrochloric, and nitric acids,



HIGH-STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

large buildings and employ three hundred people. The world demands fifteen tons of Ayer's pills yearly. They publish thirteen million almanacs, in ten languages, issuing twenty-six editions for different localities, keeping several large presses constantly at work.

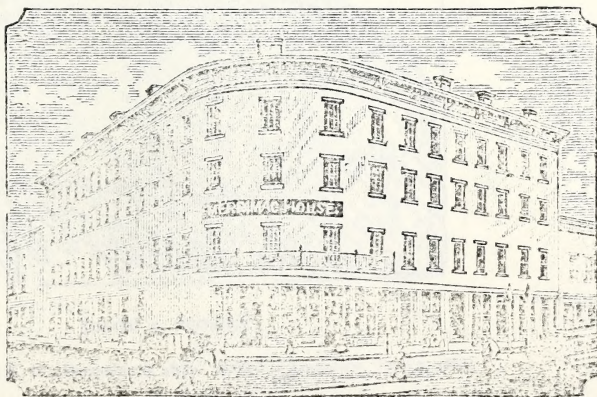
C. I. Hood and Company also make sarsaparilla and other proprietary medicines.

They employ seventy-five operatives.

E. W. Hoyt and Company employ twenty hands, and make two million bottles of German cologne.

There are numerous other manufac-

and other chemicals and dye-stuffs, belting, paper stock, yarns, shoulder-braces, suspenders, shoe-linings, elastic webbing, sackings, rugs, mats, gauze undergarments, looms, harnesses, felt-ing, hose, bunting, seamless flags, awning stripes, reeds, braid, cord, chalk-lines, picture cords, twines, belts, fire hose, leather, bolts, nuts, screws, washers, boilers, tanks, kettles, presses, fire-escapes, water-wheels, wire-heddles, card-clothing, wood-working and knitting machinery, cartridges, chimney-caps, stamps, tools, lathes, files, wire-cloth, scales, steel wire, paper boxes, music stands, mouldings, carriages, sleighs, shuttles, doors,



MERRIMAC HOUSE

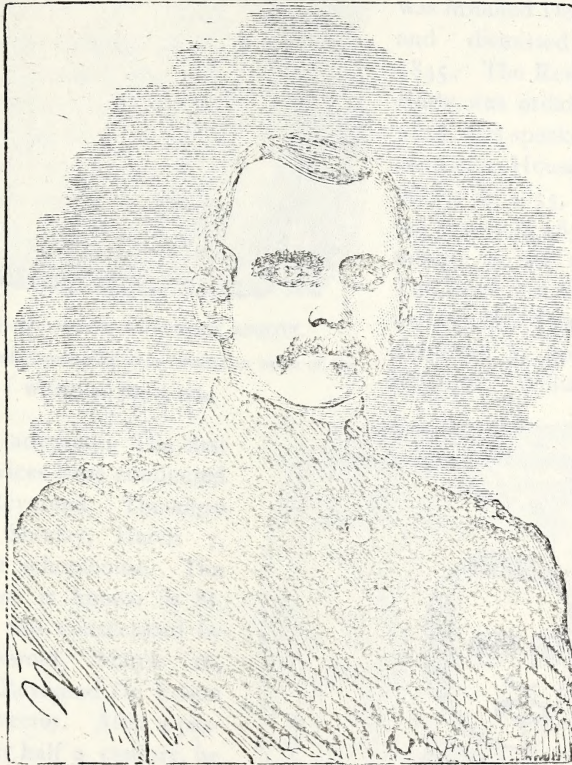
Built in 1833, rebuilt in 1872. Henry Emery proprietor since 1845.

sashes, blinds, furniture, asbestos covering, blotters, crayons, drain-pipe, glue, lamp-black, machine brushes, matches, croquet sets.

Proper attention has always been paid

to education in Lowell. In 1822, there were two schoolhouses within the territory, one near the pound, the other near the stone house at Pawtucket Falls. The Merrimack Company soon after its organization built a schoolhouse on Merrimack Street and paid the teacher. The Reverend Theodore Edson had from 1845 to 1883. He was succeeded by Frank F. Coburn, the present teacher.

After the log chapel presided over by the Indian Samuel had fallen into decay, a century and a half passed before another place of worship was erected within the limits of Lowell. In

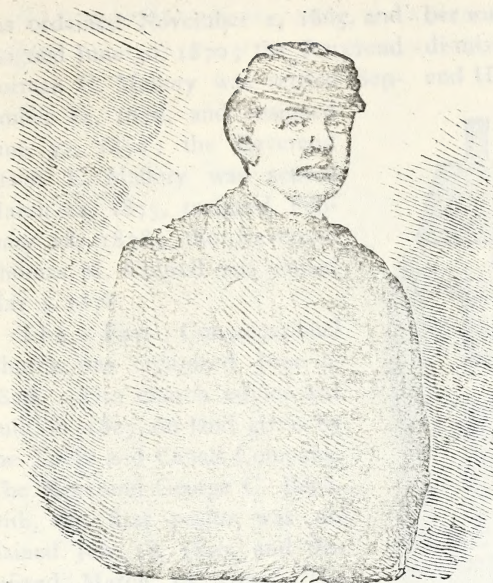


SOLON A. PERKINS.

Born in Lancaster, N. H., December 6, 1836. Killed in Louisiana, June 3, 1863.

charge of the school. Joel Lewis was the first male teacher. Alfred V. Bassett was the second. In 1829, the school had one hundred and sixty-five pupils. In 1834, the school was divided. The High School building on Kirk Street was erected in 1840, and remodeled in 1867. Charles C. Chase was teacher

December, 1822, a committee was appointed by the Merrimack Corporation to build a suitable church, and in April, 1824, the sum of nine thousand dollars was appropriated for the purpose. The church was organized February 24, 1824, as "The Merrimack Religious Society," and the Episcopal form of



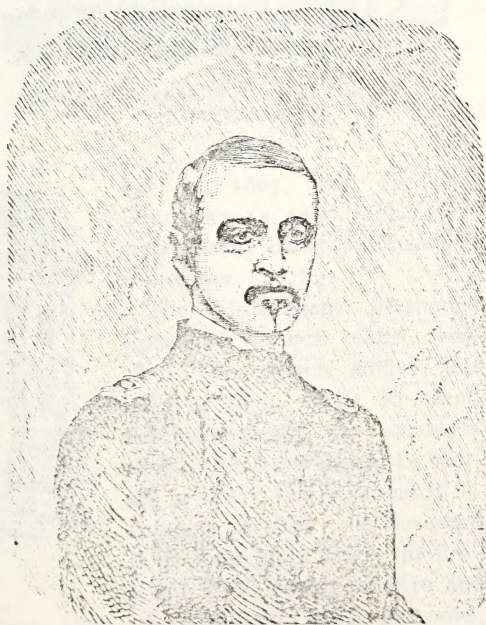
Bvt. Brig.-Gen. HENRY LIVERMORE ABBOTT.

Born in Lowell, January 21, 1842. Killed in battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

worship was adopted. The first religious services were conducted by the Reverend Theodore Edson, on Sunday, March 7, 1824, in the schoolhouse. The church edifice is known as St. Anne's, and was consecrated by Bishop Griswold, March 16, 1825. The Reverend Dr. Edson was the first rector. After a pastorate of over half a century, he died in 1883. In the tower of St. Anne's is a chime of eleven bells, mounted in 1857, and weighing five tons.

The First Baptist Church was organized February 8, 1826. The church edifice, built the same year, occupied land given to the society by Thomas Hurd. It was dedicated November 15, 1826, when the Reverend John Cookson was installed as pastor.

He was dismissed August 5, 1827, and was succeeded, June 4, 1828, by the Reverend Enoch N. Freeman, who died September 22, 1835. The Reverend Joseph W. Eaton was ordained pastor, February 24, 1836, and dismissed February 1, 1837. The Reverend Joseph Ballard was installed December 25, 1837, and dismissed September 1, 1845. The Reverend Daniel C. Eddy was ordained January 29, 1846, was speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1855, was chaplain of the Senate in 1856, and was dismissed at the close of 1856. The Reverend William H. Alden was installed June 14, 1857, and dismissed in April, 1864. The Reverend William E. Stanton



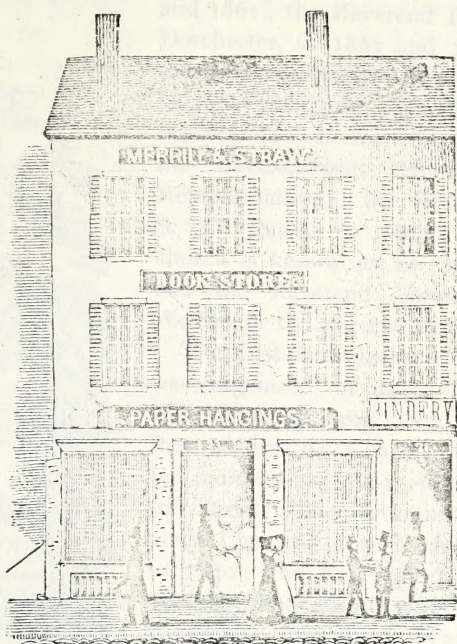
Major EDWARD GARDNER ABBOTT.

Born in Lowell, September 29, 1840. Killed at the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.

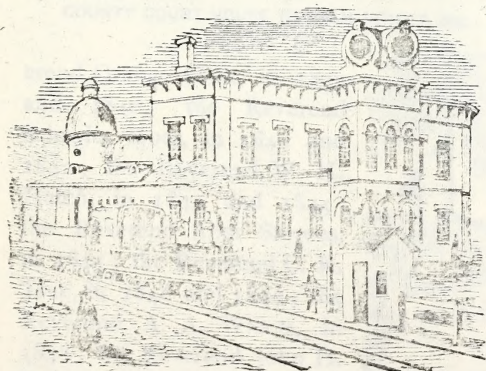
was ordained November 2, 1865, and resigned June 30, 1870; the Reverend Norman C. Mallory was settled September 14, 1870, and resigned June 30, 1874; the Reverend Orson E. Mallory was settled March 24, 1875, resigned February 28, 1878; the Reverend Thomas M. Colwell was settled May 4, 1878.

The First Congregational Church was organized June 6, 1826. The church edifice was built, in 1827, on land given by the Locks and Canals Company. The Reverend George C. Beckwith, the first pastor, was ordained July 18, 1827, and dismissed March 18, 1829. The Reverend Amos Blanchard, D.D., was ordained December 5, 1829, and dismissed May 21, 1845, when he became pastor of the Kirk-street Church. The Reverend Willard Child was installed pastor, October 1, 1845, and dis-

missed in October, 1862, and dismissed April 1, 1867. The Reverend Horace James was installed Octo-



BLOCK AT CORNER OF CENTRAL AND MIDDLE
STREETS, 1848



NORTHERN RAILROAD STATION.

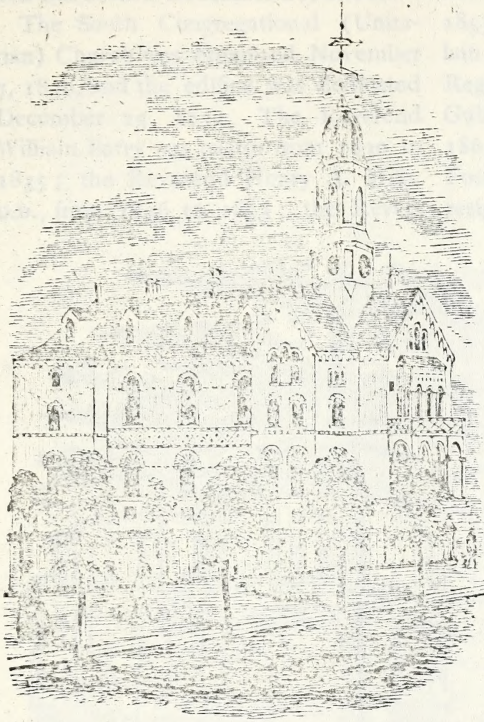
missed January 31, 1855. The Reverend J. L. Jenkins was ordained October 17, 1855, and dismissed in April, 1862. The Reverend George N. Web-

ber 31, 1867, and dismissed December 13, 1870. The Reverend Smith Baker was installed September 13, 1871.

The Hurd-street Methodist Episcopal Church dates from 1826; the church edifice was built in 1839. The Reverend Benjamin Griffin was pastor in 1826; the Reverend A. D. Merrill, in 1827; the Reverend B. F. Lambert, in 1828; the Reverend A. D. Sargent, in 1829; the Reverend E. K. Avery, in 1830 and

1831; the Reverend George Pickering, in 1832; the Rev. A. D. Merrill, in 1833 and 1834; the Reverend Ira M. Bidwell, in 1835; the Reverend Orange

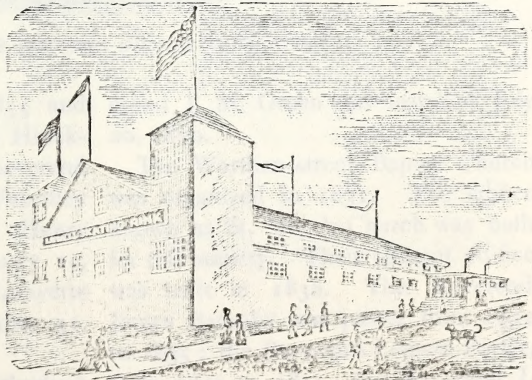
Scott, in 1836; the Reverend E. M. in 1856 and 1857; the Reverend H. Stickney, in 1837 and 1838; the Rev. M. Loud, in 1858 and 1859; the Reverend William R. Clark, in 1860 and 1861; the Reverend Daniel Dorchester, in 1862 and 1863; the Reverend Samuel F. Upham, in 1864, 1865, and 1866 (during the year 1865 he was chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives); the Reverend S. F. Jones, in 1867. The church is known as St. Paul's, and the Reverend Hiram D. Weston is the present pastor.



COUNTY COURT HOUSE, GORHAM STREET, 1860.

erend Orange Scott, in 1839 and 1840; the Reverend Schuyler Hoes, in 1841 and 1842; the Reverend W. H. Hatch, in 1843 and 1844; the Reverend Abel Stevens, in 1845; the Reverend C. K. True, in 1846 and 1847; the Reverend A. A. Willets, in 1848; the Reverend John H. Twombly, in 1849 and 1850; the Reverend G. F. Cox, in 1851 and 1852; the Reverend L. D. Barrows, in 1853 and 1854; the Reverend D. E. Chapin, in 1855; the Reverend George M. Steele, in 1856; the Reverend J. J. Twiss,

The First Universalist Church was organized in July, 1827. The following year they built their church on Chapel Street, but removed it in 1837 to Central Street. The Reverend Eliphalet Case was pastor from 1828 to 1830; the Reverend Calvin Gardner, from 1830 to 1833; the Reverend Thomas B. Thayer, from 1833 to 1845; the Reverend E. G. Brooks, in 1845; the Reverend Uriah Clark, from 1846 to 1850; the Reverend



LOWELL SKATING RINK, GORHAM STREET.

Thomas B. Thayer, from 1851 to October, 1857; the Reverend J. J. Twiss,

from 1859 to January 1, 1872; the Reverend G. T. Flanders was settled in 1872; the Reverend George W. Bicknell was settled December 21, 1880.

The South Congregational (Unitarian) Church was organized November 7, 1830, and the edifice was dedicated December 25, 1832. The Reverend William Barry was pastor from 1830 to 1835; the Reverend Henry A. Mills, D.D., from 1836 to 1853; the Rever-

end 1831 to 1835; A. C. Burnap, from 1837 to 1852; the Reverend George Darling, from 1852 to 1855; the Reverend John P. Cleaveland, D.D., from 1855 to 1862, when he became chaplain of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment in the Department of the Gulf; the Reverend J. E. Rankin, from 1863 to 1865; the Reverend A. P. Foster, was settled October 3, 1866, resigned October 17, 1868; the Rev-



DANIEL LOVEJOY AND SON'S MACHINE KNIFE WORKS.

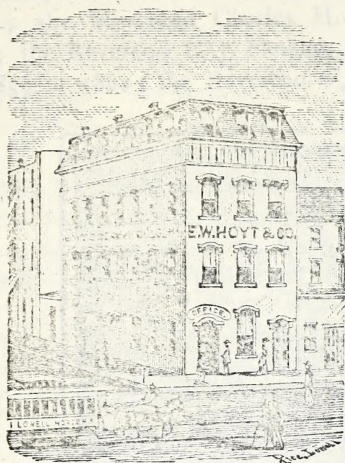
end Theodore Tibbetts, in 1855 and 1856; the Reverend Frederick Hinckley, from 1856 to 1864; the Reverend Charles Grinnell was settled February 19, 1867; the Reverend Henry Blanchard was ordained January 19, 1871; the Reverend Josiah Lafayette Seward was ordained December 31, 1874.

The Appleton-street (Orthodox) Congregational Church was organized December 2, 1830; their edifice was built the following year. The Reverend William Twining was pastor from

erend J. M. Green was installed July 20, 1870.

The Worthen-street Baptist Church was organized in 1831. The edifice known as St. Mary's Church was built for this society. Their present edifice was built in 1838. The Reverend James Barnaby was pastor from 1832 to 1835; the Reverend Lemuel Porter, from 1835 to 1851; the Reverend J. W. Smith, from 1851 to 1853; the Reverend D. D. Winn, from 1853 to 1855; the Reverend T. D. Worrall, from 1855 to 1857; the Reverend J.

W. Bonham, from 1857 to 1860; the Reverend George F. Warren, from 1860 to 1867; the Reverend F. R. Morse, from 1867 to 1870; the Reverend D.



HOYT & SHEDD'S BLOCK, MIDDLESEX STREET.

H. Miller, D.D., from 1870 to 1873; the Reverend E. A. Lecompte, in 1873. The present pastor is the Reverend John C. Emery.

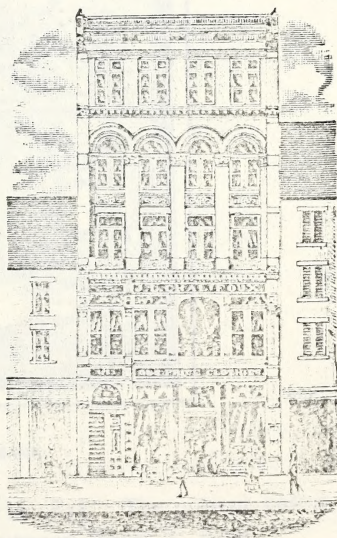
In 1831, the St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church was erected, but was replaced in 1854 by the present more spacious edifice. The church was consecrated October 29, 1854, by Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, and Bishop O'Riley, of Hartford. The pastors have been the Reverend John Mahoney, the Reverend Peter Connelly, the Reverend James T. McDermott, the Reverend Henry J. Tucker, and the Reverend John O'Brien.

In 1833, a free church of the Christian denomination was organized under the ministry of the Reverend Timothy Cole. The experiment proved a failure and the building was afterwards converted to the uses of an armory.

The Freewill Baptist Church was organized in 1834, and in 1837 a

spacious edifice was erected. Through mismanagement the society came to grief and the building was used for commercial purposes. In 1853, the society built another edifice on Paige Street. The pastors of this church have been the Reverend Nathaniel Thurston, the Reverend Jonathan Woodman, the Reverend Silas Curtis, the Reverend A. K. Moulton, the Reverend J. B. Davis, the Reverend Darwin Mott, the Reverend George W. Bean, the Reverend J. B. Drew, the Reverend D. A. Marham, the Reverend J. E. Dame, and the Reverend E. W. Porter.

The Second Universalist Church was organized in 1836, and their house was built the following year. The pastors

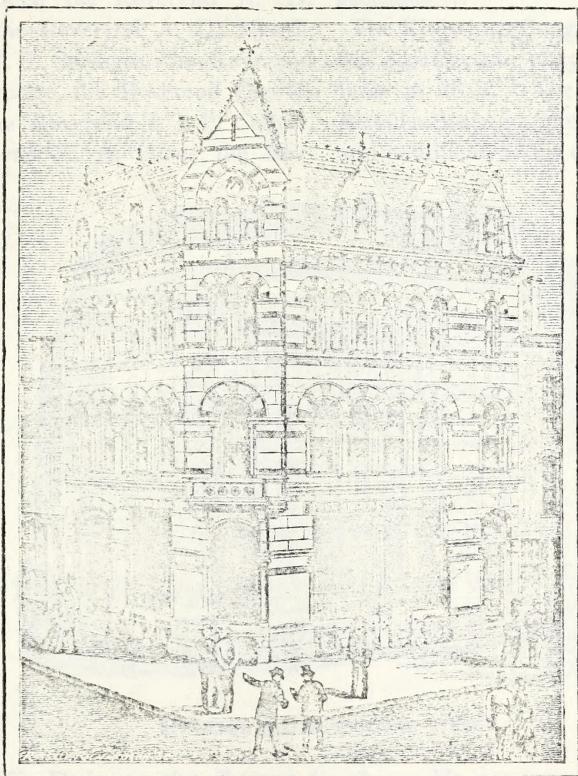


CHALIFOUX BLOCK.

of this church have been the Reverend Z. Thompson, from 1837 to 1839; the Reverend Abel C. Thomas, from 1839 to 1842; the Reverend A. A. Miner, D.D., from 1842 to 1848; the Reverend L. J. Fletcher; the Reverend L.

B. Mason, from 1848 to 1849; the Reverend I. D. Williamson, from 1849 to 1850; the Reverend N. M. Gaylord, from 1850 to 1853; the Reverend John S. Dennis; the Reverend Charles Cravens; the Reverend Charles H. Dutton; the Reverend L. J. Fletcher, from 1859 to 1862; the Reverend F. B. Seabury was installed as associate

ordained March 20, 1840, and dismissed February 3, 1853. He was succeeded by the Reverend Eden B. Foster, D.D., who resigned his charge in 1861, but resumed it in 1866. During his absence the Reverend Joseph W. Backus was pastor. The Reverend J. B. Seabury was installed as associate



FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

E. Hicks, from 1862 to 1866; the Reverend John G. Adams, from 1866; the Reverend W. G. Haskell, from 1873; the Reverend R. A. Greene, from 1877.

The John-street (Orthodox) Congregational Church was organized May 9, 1839. The house was dedicated January 24, 1840. The Reverend Stedman W. Hanks, the first pastor, was

pastor in 1875. The present pastor is the Reverend Henry T. Rose.

In 1840, the Third Baptist Church was organized. In 1846, the edifice, afterwards occupied by the Central Methodist Church, was built for this society. The pastors were the Reverend John G. Naylor, the Reverend Ira Person, the Reverend John Duncan,

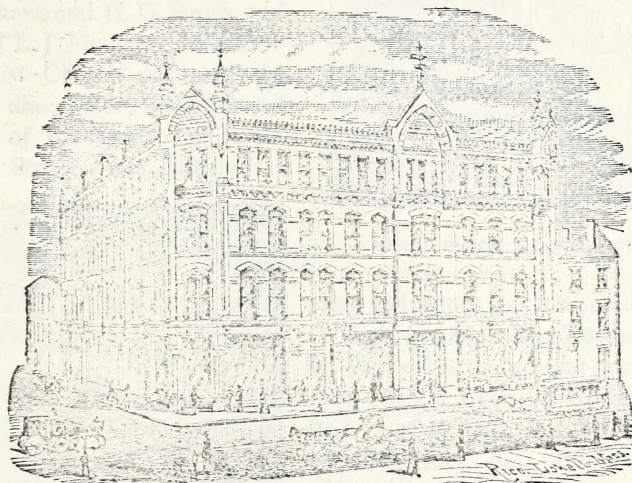
the Reverend Sereno Howe, the Reverend John Duer, and the Reverend John Hubbard. The church was disbanded in 1861.

The Worthen-street Methodist Episcopal Church was organized October 2, 1841, and the edifice was erected the following year. The succession of pastors has been the Reverend A. D. Sargent, the Reverend A. D. Merrill, the Rev. J. S. Springer, the Reverend Isaac A. Savage, the Reverend Charles Adams, the Reverend I. J. P. Collyer, the Reverend M. A. Howe, the Rev-

Reverend M. Ronan, assisted by the Reverends John D. Colbert and Thomas F. McManus.

In 1843, the Lowell Missionary Society was established. The Reverend Horatio Wood officiated in the ministry and labored in free evening schools and Sunday mission schools, successfully.

The Kirk-street Congregational Church was organized in 1845; the edifice was built in 1846. The Reverend Amos Blanchard was installed the first pastor and continued to his death, January 14,



APPLETON BLOCK, CENTRAL STREET.

erend J. W. Dadmun, the Reverend William H. Hatch, the Reverend A. D. Sargent, the Reverend L. R. Thayer, the Reverend William H. Hatch, the Reverend J. O. Peck, the Reverend George Whittaker. The present pastor is the Reverend Nicholas T. Whittaker.

The St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church was gathered on Christmas, 1841. The Reverend James Conway, the first pastor, was succeeded in March, 1847, by the Reverend Peter Crudden. The present rector is the

1870. He was succeeded by the Reverend C. D. Barrows. The present pastor is the Reverend Charles A. Dickinson.

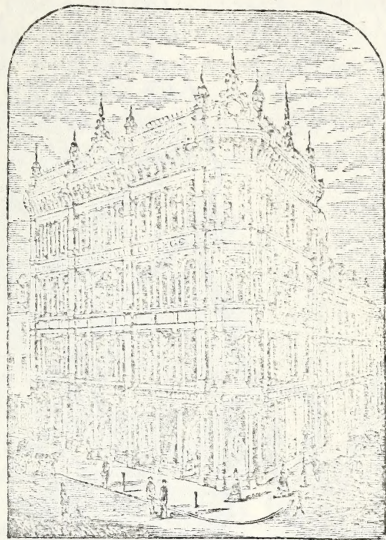
The High-street Congregational Church was organized in 1846. Their edifice was built by the St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which was formed in 1842 and was disbanded, in 1844, under the ministration of the Reverend A. D. McCoy. The Reverend Timothy Atkinson was pastor from 1846 to 1847; the Reverend Joseph H. Towne,

from 1848 to 1853; the Reverend O. T. Lanphier, from 1855 to 1856; the Reverend Owen Street, from September 17, 1857.

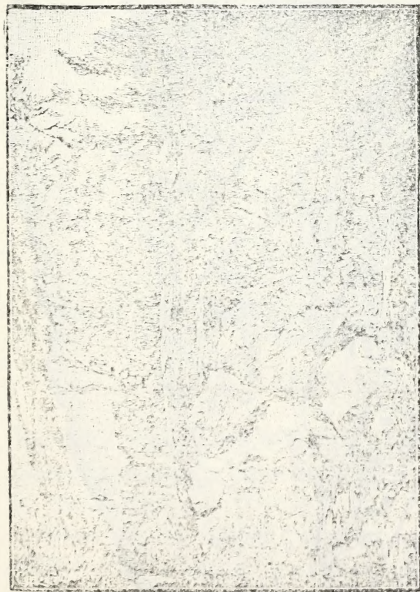
St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church was originally built for the Baptists, but was purchased in 1846 by the Reverend James T. McDermott, and consecrated March 7, 1847.

The Third Universalist Church was organized in 1843, and the edifice known as Barristers' Hall was built for its use. It was disbanded after a few years. The pastors were the Reverend H. G. Smith, the Reverend John Moore, the Reverend H. G. Smith, and the Reverend L. J. Fletcher. The Central Methodist Church occupied the edifice for a time, before they secured the building of the Third Baptist Society. The Society was gathered in

Isaac J. P. Collyer, the Reverend Chester Field, the Reverend Lorenzo R. Thayer, the Reverend J. H. Mansfield, the Reverend Andrew McKeown, in



FISKE'S BLOCK, CENTRAL STREET.



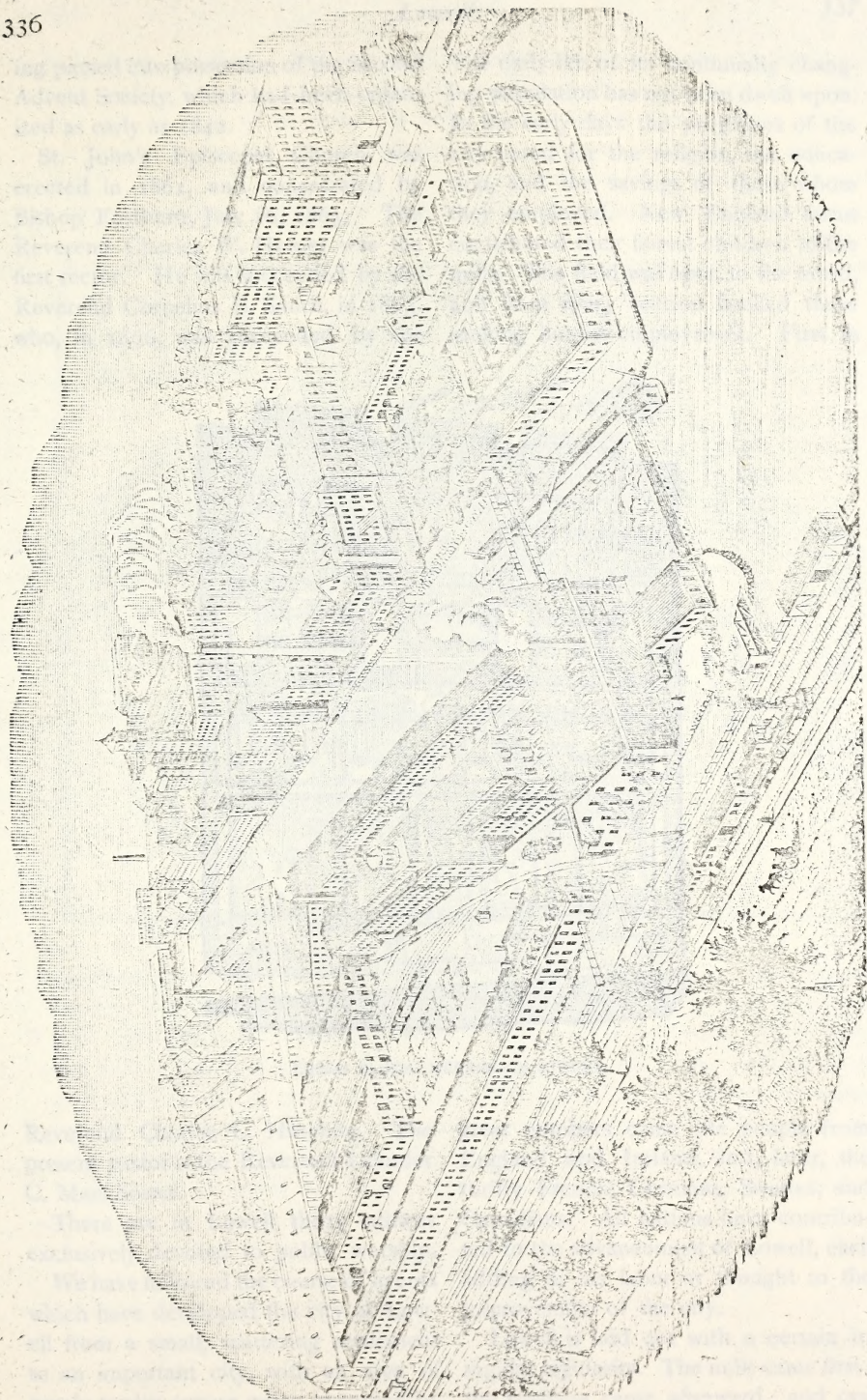
SCENE BELOW HUNT'S FALLS.

1854. The pastors have been the Reverend William S. Studley, the Reverend Isaac S. Cushman, the Reverend

1865 and 1866, the Reverend William C. High, in 1867. The Reverend Isaac H. Packard is the present pastor.

In 1850, a Unitarian Society, organized in 1846, built the Gothic Chapel on Lee Street, and occupied it until 1861, when it passed into the hands of a society of Spiritualists. The Unitarian pastors were the Reverend M. A. H. Niles, the Reverend William Barry, the Reverend Augustus Woodbury, the Reverend J. K. Karcher, the Reverend John B. Willard, and the Reverend William C. Tenney. It became the property of the St. Joseph (French) Roman Catholic Church.

On July 5, 1855, the stone church on Merrimack Street was dedicated as a Methodist Protestant Church. There preached the Reverend William Marks, the Reverend Richard H. Dorr, and the Reverend Robert Crossley. The build-

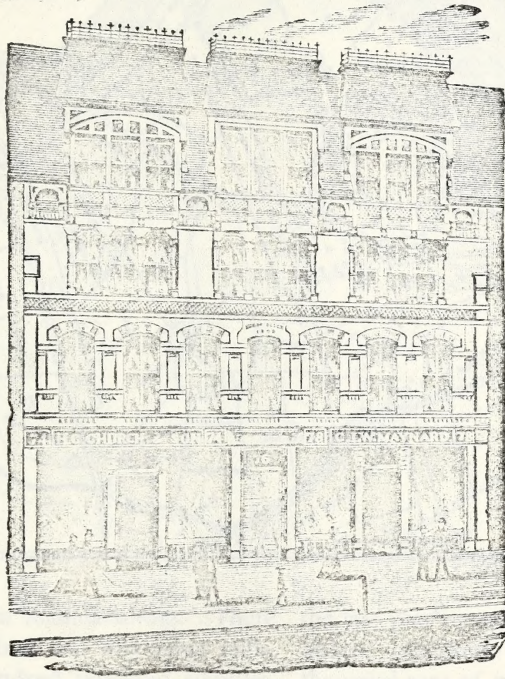


LOWELL MACHINE SHOP.

ing passed into possession of the Second Advent Society, which had been organized as early as 1842.

St. John's Episcopal Church was erected in 1861, and consecrated by Bishop Eastburn, July 16, 1863. The Reverend Charles W. Homer was the first rector. He was succeeded by the Reverend Cornelius B. Smith, in 1863, who, in 1866, was succeeded by the

The daily life of its continually changing population has not been dwelt upon. In the early days the projectors of the city cared for the religion, the education, and the savings of those whom they employed. New England farms contributed their fairest children to the mills. The field was open to the world, and from every section flocked those seeking honest employment. First in



EDSON BLOCK, MERRIMACK STREET.

Reverend Charles L. Hutchins. The present pastor is the Reverend Leander C. Manchester.

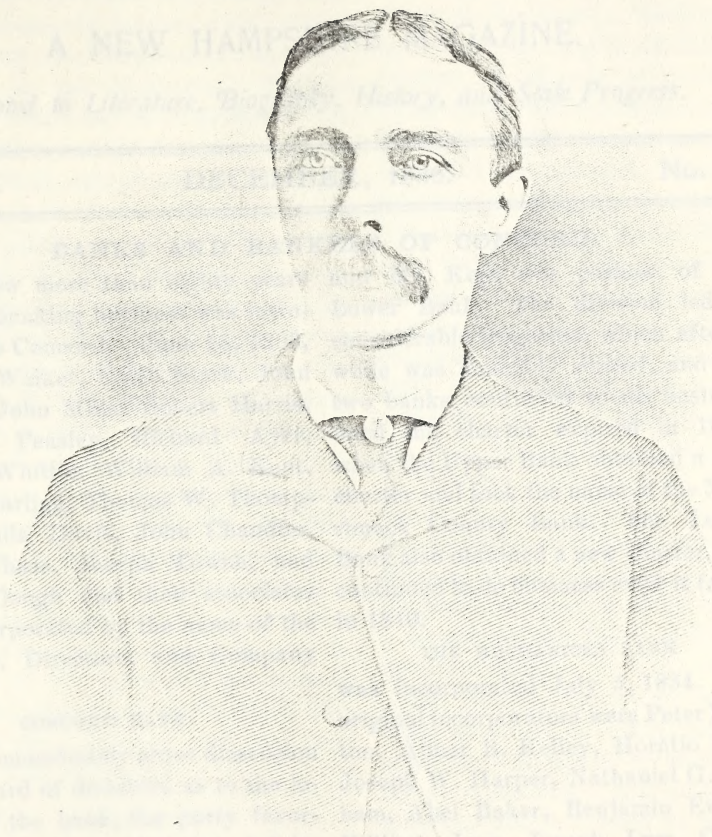
There are in Lowell thirty edifices exclusively devoted to public worship.

We have followed the course of events which have developed the city of Lowell from a small, scattering settlement to an important city, with an area of nearly twelve square miles, occupied by more than sixty thousand inhabitants.

great numbers came the people from England and Ireland, and, later, the thrifty French, Germans, Swedes, and Canadians. All nations have contributed to the advancement of Lowell, each adding of his labor or thought to the improvement of the city.

Lowell is laid out with a certain irregular regularity. The mills came first: the business came afterward; and one finds canals, business blocks, and mills

Desired in Literature, History, and Geography



Eng.^d by A.H. Fitchie

Wm. H. Tracy

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

Devoted to Literature, Biography, History, and State Progress.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1886.

No. 12.

BANKS AND BANKERS OF CONCORD.

It is now more than eighty years since the banking business was introduced into Concord. June 18, 1806, Timothy Walker, Caleb Stark, John Bradley, John Mills, Robert Harris, Ebenezer Peasley, Richard Ayer, William Whittle, William A. Kent, Joshua Darling, Thomas W. Thompson, Aquila Davis, John Chandler, Baruch Chase, Joseph Towne, and Joseph Clough and their associates were incorporated by the name of the President, Directors, and Company of the

CONCORD BANK.

There immediately arose dissension in the board of directors as to the location of the bank, the party favoring the "north end" being led by Hon. Timothy Walker; the party favoring the "south end" being led by Colonel William A. Kent. As a result two banks went into operation under the same charter, each claiming exclusively to be the Concord Bank, one called the Upper Bank, the other the Lower Bank. Mr. Walker was the first president of the Upper Bank, and Samuel Sparhawk was the first cashier. Mr. Towne was president,

and Mr. Kent was cashier, of the Lower Bank. The division led to considerable litigation, which after a while was amicably settled, and the two banks continued to do business until the charter expired in 1826, when the Upper Bank obtained a new charter and took the name of the Merrimack County Bank. The Lower Bank also obtained a new charter, and continued to do business until it failed in 1840.

THE MECHANICKS BANK

was incorporated July 5, 1834. Its original incorporators were Peter Renton, Abner B. Kelley, Horatio Hill, Joseph W. Harper, Nathaniel G. Upham, Abel Baker, Benjamin Evans, William Low, Joseph Low, Cyrus Barton, Ralph Metcalf, Nathaniel Curtis, James Minot, Arnold Carroll, Moody Kent, Ezra Carter, William Richardson, and Isaac F. Williams. The original officers were Nathaniel G. Upham, president; George Minot, cashier; N. G. Upham, Peter Renton, Horatio Hill, J. M. Harper, N. Curtis, and A. B. Kelley, directors. The original capital was \$100,000. The charter of the bank was extended

June 22, 1853, and its affairs were closed in 1865. The last officers were Josiah Minot, president; Charles Minot, cashier.

MIXOT & Co., consisting of Josiah and Charles Minot, commenced banking business in January, 1866. Their business was incorporated January 3, 1880, as the Mechanics National Bank, with a capital of \$100,000. Josiah Minot was the first president; B. A. Kimball, vice-president; James Minot, cashier; Josiah Minot, Benjamin A. Kimball, Joseph B. Walker, Edward H. Rollins, Charles H. Amsden, John M. Hill, and Sargent C. Witcher, directors. At present Benjamin A. Kimball is the president; Joseph B. Walker, vice-president; James Minot, cashier; and B. A. Kimball, J. B. Walker, Josiah Minot, C. H. Amsden, E. H. Rollins, John Kimball, and J. M. Hill are directors. The three last named directors have received notice in former numbers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. A few lines here may not inappropriately be devoted to the quiet and gentlemanly cashier, with whom the business public in their dealings with the bank come most in contact.

JAMES MINOT,

son of Jonas and Ann (Bartlett) Minot, and grandson of James Minot of Bristol, was born April 12, 1843, in Clarkson, Monroe county, New York, and received his education at the Collegiate Institute, in Brockport, New York. In August, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the 140th Regiment New York Volunteers, and went to the front. He served with his regiment through many hard fought battles, including Chancellorsville, until

in the first day's battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, he was severely wounded, and captured by the enemy. He had a bit of experience in Southern prisons until he was parolled the following September. He was exchanged in January, 1865, and received an honorable discharge, on account of wounds received at the Wilderness, the following June. In November, 1865, he entered a banking office in Brockport, where he remained nearly two years, or until he came to Concord, in April, 1867, and went into the employment of his uncles, Minot & Company.

Upon the organization of the Mechanics National Bank, in January, 1880, he was appointed cashier.

He married May 15, 1874, Fanny E., daughter of Hazen and Martha A. (Drew) Pickering, of Concord. He is an Odd Fellow, a member of the South Congregational church, and belongs to the Grand Army of the Republic, of which organization he is a member of the National Council of Administration.

Mr. Minot belongs to a family many members of which have been noted financiers, and he sustains the family reputation. One sees in him a representative veteran of the grand old army of the Potomac, modest, quiet, brave, fearless, patriotic, intelligent, such as the South at first underestimated, but soon learned to dread from their dauntless courage and cool determination.

THE NATIONAL STATE CAPITAL BANK

was organized January 26, 1853, as the State Capital Bank. The first directors were Samuel Butterfield, Abram Bean, R. N. Corning, Hall

Roberts, Ebenezer Symmes, Asa Fowler, and Enos Blake. Samuel Butterfield, the first president, was succeeded in 1860 by Hall Roberts; in 1862, by John V. Barron; and in 1878, by Lewis Downing, Jr. Edson Hill, the first cashier, was succeeded in 1858 by Jonas D. Sleeper; in 1859, by Preston S. Smith; in 1872, by Henry J. Crippen; in 1882, by Josiah E. Fernald.

The bank was reorganized as a national bank January 2, 1865, when John V. Barron, Robert N. Corning, James Peverly, Jonas D. Sleeper, and James S. Norris were directors. The present board of directors are Lewis Downing, Jr., James S. Norris, Lyman D. Stevens, J. Everett Sargent, John H. Pearson, John F. Jones, and Henry J. Crippen.

The capital stock is \$200,000. The surplus fund and undivided profits amount to over \$104,000. The deposits amount to over \$300,000.

JOSIAH E. FERNALD.

the cashier, son of Josiah and Mary E. (Austin) Fernald, was born in Loudon, N. H., June 16, 1856. He received his education at the Pittsfield academy. He came to Concord March 22, 1875, and took the place of messenger and clerk in the National State Capital Bank. He was appointed cashier February 20, 1882. He was married December 8, 1880, to Anna, daughter of Curtis White, of Concord. Their union has been blessed by two children, Edith and Mary Fernald. Mr. Fernald is a member of the First Baptist church, and is an active, conscientious, public-spirited, and useful citizen.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

was organized in March, 1864. Asa Fowler, Enos Blake, Edward H. Rollins, William Walker, Benning W. Sanborn, George A. Pillsbury, and Moses Humphrey were the first directors. Judge Fowler and Messrs. Rollins and Pillsbury have been previously mentioned in these pages. Asa Fowler, the first president, was succeeded in 1867 by George A. Pillsbury; in 1878, by A. C. Pierce; in December, 1882, by William M. Chase; in 1885, by William F. Thayer. Woodbridge Odlin, the first cashier, held his position but one month, resigning to accept the appointment of assessor of internal revenue. He was succeeded by William W. Storrs, who in 1874 was succeeded by William F. Thayer.

CHARLES G. REMICK

is now cashier. Mr. Remick, son of Granville L. and Judith F. (Stevens) Remick, was born October 6, 1848, in Pittsfield, was educated in the common schools of Pittsfield and Concord and one year at the Chandler Scientific school at Hanover, and settled in Concord in 1863. He was a clerk in the Concord post-office one year, a clerk in the adjutant-general's office two years, was out West and South nearly six years, and returned to Concord in December, 1874, and took a position in the First National Bank.

He was assistant cashier for several years, and was appointed cashier in January, 1886.

WILLIAM F. THAYER,

president of the First National Bank, was born in Kingston, N. H. His

parents were Calvin and Sarah Wheeler (Fiske) Thayer. Mr. Calvin Thayer was for many years a leading and influential citizen in Rockingham county, serving for a long time as county treasurer, and holding successively the principal town offices of Kingston. He was the son of Rev. Elihu Thayer, D. D., who for more than thirty years was the pastor of the Congregational church of Kingston, and who for many years was the president of the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society. Mr. Thayer moved with his family to the village of Meriden in 1855, where, at Kimball Union Academy, his son, William F. Thayer, received his education.

At the age of seventeen years Mr. Thayer came to Concord, and for a short time was employed in the store of C. C. Webster, and then accepted a position as clerk in the post-office, Robert N. Corning being at that time post-master. He soon gave evidence of his business ability, and became chief clerk, a position he held for four years. After leaving the post-office, he spent a few months in the West, and upon his return to Concord entered the counting-room of the Elwell Furniture Company, where he remained about eight months. He then became a clerk in the First National Bank of Concord, where his strict integrity, conservatism, and financial ability won for him speedy promotion. He was appointed assistant cashier in 1873, cashier in 1874, and president in January, 1885.

That the directors of the First National Bank of Concord should entrust to Mr. Thayer the presidency and the executive management of the finances

of the institution was not only a deservedly high compliment to the young president, but was an evidence of the astuteness and discriminating judgment of the directors, a body collectively and individually of high repute for financial and executive ability. The board of directors consists of that veteran financier, Thomas Stuart, William M. Chase, a leading lawyer of Concord, Colonel Solon A. Carter, state treasurer, Hon. Edgar H. Woodman, mayor of Concord, William P. Fiske, treasurer of the New Hampshire Savings Bank, and Colonel Chas. H. Roberts, well known in financial and political circles. The confidence of the community in the bank is shown by a deposit of over three quarters of a million of dollars. The capital stock of the bank is \$150,000; the surplus fund, \$150,000; the undivided profits, over \$25,000. The bank has dealt very largely in government and municipal bonds and other safe securities, and now holds over \$300,000 in United States bonds. In fact, in financial circles it is conceded that the First National Bank of Concord is the strongest bank in the state.

The exceptionally high financial condition of the First National Bank is largely due to the management of its former cashier and present president, William F. Thayer. He is a keen and well balanced banker, possessing a natural aptitude for grasping financial questions and solving them by his foresight. He is at once conservative and cautious, yet progressive and bold in his plans. Thoroughly familiar with banking operations, from the most trivial details to heavy transactions, he com-

prehends the true management of a financial corporation. He is an organizer, a man to plan, to foresee and provide for obstacles, and to execute. He has originality, and a talent for finances. His elevation has been gained by improving his natural talents, by hard and long-continued work, close application, and constant study, until by right to him belongs a command in the army of financiers,—men who, while increasing their own fortunes, are developing the resources of the country, and improving the values of all investments.

Mr. Thayer is clerk and director in the Contoocook Valley Paper Company; director, clerk, and treasurer of the Concord Cattle Company; director in the Lombard Investment Company; director in the Johnson Loan and Trust Company; treasurer of the city of Concord since 1879; treasurer of the Concord Hospital Association; and is interested in other corporations and associations. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, belonging to Blazing Star Lodge and Mount Horeb Commandery. He is an ardent Republican, and an active and influential member of the South Congregational church of Concord.

Mr. Thayer united in marriage, October 20, 1874, with Sarah Clarke Wentworth, daughter of Colonel Joseph Wentworth, of Concord, and their family consists of two children, Margaret and William Wentworth Thayer. A severe blow to them was the loss of their daughter, Edith Jenkinson Thayer, who died at the age of three and a half years.

Aside from his industry, good judgment, and financial ability, his pleasing address has won for Mr.

Thayer, and for the bank, a multitude of friends. He is affable, courteous, polite. Socially he is a pleasing companion, not given to frivolity, but enjoying the society of friends. As a business man he is level-headed, of sound judgment, of sterling good sense; enjoying to the utmost the confidence of the people. All recognize his eminent fitness for the responsible places he fills.

Perhaps Mr. Thayer's most prominent characteristic is perseverance. Any object or scheme he undertakes to promote he will stick to until it is accomplished. He has great tenacity of purpose; he is diligent in business, does not delay, but attends to all details promptly. He is a hard worker, and, being methodical, is enabled to accomplish large results, and so manages as to have no friction with the other officers of the bank. He is very considerate of the rights and comfort of the employes. Withal, he is public-spirited in the affairs of the church and of the state.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SAVINGS BANK was organized in July, 1830. The incorporators were Samuel Green, Timothy Chandler, Joseph Low, Nathan Ballard, Jr., Samuel Morrill, Nathaniel Abbott, William Low, Jonathan Eastman, Jr., Nathaniel Bouton, Moses G. Thomas, and David L. Morrill. The first trustees were Timothy Chandler, Nathan Ballard, Jr., Samuel Fletcher, Francis N. Fiske, Samuel A. Kimball, Jonathan Eastman, Jr., Nathaniel G. Upham, Isaac Hill, Richard Bradley, William Low, Robert Ambrose, Ezekiel Morrill, Hall Burgin, William Gault, Stephen Brown, David George, William Kent, and Richard Bartlett.

The bank has had six presidents,—Samuel Green, Joseph Low, Francis N. Fisk, Samuel Coffin, Joseph B. Walker, and Samuel S. Kimball; and four treasurers,—Samuel Morrill, James Moulton, Jr., Charles W. Sargent, and William P. Fiske.

At present the trustees are Samuel S. Kimball, Enoch Gerrish, Jesse P. Bancroft, Francis A. Fisk, Joseph B. Walker, John H. Stewart, Oliver Pillsbury, Sylvester Dana, M. H. Bradley, George H. Marston, P. B. Cogswell, Mark R. Holt, William G. Carter, Charles T. Page, John C. Thorne, John H. George, Samuel C. Eastman, and Henry McFarland.

The resources of the bank in July, 1886, amounted to \$3,136,681.40. There were over six thousand depositors, who were secured by a surplus of \$119,048.29, a guaranty fund of \$135,000, and an increased value on stocks and bonds amounting to \$215,864.00. If the depositors should make a run on the bank after their savings were withdrawn, there would remain a balance of \$469,912.29.

The bank is probably one of the strongest, safest, and most carefully and successfully managed of any savings institution in New England.

WILLIAM P. FISKE,

treasurer of the New Hampshire Savings Bank, son of Francis A. and Abby G. (Perry) Fisk, was born in Concord, December 6, 1853. He received his education in the public schools of Concord, supplemented by one year's attendance at Phillips academy, at Andover, Massachusetts. In October, 1872, he went into the employ of the New Hampshire Savings Bank as a clerk, receiving his

appointment as treasurer in 1875. Mr. Fiske is unmarried; a member of the North Congregational church; president of the Concord Y. M. C. A.; treasurer of the Concord City Library; treasurer of the New Hampshire Historical Society; and director of the First National Bank of Concord.

Mr. Fiske is a man of good executive ability, strong intellectually, quiet and unassuming, conscientious, conservative, reliable, and safe. He is thoroughly acquainted with financial transactions, and his character for honor, integrity, and uprightness may be known from the important trusts reposed in him. He ranks very high as a business man, and his judgment and advice in matters of finance are highly valued. He is an eager student in the best English literature, and has already gathered a choice collection of the standard authors. He is a natural musician, and for several years was the leader of his church choir. Mr. Fiske is a Democrat.

THE MERRIMACK COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

was incorporated July 2, 1867, and organized May 3, 1870. Hon. Lyman D. Stevens was elected the first president, and has held the office ever since. The present board of trustees are Lyman D. Stevens, William M. Chase, John Kimball, John M. Hill, Woodbridge Odlin, George A. Cummings, James L. Mason, George W. Crockett, Daniel Holden, Isaac A. Hill, Leonard A. Smith, Lysander H. Carroll, Benjamin A. Kimball, Henry W. Stevens, and Charles H. Amsden. William M. Chase is vice-president, John Kimball is secretary and treasurer, and Frank P. Andrews is teller.

The deposits in September of the current year amounted to \$886,690.72, while the surplus, guaranty fund, and premium on stocks and bonds aggregated the resources of the bank to \$1,010,178.38.

Hon. John Kimball, the treasurer, has received, in an earlier volume of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, a brief biographical sketch.

THE LOAN AND TRUST SAVINGS BANK

was incorporated in June, 1872, by J. Everett Sargent, Asa Fowler, Geo. G. Fogg, William Butterfield, John V. Barron, James Peverly, Nathaniel White, James S. Norris, Calvin Howe, and others. Hon. J. Everett Sargent was elected president at the first meeting of the bank, and has held the office ever since. John V. Barron, the first treasurer, was succeeded in 1878 by George A. Fernald; in 1885, by John F. Jones.

The total resources of the bank at present amount to \$1,933,205.29, of which sum \$1,826,956.47 is due to depositors, leaving a surplus of \$111,248.82.

The present trustees are J. Everett Sargent, James S. Norris, Lewis Downing, Jr., John F. Jones, Silas Curtis, Howard A. Dodge, John H. Barron, Leander W. Cogswell, Paul R. Holden, Howard L. Porter, John M. Mitchell, and William H. Allison.

A sketch of Hon. J. Everett Sargent appeared in Volume III of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*.

JOHN F. JONES,

the treasurer, son of Jonathan and Sarah (Currier) Jones, was born in Hopkinton, March 31, 1835; was ed-

ucated at the Hopkinton academy; married October 23, 1861, Maria H. Barnard, and has two sons. He went into business for himself in 1861 in the village of Contoocook, retiring in 1869. Since then he has carried on his farm of two hundred acres in West Hopkinton, and been much engaged in business in Hopkinton and adjoining towns. He was for several years town-clerk and treasurer of Hopkinton; a member of the last constitutional convention; a director of the First National Bank of Hillsborough; a director of the National State Capital Bank of Concord; a trustee of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank; treasurer of the Antiquarian Society of Contoocook since its organization; treasurer of Merrimack county; treasurer of the New Hampshire Press Association; treasurer of the Woodsum Steamboat Company; treasurer of the Manufacturers and Merchants' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Concord.

Mr. Jones is a Mason, a member of Aurora Lodge, Woods Chapter, and Mount Horeb Commandery. He is also an Odd Fellow, a Democrat, and a member of the First Baptist church of Hopkinton.

He was appointed treasurer of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank in December, 1885.

His friends say that he is a very able financier, systematic, of large business capacity, successful, widely known, and highly respected.

It would not be fitting in writing up the banks of Concord to omit private banking establishments. The first to be considered, by reason of seniority, is the firm of

CRIPPEN, LAWRENCE & CO.

The active manager of the firm in the East is Henry J. Crippen, the son of Henry and Elizabeth (Stockwell) Crippen, who was born in Canterbury, England, from which place the family migrated to this country when he was five years old. His ancestry on the father's side were of French descent, and on the mother's of the old Anglo-Saxon stock. After a brief residence in Maine the family removed to Boston, and remained in that city and vicinity for about seven years, then moved to Grafton, Mass., where the parents now reside.

Henry's early education was received at the public schools of Boston, which, by permission of the committee, he continued to attend for several years while residing outside the limits of the city. At the time of his removal to Grafton the town had no high school, and finding himself in advance of the district school he decided to go to work.

Grafton was a shoe manufacturing town, and at the age of thirteen he learned the shoemaker's trade, and worked on the bench for three years. Having saved the greater part of his earnings he resolved to obtain a liberal education, and with that end in view became a student in the New London (N. H.) academy. He graduated from that institution in 1857, and was the valedictorian of his class. In the same year he entered the freshman class of Dartmouth college. Here he took the regular academic course, and graduated in 1861, and was class poet. He paid his expenses at New London and in college by teaching during the winters, and one spring and two fall terms; but, notwithstand-

ing these interruptions, he graduated among the first scholars in his class. He taught his first school in Hopkinton, N. H., when sixteen years old. After graduating from college he taught for two terms at Upton, Mass., and in March, 1862, came to Concord, and commenced the study of law with Henry P. Rolfe, and later studied with Anson S. Marshall. In September, 1862, he entered a competitive examination for the position of assistant teacher in the high school, and was the successful candidate. At that time the principal of the high school was also superintendent of schools, so that a large part of the work devolved on the assistant. The following year that arrangement was discontinued, and Mr. Crippen was elected as principal of the Merrimack grammar school, which place he resigned in March, 1865, to accept a position in the office of the state treasurer, an office then filled by Hon. Peter Sanborn. In 1869 he received the appointment of clerk of the joint committee of the U. S. house of representatives and senate on retrenchment, and the following year was appointed clerk of the senate committee on the District of Columbia, which office he resigned in 1872, when he was chosen cashier of the National State Capital Bank, of Concord. About this time he commenced investing for personal friends in Western mortgages, but so satisfactory and successful were those investments that what was commenced as a matter of accommodation soon grew into a large business, and the firm of Crippen, Lawrence & Co. was formed, having offices at Concord, N. H., and Salina, Kansas.

In 1881 Mr. Geo. E. Lawrence, who had charge of the Concord office, died, and Mr. Crippen resigned his position as cashier in order to give his whole time to the business of the firm. Under his management the business has grown to large proportions, and the investments of the firm are held by nearly all of the savings-banks of the state, and by private investors throughout New England, and even as far off as California and Florida. The firm has recently extended its business to England, and has received some large orders from that country.

Mr. Crippen is thoroughly reliable, safe, and conservative, possessing excellent business qualities, good judgment, and sound common-sense. He is an earnest thinker, and has made the subject of finance a constant study. In business matters he takes broad, comprehensive views, while his practical acquaintance with banking and his thorough knowledge of details are of great assistance in determining the method of carrying out his plans.

Mr. Crippen is popular, not only with business men, but with educators also. He has never lost his interest in educational matters, and has served continuously on the board of education since 1870, and is now its president. He favors practical rather than ornamental education. He has never been a candidate for political office, but is largely interested in the business, educational, and charitable organizations of the city. He is a ready, concise, and effective speaker and writer. He has definite views and decided opinions, which he expresses clearly and forcibly. In politics he is a Republican; he is not

a member of any church, but attends the Unitarian. He was married Sept. 30, 1868, to Susan J., daughter of Col. Peter Sanborn. Their union has been blessed by two daughters.

E. H. ROLLINS & SON,

bankers and brokers, with branch houses in Dakota, Colorado, and Kansas, were established as a firm in Concord in 1884. The senior member, Hon. E. H. Rollins, has represented New Hampshire in the house of representatives and the senate of the United States, and a sketch of his life appeared in Volume I of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*. The son is

FRANK WEST ROLLINS,

who was born in Concord, February 24, 1860. He was educated in the public schools of the city and under the tuition of Moses Woolson. He took a three years course at the Institute of Technology, and took a special course at Harvard college for one year, devoting his time to literature and political economy. For a year and a half he studied law at the Harvard Law School, and for another year and a half in the office of Hon. John Y. Mugridge. He was admitted to the bar in 1882. He was married December 6, 1882, to Katherine W., daughter of Frank H. Pecker.

Mr. Rollins is a young man of talent and ability, bright, agreeable, polished in his manners, exceedingly industrious and painstaking in his business, zealous in what he undertakes. He is active, earnest, studious, genial, kindly, companionable, social. He is a natural business man, clear-headed, reasonable, methodical, intelligent, of great application and quick decision. Outside of finances,

his tastes lean towards literature. He is public-spirited, and popular in society.

GEORGE A. FERNALD, brother of J. E. Fernald, is well known in social and business circles of Concord. He was for a number of years treasurer of the Loan and Trust Savings Bank, but in December, 1885, he accepted a very advantageous offer to form a partnership with Thomas S. Krutz, under the firm name of George A. Fernald & Co. The firm are dealers in Eastern and Western bonds, mortgages, and other investment securities, and are managers of the Eastern office of the Central Loan and Land Co., of Emporia, Kansas, and have a well appointed office at 23 Court street, Boston, Mass., in the Adams building.

Well posted investors in Western farm mortgages and debenture bonds, who have kept their funds successfully invested in this class of securi-

ties for many years, continue to do business with such companies as the old and reliable Central Loan & Land Co., of Emporia, and are not misled by the flaming advertisements of a class of companies that have recently sprung up, whose officers have little or no knowledge of the business, and who are selling a third-rate security on the strength of their guaranty.

Mr. Fernald enjoyed to the utmost the respect and confidence of the officers of the bank with which he was so long connected, and wherever known is thoroughly respected as a young man of great business ability, of good judgment, and of the highest character for integrity and honor. His business now is largely with the banks of New England, the managers of which consider his advice safe and reliable.

Mr. Fernald is connected by marriage with one of the most energetic and enterprising families of Concord.

A BIT OF FAMILY BRAG.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

If one cannot claim celebrity for heroic deeds of his own to redound to the family credit, there may be some ancestral character and conduct, or merit in others of the blood, to give a name distinction, if it were only brought to light. It needs the trowel of the historical delver to clear away the rubbish when a revolution occurs of that which should not have been neglected, but which has been allowed to moulder in the dust of time until complete forgetfulness has enshrouded it. "The

lives of *great* men all remind us," sang the poet, and incidents in the lives of *little* men might serve the same purpose were there any to proclaim them. The great men, unfortunately, have gathered all the glory, while heroism, patriotism, and self-sacrifice, as pronounced among the humble, have been left to decay with forgotten bones, commemorated by no line of recognition or one word of praise, the virtue, literally, being its own reward. There are hosts of

those whose praises might be sounded without derogating one whit from the just fame of the distinguished, or detracting from the gratitude their services awakened. Embarked in one service, as in our Revolutionary struggle, to which these remarks apply, each lent aid to the other, and should by right share the honors.

The present paper contemplates one in humble life, who did his part in those days, and did it well, inspired by no motive but a love of country, and was conspicuous among his fellows, though not, perhaps, exceptionally meritorious amid so patriotic a community as that in which he lived.

Joseph Shillaber, a blacksmith of the patriotic old town of Portsmouth, was an active member of the Liberty party, and was, no doubt, without authentic data to prove it, active in those scenes that filled Tories with terror and were a constant dread of weak non-committalists. Family tradition fixes his character as a patriotic partisan, ardent and ready, and his name affixed to documents of the day, in protest or in pledge of support for patriotic measures, determines the quality of his mind. His blacksmith-shop was on the site now occupied by the Portsmouth academy, and was the resort of the Sons of Liberty, who gathered about his anvil, where sparks were emitted that doubtless rivalled those of the forge, but which were not as evanescent. When John Paul Jones was in Portsmouth superintending the building of the ship *Ranger*, which he was to command, he frequented the shop of the patriotic blacksmith, for whom he manifested a warm friendship,

using strong arguments to induce him to go in the *Ranger* as armorer. Having his name enrolled at Concord, and awaiting a summons, he declined the marine service, and Jones sailed without him. It was a matter of early family pride to recall the picture of the dark-browed chief, in the cocked hat and military cloak, seated upon the anvil, conversing with the man of the hammer.

But, in spite of his resolution not to go to sea, a circumstance happened which, as is often seen in human life, served to try his determination. The "*Dalton*," privateer, of Newburyport, Mass., touched at Portsmouth to fill her complement of men and add to her stores, besides, probably, requiring something to be done to her iron works, which the subject of this paper was called on to perform; and then succeeded a dark day for the blacksmith. By what inducement it is not known, but he became enrolled among the crew of the "*Dalton*." He was a poor man, and that was a time when the hope and prospect of prize-money had a potent influence in filling up the privateers, to which he must have listened, and yielded. It was a disastrous step, however, for, in twenty-five days from the time of leaving port, the "*Dalton*" was taken by a British frigate, and her crew taken to Hull, Eng., where they were held as prisoners for three years and eight months, suffering great privation and indignity, during which time communication with home was entirely cut off.

The facts regarding this imprisonment are obtained from a diary kept by one of the crew of the "*Dalton*," published some years since in New-

buryport, which graphically details the sufferings endured during their prison life. They were held in rude barracks under rigid charge, with limited yard-room for occasional exercise, and their long confinement was marked by constant attempts to tunnel out and escape. They were always intercepted, and, with every hope frustrated, punished, and humiliated, they had a painful time of it. Their life was a long and dreary vacuity, with no relief save what came through the sympathy of benevolent people outside, who humanely gave them occasional help. What the narrator has not told we can imagine: the crushed hope, the cruel restriction, the weary delay, the longing for tidings of home, the failing health, the prison fare, the irksome surveillance, the insulting reproach attendant on prisoners of war—rebels taken in arms against their king. But there were times when an old London paper was accidentally obtained—wrapping up some gratuity from the outside—and gleams of joy obtained from reading of successes by the patriots, which revived hope and made even prison life endurable. Through all their sufferings they maintained an uncompromising spirit of fidelity to the cause, though sorely tempted, and but two or three were found base enough to become free by enlisting under the British flag. They remained true to the last. Through all, the subject of this sketch bore his part. His name, written in the diary, though not orthographically correct, establishes his identity. It appears there as "Joseph Shilaby," and was probably written phonetically, as the name was thus pronounced by his

towns-people, and as it is pronounced by many of the older people of Portsmouth at the present day.

The cloud at last lifted, and Benj. Franklin, at Paris, secured a cartel for exchange of prisoners, by which the crews of the "Dalton" and other privateers were taken to Brest, where the fleet of Paul Jones lay, fitting out for a cruise, and divided among the fleet. The "Bonhomme Richard," Jones's flagship, might, on personal grounds, one would think, have proved an attraction to Shillaber, but he chose the "Alliance," perhaps on the ground that she might be sooner ordered home, or because she was a new Yankee ship, and therefore safer than the flagship, which was an old East Indiaman transformed into a man-of-war. He was there on the "Alliance," and took his chances in the battle that ensued, of which his heirs had proof, many years afterwards, in the form of a share of the prize-money proceeding from that action. The amount, however, did not seem commensurate with the distinguished service rendered.

Little is known of my subject after his return, save that he was a good citizen, and lived for twenty years enjoying the peace his valor helped to win. A saintly wife rendered his home pleasant, and his fireside was doubtless made interesting by narrations of his severe experiences. It is heartily wished by the writer that the narrator had told more; but it gives him opportunity to regret that more pains are not taken by teachers and parents—especially the latter—to impress upon children the importance of events transpiring within their own knowledge or experience,

of which the children may not be cognizant until they obtain it in history. Scott and Burns became what they were through impartations at the ingleside; and every well informed man or woman should have something to impart without being first asked for it, as children left to themselves are not more likely now than in another age to ask questions.

In "Adams' Annals of Portsmouth" an account is given of a great procession that was formed there in 1778 to celebrate the signing of the constitution by New Hampshire (completing the number of states required for its ratification), in which all the trades were represented, among them blacksmiths at work at their forges; and I cannot help the belief that Joseph Shillaber was there, hammering out his approval with emphatic blows. It is not an unreasonable conjecture, and who can dispute it?

When the "Sons of Portsmouth"

returned to their old home in 1853, one of his descendants singled out for a speech was to be introduced by a sentiment that recognized both the "navy and the army." This identified him as a soldier as well as a sailor; and what if he had gone to the front and been killed, or done anything else of a distinguishing character? His biographer might have had a bigger story to tell, wherein his imagination undoubtedly would have been tempted to run wild over impossible fields, and quite compromised the veracity of the chronicler, whose plain story of the events that actually did occur must excite the reader's admiration. As the Connecticut philosopher at the grave of Adam regretted, with tears, that his ancestor had not lived to see him, and that he had not lived to see his ancestor, the writer confesses to a similar weakness, and indulges in a similar regret.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE TOWN OF LANCASTER, N. H.

By J. S. BRACKETT.

Sketches of towns, like sketches of the lives and characters of individuals, are liable to criticism, for one to "the manner born" is very likely to say more than the exact truth, that is, to guild the picture and adorn it with lights and shades that are not absolutely visible to the eyes of those who see afar off. In this short sketch I will endeavor to confine myself within the limits of fact, and curb the impatient

strivings of fancy, so that those who are acquainted with the rugged character of our town and its surroundings shall not say the picture is overdrawn, and those who may be led to gaze for the first time on the beauties which nature here reveals shall say the truth has not half been told.

It is now one hundred and twenty-one years since Lancaster was first settled, David Page, Emmons Stock-

well, and Edwards Bucknam being the first white men to enter upon the task of clearing this then a wilderness, so that it might be the abode of civilized life.

In the Indian raids upon the settlements in the lower part of the province, some prisoners had been taken and carried up the Connecticut, and notable among them was John Stark, who, it is said, escaped from his captors at or near the head of the Fifteen-Mile falls. Hunters and trappers had visited the forests and streams of the Cohos county for the moose and beaver which abounded in all this region. Some among them had noted the rich alluvial soil of this beautiful valley, and the chances it afforded for easy and profitable cultivation, and had told the stories, somewhat exaggerated, perhaps, to the dwellers south; and to men who had the spirit of adventure born and bred within them, this country seemed a fitting place for the trial of their nerve and endurance.

As hunters and trappers have generally discovered the hidden treasures of the earth, and first penetrated into the deep recesses of the forests, and with good judgment formed their estimate of a country's fertility and adaptability to the wants of an increasing and extending population, so in this case. And here came those men whom I have named, the pioneers who opened up to civilization and culture the most beautiful section of our state.

The first years were years of trial; and it called out all the manly fortitude of which these men were possessed to endure the rigors of climate and the various perplexities and embarrassments to which they were sub-

jected. Their corn was destroyed by frost, their cattle browsed in the woods for want of shelter and fodder, and for their sustenance the streams and woods were resorted to. Fortunately moose, the giant of the northern forests, regaled himself in the ponds and partook of the succulent branches of the trees, his favorite grazing grounds being where the mountain ash of the hills and the lily-pads and roots of the shallower ponds afforded him food. Grouse and pigeons were found, and the black bear, stories of whose capture would fill a book,—and then the streams abounded with trout and salmon; and Bucknam being a most expert huntsman and fisherman, their scanty stores of food were kept beyond the limits of starvation.

Year by year a few new comers from the lower part of the province and from Massachusetts were added to their number, clearings in the forests became more extensive, the seasons more propitious, and the soil cultivated yielded of her fruit generously. There was "marriage and giving in marriage," children were born, a school-house of logs was built, and the rude lessons from the crude text-books were taught by the aid of Master Birch.

During the dark period of the Revolution some of the settlers who had penetrated a little farther north, and a few weak souls of the settlement who dreaded the incursions of Indians and who shrunk from the hardships and perils of their exposed position, abandoned the settlement, and sought greater security in the settlements south. But the energy and pluck of Capt. Stockwell prevented a general

exodus, for he declared though all others left he should "stay," and stay he did; and others, animated by his example, took heart and remained with him. Lancaster owes much to him and them for their persistence and manly endurance.

Soon after the Revolution, when a quiet had settled over the land, the "Cohos" settlers began to receive reinforcements, for many farmers and others about Great Bay and in the vicinity of Strawberry Bank, having been reduced in financial circumstances by the events of the war, sold their places to parties more fortunate than themselves, came up into this region, "taking up" land along the river and gradually going back on to the hills, until between the years 1790 and 1794 there were settlers enough to build a "meeting-house" and call a pastor to look after the moral and religious welfare of the community. Among the most valuable accessions prior to this time were Lieutenant Dennis Stanley, a man of great vigor of mind and body, and who was noted for his energy and self-reliance; Capt. John Weeks, who was the delegate from the upper Cohos in the convention to form a constitution for the state; Lieutenant Joseph Brackett; and Richard Clare Everett, the first lawyer to settle in Lancaster. These men had all served for longer or shorter periods in the struggle for Independence, and were ever true to their convictions of duty, and to the interests of the town of their adoption. Many of their descendants still live within the limits of the town. Gradually, but surely, from this period the town increased in wealth and population, until, in the

winter of 1812 and spring of 1813, a terrible epidemic prevailed here, and among the many victims, including the young and the old, were Lieuts. Brackett and Stanley. Then the cold seasons of 1816 and 1817 intervened, in which the crops were cut off by drouth and frost, and some were so disheartened that they left for more genial climates; but the sturdy ones remained. Soon the inhabitants began to recover from the discouraging effects of those years, and the general prosperity of the town was assured.

The village of Lancaster was then one of "magnificent distances." At that time the meeting-house stood upon the hill, part of which has since been graded down and become Memorial park; and thence stretching northerly the road ran a mile to the house of Major Wilder, which was said to have been "raised" on the memorable "dark day," and which still stands, and is owned by H. F. Holton, Esq. Near the head of the street was the court-house; Wilson's tavern, where the genial host dispensed lodging, supper, breakfast, and New England rum for the price of fifty cents, all told; two stores, where calico, tobacco, tea, salt, and the essential run were exchanged for wheat, corn, and peltries, very little cash being then in circulation. Going south from the "head" of the street, as it was called, towards the meeting-house, was Boardman's residence and store on the west side of the road; then a little farther down on the east side was the more pretentious residence of Judge Everett, which still stands, and is owned and occupied by his descendants; then

still farther, the Stockwell bridge, built by Capt. Emmons Stockwell—across Israel's river—named by Israel Glines, who, with his brother John, was a famous hunter in this region. The Indian name of this river was *Siwooganock*, "Place of burnt pines."

On its banks were Stockwell's and Greenleaf's mills, the river affording an almost unlimited amount of power. On the southerly side was the house of Titus O. Brown, the father of James B. Brown, whose life and career in Portland, Me., reflected so much honor upon himself, and contributed in an eminent degree to the prosperity of the city of his adoption; the tavern built by Sylvanus Chesman, one of the first blacksmiths of the town, and which stood until within a few years, and known as the "American House;" besides which there were but two or three other houses, except the old meeting house upon the hill, where it stood from 1794 until 1846, when it was removed from its original site to its present location, and is used as a place of merchandise, a portion being set apart as a public hall. The house was built strong and square, like the theology of the fathers, with no elaboration of design or ornament, and in it the people assembled from 1794 to 1822, to listen to the preaching of the Rev. Joseph Willard.

Parson Willard was a man of commanding presence, a noble specimen of goodness and religious faith, wise in counsel, and full of true charity and grace. His death occurred here July 22, 1826.

In 1841 the present Congregational church was built. The pulpit has been occupied by various able and good men, who have upheld the faith

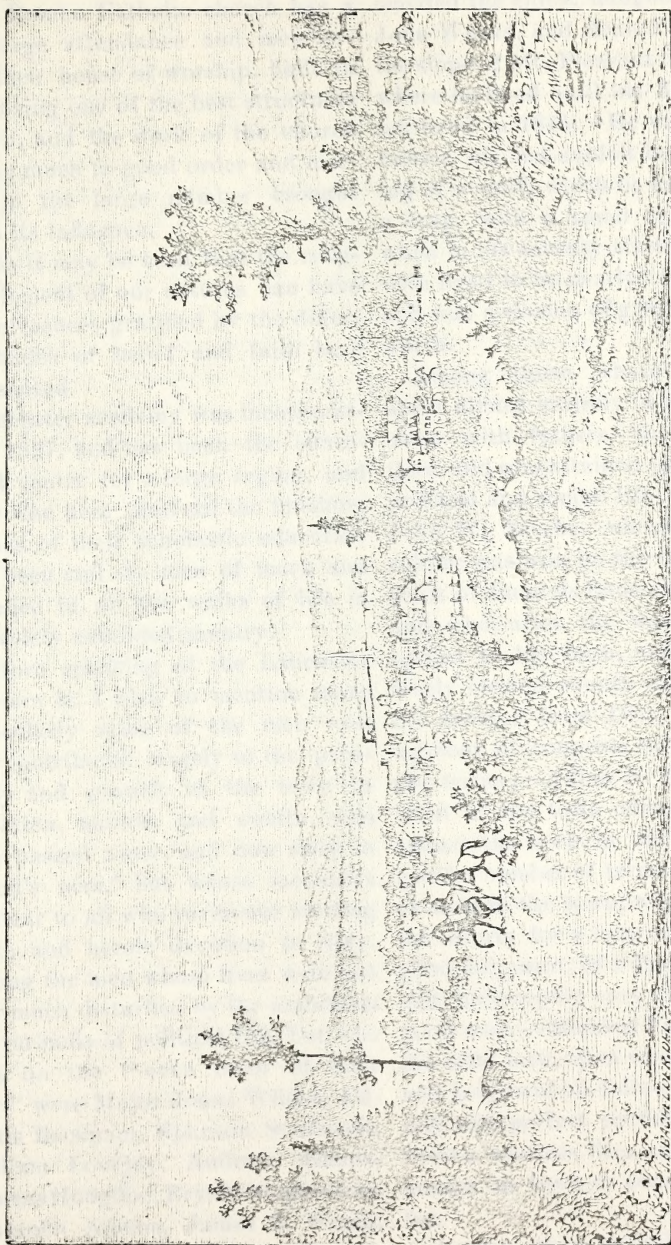
with zeal and success to the present time, Rev. S. A. Burnaby now being the pastor.

The followers of Wesley had prior to 1816 held meetings occasionally in different parts of the town; but the Methodist Episcopal society of Lancaster was not formed until 1831, and the church edifice was built in 1834. The numbers of the society have steadily increased, and now it is probably one of the strongest church organizations in town.

A Calvinist Baptist church was formed in 1809, but the society was feeble, and never maintained regular preaching until 1858, when the old Lancaster Academy building,—which was built in 1805 for a court-house, and in which Ezekiel Webster, James Wilson, George Sullivan, Joseph Bell, and many other eminent men of the New Hampshire bar, had engaged in forensic combats,—was purchased by the society, and remodelled for a house of worship. The society is now, as a distinctive organization, unknown, and its former membership is merged with the other religious organizations of the town. But the old building is now used for a public library, having been purchased and its use given to the town for that purpose through the munificence of George P. Rowell.

In 1853 a Unitarian society was formed, and in 1856 the present church edifice was built. The little heaven has transfused itself into the lump of society, and the church, feeble in numbers at first, has become a great power for good.

In 1876 the Episcopalians erected a church building, neat and commodious, and meantime held regular ser-



LANCASTER, N. H.

vinces, the parish embracing some of the oldest and most respectable families in town.

The Roman Catholic church has a very large attendance and membership, their house of worship, built in 1877, being one of the best structures in town, and the work of the church tending much to good order and morality in the large number brought within its influence.

Thus it may be seen that the religious element of our natures can have its preferences gratified by the different shades of belief and faith here represented.

Lancaster academy was incorporated in 1827, and has been the educational centre for a large region, and many who here received the finishing touches of their scholastic education have been and are men of mark and influence in all the walks of life in our widely extended country.

Before speaking of the Lancaster that now is, I wish to mention more particularly some of the men who have contributed largely to the prosperity and growth of the town in education, morals, and wealth, who have passed away, and now sleep in "God's acre," but whose memories are dear to all who reverence sterling worth and heroic devotion to duty. Among the men whose lives were not very much disturbed by the ambitions and turmoils of political life, but who kept on the "even tenor of their way," were Major Jonas Wilder, Edwards Bucknam, Ephraim Stockwell, William Lovejoy, Andrew Adams, Phineas Hodgdon, Bryant Stephenson, Benjamin Adams, James B. Weeks, and John McIntire. Edward Spaulding was a descendant of the famous

Hannah Duston. His father, Daniel Spaulding, was one of the first settlers of Northumberland. Edward married the eldest daughter of Capt. John Weeks, and cleared the farm on the slope of Mt. Pleasant in this town, where he lived until his death, which occurred in 1845. He was a famous hunter, his last exploit being the killing of a wolf, which he had caught in a trap, with a small club, and this when in his seventy-sixth year. His wife lived to be nearly 100 years old, and was a woman of great energy and worth.

Among those whose lives were spent almost entirely in town, having come with fathers, the earlier settlers, and who attained prominence in political and social life, were,—Maj. John W. Weeks, whose fame as a soldier was won on the bloody battlefields of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, and who, after the war of 1812, returned to his farm, and was successively elected county treasurer, sheriff, senator from Dist. No. 12, and member of congress in 1828, serving two terms;—Adino N. Brackett, who filled all the town offices, and represented the town in the legislature a greater number of terms than any other man in the town, who was clerk of the courts for a long time, a man of good judgment, of a decidedly literary and philosophic cast of mind, and a good man;—Richard Eastman, one of the solid men, upon whose good sense and judgment his fellow-citizens could rely with perfect confidence, and who lived a spotless life, enjoying all the honors his town or county could confer.

Among others in their several pursuits and professions who gained

prominence were,—of physicians, Drs. Benjamin Hawking, Samuel Legro, Eliphalet Lyman, J. E. Stickney, and J. W. Barney; of lawyers, S. A. Pearson, Hon. J. W. Williams, Wm. Farrar, C. J. Stuart, Levi Barnard, Gen. Ira Young, Turner Stephenson, John S. Wells, H. A. Fletcher, and William Burns.

The merchants were represented by Ths. Carlisle, Wm. Cargill, Benj. Boardman, Wm. Sampson, Royal Joyslin, and R. P. Kent. The farmers and mechanics by John H. White, David Burnside, Ephraim Cross (father of the lamented Col. E. E. Cross), Warren Porter, Josiah Belows, Benja. Stephenson, and others, now all gone to the "sleep which knows no waking;" but the descendants of these men are to be found all over our land, in Old Virginia, among the orange groves of Florida, all along the "golden coast where reigns perpetual summer," in the mines and on the ranches of California, along the Pacific slope where the Oregon pours its waters, in Alaska's remotest bounds, on the broad prairies and in the teeming cities of the West, in the Empire state, and wherever enterprise and energy are needed, there they are engaged in all honorable professions and pursuits, while of others their sad requiem is being sung through the pines and groves by the whispering winds on many a Southern battle-field.

The Lancaster that now is will occupy the remainder of this paper.

From every point of view the location is beautiful, and the general air of neatness which pervades the town is due very much, perhaps, to its grand and beautiful surroundings. Its business and its wealth have very much

increased since the completion of the White Mountains Railroad in 1870. Business has been stimulated by the advantages it affords, and traffic of every kind has been very much increased without marring the beauties of nature, or demoralizing the business men engaged in it. To-day the principal business firms are represented by a class of men who stand well in all the moral and social relations of life, who while endeavoring to add to their fortunes and fame, are also doing much to make the town better in all its features.

The clergymen are all men of culture, men who have broad and advanced views of life and its duties, and who by precept and example are leading the people to a higher plane of thought and action. The Orthodox Congregational society has for pastor Rev. Sydney A. Burnaby; the Methodist, Rev. A. C. Coult; the Unitarian, Rev. James B. Morrison; the Episcopal, Rev. E. P. Little; the Catholic, Rev. H. A. Lessard.

Lancaster academy is presided over by Prof. D. T. Timberlake, and a good work in the cause of education is going on under his supervision.

Our physicians are Drs. Ezra Mitchell, E. D. Stockwell, D. L. Jones, and F. Spooner; and two dentists,—Drs. S. L. Wellington and O. H. Kimball.

Our lawyers stand as well before the bar of the state as any who make the profession their business. The oldest member of the fraternity is Hon. Wm. Heywood, who has been called *the* honest lawyer, and associated with him is his son, Henry Heywood. Mr. Heywood is a native of Concord, Vt., a town sequestered

among the beautiful hills of the Green Mountain state, and which has given birth to many eminent men, among whom was Thaddeus Stevens, Hon. Harry Bingham, and Judge G. A. Bingham. His practice has been extensive, reaching over a long period of years. His blameless life adds honor to our town and to the legal fraternity. Jacob Benton, who has represented this congressional district in the national legislature, came here from Waterford, Vt., in 1843, and pursued the study of law with Hon. Ira Young, then perhaps the leading lawyer of Coös, and, forming a partnership with Gen. Young, has continued the successful practice of law up to this time, besides being a successful and able politician. Benjamin F. Whidden is a native of this town, a graduate of Dartmouth college, represented the town in the general court of the state, and the United States as minister to Hayti. Ossian Ray, a native of Vermont, late a member of congress, began his law practice in this town, having studied with S. W. Cooper. Henry O. Kent, a native of Lancaster, and son of the late Richard P. Kent, is a graduate of Norwich (Vt.) military academy, studied law in the office of Mr. Benton, and began his political career quite young by being elected assistant clerk of the N. H. house of representatives, since which time he has been prominently before the people, and is everywhere known for his honesty and marked ability, having been representative to the general court, and now senator from this district. William S. Ladd is a native of Dalton, a graduate of Dartmouth college, has been one of the judges of the supreme

court of the state, and a member of the constitutional convention and of the state legislature. George A. Cossitt is a native of Claremont, commenced practice here in 1843, was cashier of the old Lancaster Bank, and has also been a representative in the legislature: he has now given up the active work of his profession. Jared I. Williams is a native of Lancaster, and second son of the late ex-Gov. Jared W. Williams, an alumnus of Brown University; has also been in the legislature, is a practical civil engineer, and gives that branch of business quite as much attention as the law. Irving W. Drew is a native of Stewartstown; graduated at Dartmouth college, and began the practice of his profession with Hon. O. Ray, was elected to the senate from this district in 1882, and, declining a re-nomination, devotes himself to his practice, which is very extensive. Chester B. Jordan enjoys the distinction of having been born in Colebrook, and of having been reared upon a farm. His early education was obtained in the district schools of his native town, and the advantages derived from Colebrook academy. Was appointed clerk of the courts of Coös in 1868, holding the office until 1874, being succeeded by the present highly popular and efficient incumbent, Moses A. Hastings. Mr. Jordan was admitted to the bar in 1875, and became a member of the law firm of Ray, Drew & Jordan. Elected to be one of the representatives of the town to the general court in 1880, he was chosen speaker of the house in June, 1881. As a lawyer he is a hard worker. Everett Fletcher is a son of the late Hon. H. A. Fletcher, one of

the foremost practitioners at the Coös bar. He is the junior partner of the law firm of Ladd & Fletcher. After the death of Hon. W. D. Weeks, judge of probate of this county, Gen. Fletcher was appointed his successor. Carl Abbott and D. J. Bailey represent the younger members of the profession resident in town. It surely is an array of names and of talent that cannot be surpassed in the state.

Of the merchants, the leading firms are those of R. P. Kent & Son, J. A. Smith, Kent & Roberts, D. W. Smith, Frank Smith & Co., Howe Bros., Bailey & Smith, S. G. and A. G. Evans, and J. R. Parcher.

General merchandise—P. J. Noyes and C. F. Colby.

Druggists—Cobleigh & Moore, J. M. Rowell, Morse & Davis.

Hardware, farming tools, etc.—T. P. Underwood, Geo. W. Lane.

Merchant tailors—C. Deitrich.

Manufacturing establishments, etc.

—Marshall & Eaton, carriages, etc., Richardson & Folsom, furniture, besides which there are several shoe stores.

This article can speak but briefly of these various firms and their business. The establishment of R. P. Kent & Son is the oldest in town. Mr. R. P. Kent coming to Lancaster in 1825, and soon entering upon business for himself. He built up an extensive trade, was active and successful in business, and was the leading merchant of the county up to the time of his death, which occurred in April last. The career of Mr. Kent was in some respects a remarkable one. His energy, persistence, and integrity were the elements in his character that gave him a leading place in the busi-

ness of this section of the state, for the sixty years he was a resident of this town. The business is still carried on under the old firm name, his son, Col. E. R. Kent, who was for some years the active business partner, conducting it.

James A. Smith is the next oldest business merchant of the town. Mr. Smith has been in trade thirty-eight years, sometimes with a partner, but always at the head of the establishment himself. He is a son of Allen Smith, long known in this community as the first saddler, or, as we say now, harness-maker, in town. He was a veteran of the War of 1812, and a pillar of the Methodist church. Mr. J. A. Smith is still actively engaged in business.

The firm of Frank Smith & Co. does a larger and greater variety of business than any other firm in this section. Mr. Smith was born in Lunenburg, Vt., in 1833, came to Lancaster in 1855, and commenced with a small capital and small stock in the grocery trade. By a close application to his work he increased his capital and his stock, and the result is his heavy business transactions of to-day. His first partner in trade was Ariel M. Bullard, who died in 1881, and was succeeded by his son, W. E. Bullard, who is still an active partner. The old grist-mill was purchased by the firm, but it was soon destroyed by fire, and a new and well appointed one immediately built, said to be one of the best, if not the very best, in the state. Adjoining they built a large block in which are their offices, the remainder being devoted to their great stock of flour, grain, and heavy groceries. On the opposite

side of Israel's river are their large saw-mill and lumber yards. The firm employ a large force of men and teams to meet the demands of their constantly increasing trade. In so far as they are concerned they are public benefactors, and employ more labor for which a remunerative price is given to the working-men of this section than any other firm. All honor is due such men for their energy and public spirit.

Marshall & Eaton's carriage manufactory does an extensive business, the excellent quality of the work insuring ready sales for all vehicles made by them. The business was begun in 1848 by Anderson J. Marshall, father of the present senior member of the firm. Upon his retirement from business, his son associated with himself Wright Chamberlain, who soon sold out his interest to George R. Eaton; and now, under Mr. Marshall's personal supervision and the employment of a large number of skilled workmen, no establishment of the kind turns out as many elegant and thoroughly constructed carriages as this, north of Concord.

The iron foundry and machine shop, under the firm name of A. Thompson & Co., was established in 1847. Since the death of Mr. Thompson in 1882, the firm, continuing the old name, consists of K. B. Fletcher, Jr., F. H. Twitchell, C. W. Balch, and W. A. Jones. Mr. Thompson was one of the finest machinists in the country, and owing to his genius and reputation the works became favorably and widely known, and under the present management is sustaining its well earned reputation. Sixteen or eighteen men are employed,

and the character of the work gives excellent satisfaction.

The furniture manufactory of Richardson & Folsom employs ten or twelve men. Mr. Richardson commenced business here in 1868. In 1870 his factory was burned, but more extensive works were immediately entered upon, and now it is the leading furniture factory in northern New Hampshire.

Erastus V. Cobleigh and John L. Moore, wholesale and retail dealers in hardware, carry a very large stock of goods, and in all matters pertaining to their business have the respect and patronage of an extensive range of customers. Mr. Cobleigh was formerly associated with R. P. Kent in the same business.

J. M. Rowell has a well appointed store, his stock consisting of mechanics' tools and the thousand and one things used by builders and farmers.

Morse & Davis, hardware dealers, is a comparatively new firm, but do a thriving business.

Kent & Roberts, dry and fancy goods, formerly Kent & Griswold, have an elegant store, where the most fastidious may find that which shall meet their wants.

The prince of tailors is Thomas S. Underwood, merchant tailor. He is a son of the Rev. Joseph Underwood, the first settled minister of New Haven, Maine, where he was born in 1830. Mr. Underwood came to Lancaster in 1853, and was in the employ of Burnside & Woolson until 1861, when he commenced business for himself. His customers are found all over New England, and his work is always satisfactory.

A comparatively new firm is that of Howe Brothers—established in 1877—dealers in groceries, provisions, crockery, etc. Their business is large and increasing.

George W. Lane carries a large and fully assorted stock of ready-made clothing, gentlemen's furnishing goods, hats, caps, gloves, trunks, overcoats, and all that pertains to the toilet of men or boys. He commands the largest trade in his line of any dealer in northern New Hampshire. Mr. Lane is a native of Lunenburg, Vt., and commenced business here in 1871.

Parker J. Noyes is one of the leading apothecaries in New Hampshire, and pharmaceutical chemist. He employs eight or ten operatives, and furnishes his goods throughout New England and the Middle and Western states. He prepares and catalogues about 1,500 different articles. He has, by his energy, skill, and fair-dealing, built up his present prosperous business. He is a native of Columbia, in this county of Coös, and has been in Lancaster since 1868.

The Lancaster National Bank is the only national bank in Coös county, established January 1, 1882, with a capital stock of \$125,000. Its officers are George R. Eaton, a native of Portland, Me., president, who has been extensively engaged in lumbering operations; Everett Fletcher, vice-president; Frank D. Hutchins, cashier. The directors resident in town are Chester B. Jordan, William Clough, and Burleigh Roberts.

The Savings Bank of Coös County is located here. Its depositors number nearly 1,000, and the amount deposited about \$200,000. Col. H. O.

Kent has been its efficient treasurer since its establishment.

Of the other large number of business firms and establishments I cannot at present write, except to mention those places provided for the travelling public, and as resorts of pleasure-seekers and those who love the pure air and glorious scenery of our hills and valleys. The Williams House, John M. Hopkins, proprietor; Elm Cottage, Mrs. M. E. Hunking, proprietor; and the Lancaster House, N. A. Lindsey & Co., proprietors, are the principal houses kept open for the general accommodation of the public. Hillside Cottage is a charming summer boarding-house, W. L. Rowell, proprietor. It has been and still is a favorite resort for those who love quiet and repose.

Mt. Prospect House, William H. Smith, proprietor, was built by Mr. Smith, in 1883, on the summit of Mt. Prospect, at an elevation of 2,090 feet above the sea level, and 1,240 feet above Lancaster village.

The three Martin Meadow hills in the southern section of the town are beautiful from their gentle slopes and undulating outlines. They are named, respectively, Mt. Prospect, the most easterly and of the greatest elevation, Mt. Pleasant, in the centre of the group, and Mt. Orne, the most westerly. The rounded summit of Mt. Prospect is a feature in the landscape from any point of view, whether one is approaching the town from any direction, or is looking up from the valley, its symmetrical form being clothed with the rich verdure of its surrounding fields and pastures, and its wooded heights are enchanting. Crowning its top is the house, and

from it a picture of loveliness is spread out before the beholder,—a picture of quiet beauty that cannot be surpassed. The glorious "Crystal hills," the various forms and shapes of four hundred lesser peaks, mirror-like lakes, and, lovelier far than anything else, forty miles of the Connecticut valley, dotted with farms and villages and clustering woods, while its own waters as they flow so placidly and silently along, and other streams coming down from the surrounding mountains to join their waters with his in their majestic course to the sea, seem like silver threads in an embroidery of emerald. To the Mt. Prospect House it is only one hour's drive over a good carriage-road from the Lancaster House, and those who love nature in her quiet and still beautiful forms and moods should not fail to see it from that point. Sunset or sunrise viewed from the summit of the mountain is gorgeous and glorious, or sombre and spectral, as the variously tinted clouds and mists may take shapes and hues.

The Lancaster House is one of the best hotels in the state, whether taken as a place of public entertainment, or as a resort for the pleasure-seeker, or of rest and refreshment for the weary traveller. It was built by the Messrs. Lindsey on the site of the "Old" Lancaster House, which was burned in 1879, and opened to the public Nov. 29, 1882.

Mr. John Lindsey, who is associated with his son, Ned A. Lindsey, in the management of the Lancaster House, has been intimately connected with the travelling public and the interests of Lancaster for a good many years, having purchased the Coös

Hotel, then the leading hotel of Coös county, in 1849; built the first Lancaster House in 1857, and managed it for several years; was proprietor of the Eagle Hotel in Concord from 1862 to 1866; built the extension of the B. C. & M. Railroad from Whitefield to Northumberland during the years 1869, 1870, and 1871; for five years, from 1873 to 1878, was proprietor of the famous Fabyan House; has conducted the Ocean House at Old Orchard Beach, and the Preble House, Portland, Maine, and for a while a hotel in Georgia. His reputation as a landlord is of the highest. The Lancaster House is fitted most admirably for the comfort of guests, being heated by steam and lighted by gas, and from the neatness and thoroughness of its furnishing, its roominess and airiness, is all that can be desired. It embellishes the village, everywhere surrounded with objects of beauty.

Taking Lancaster as the shire town of the county, and as the centre of trade, of education, of wealth, and of population for a large section of country, with her enterprise, talent, and social advantages, she is highly favored; but the glory of the town is in her scenery, encompassed about by the mountains, and the valley is a charmed spot. Starr King said,— "The drives about Lancaster for interest and beauty cannot be surpassed, and "grand combinations, too, of the river and its meadows with the Franconia range and the vast White Mountain wall are to be had in short drives." In whatever direction one may go he is delighted with some new burst of beauty, some lovely form of tree and feature of landscape.

LOCALITIES IN ANCIENT DOVER.—Part I.

BY JOHN R. HAM, M. D.

The town of Dover, N. H., originally embraced within its limits the present towns of Somersworth, Rollinsford, Newington, Madbury, Durham, and Lee. The land in the town was voted to the settlers from time to time in public town-meeting, held in the old meeting-house on Dover Neck. These grants of land were from ten to four hundred acres each, and were laid out by the lot-layers, chosen in annual town-meeting. The record of the surveys and bounds of these grants made by the lot-layers, now a part of Dover town records, furnishes the names by which some of the localities were called in the infancy of the settlement. The common lands of the town were divided among the inhabitants in 1732, and the land grants by the town ceased.

ASH SWAMP (THE). There was an ash swamp, so called as early as 1694, between Nock's marsh and Barbadoes pond, and another between Salmon Falls and Cochecho.

BACK RIVER. This name is found in these land grants as early as 1649, and was given to the stream which flows into the Pascataqua river on the west side of Dover Neck. The settlers gave the name to the stream from its mouth up to the head of tide-water, where Sawyer's Woollen Mills now stand; above tide-water at the first falls it became Belleman's Bank river, and now called Bellamy river.

BARBADOES POND. On the Littleworth road, four miles from the city hall, and lying in the present town

of Madbury. It was so called as early as 1693, and "commonly so called" in 1701. Is it not the same as "Turtle" pond, which is mentioned in a land grant in 1719? The name is retained to this day.

BARBADOES SPRING. The spring lying south of the pond, and which supplies the south side of Dover with water, was thus called as early as 1701.

BARBADOES SWAMP. So called in 1693, and also called the ash swamp. It lay south of the pond of the same name.

BEACH HILL. It was "commonly so called" in 1652, and is the long hill, partly in Madbury and partly in Durham, which lies near and to the south-west of Hicks's hill, and just south of the road leading from Hicks's hill to Lee. At the west end was an Indian burial-ground, and in 1652 it was spoken of as "att y^e Indian graves, att Beach Hill."

BEARD'S CREEK. So called as early as 1672. It is the brook which flows into Oyster river on the north side, next below the falls of the same.

BEAVER DAM (THE GREAT). In 1659 Capt. Thomas Wiggin had a grant of land "neare y^e Great Beaver Dam, on y^e south branch of Bellomans Bank river," and the name is retained in land grants down to 1720. The "Beaver Pond Meadow" was mentioned in 1693. It was one quarter of a mile above the confluence of the Mallego and Belloman's Bank rivers.

Where was the Little Beaver Dam, whose existence is implied in the above title?

BELLAMY. A locality and a river. As a locality, the neighborhood about the falls lately occupied by William Hale. As a river, the whole river upon which are Sawyer's mills, from its source down as far as tide-water; below the head of tide-water it becomes Back river. For the origin of the name, see "Belleman's Bank."

BELLEMEN'S BANK. The steep bank on the north side of the stream now known as Bellamy river, near Dunn's bridge at Sawyer's upper mill. The stream is often mentioned in the early land grants as "the freshett that flows past Belleman's Bank." The origin of this name has always baffled those who are curious in such matters, and the correct solution, as we think, is now for the first time offered.

A deed on the old Norfolk Co., Mass., records, shows that "Mr." William Bellew owned a house and twenty acres of land on the north side of the stream in 1644, and that he sold it to Christopher Lawson. And in 1648, when the "Great Cochecho marsh" was divided among the settlers, we find one lot set apart "for Mr. William Belley"—denoting that he, although absent, yet had interests here. The prefix of distinction shows him to have been a man of good position. We find him in Oyster River parish (now the town of Durham) in 1647, as a witness to a deed given by Darby Field, and he signed his name WILL: BELLEW.

If Mr. William Bellew, or "Belley," was absent, and some man in his employ occupied his premises at the Bank above mentioned, then the occupant would be, in common parlance, "Mr. Belley's man," which corre-

sponds with other similar cases on the Dover records. And the bank, on which these premises were situated, would easily be designated as "Mr. Belley's Man's Bank." The ready contraction of these names into "Belleman's Bank" was natural. It became "Bellamy" Bank at about 1800, and afterwards the name, which had become applied to that entire neighborhood, became restricted to the locality above the original bank, where Mr. William Hale, now of Dover, purchased, who at once dropped the word "Bank" from the name, and simply called the locality, and the stream, Bellamy.

BELLEMEN'S BANK RIVER. So called as early as 1646, in land grants. It is the stream which becomes Back river at the head of tide-water, at Sawyer's Woollen Mills. The settlers always applied the name to the fresh water part of the stream above the falls; Back river was always used by them to indicate the stream below the falls at the head of tide-water.

It is written in the land grants, Belleman's bank, Beleman's bank, Belliman's bank, Beliman's bank, Beloman's bank, Bellomay bank, Belemye bank, and Bellemie bank. And in the later town records, from about the year 1800 to 1840, it is written Bellamy bank.

When Mr. William Hale, now of Dover, purchased the land and falls next above Sawyer's mills, he at once dropped the word "bank" from the locality and from the stream, and they are now known as "Bellamy." For the origin of the name, see Belleman's Bank.

BLACK WATER. A locality so called as early as 1693. It lies north of

Cochecho pond, and the brook running through it is called Blackwater brook.

BLIND WILL'S NECK. Blind Will, a sagamore of the Indians about Cochecho, was a friendly Indian in the service of Major Richard Waldron. In March, 1677, Major Waldron sent out eight friendly Indians to obtain information as to the presence of hostile Indians. This party was surprised by a band of Mohawks, and only two or three escaped. Blind Will was dragged away by the hair, and, being wounded, perished on the neck of land at the confluence of the Isinglass and Cochecho rivers. This neck has ever since been called Blind Will's Neck.

BLOODY POINT. The point of land in Newington opposite Dover Point. The name arose, in 1631, from a *bloodless* dispute, as to the jurisdiction of the spot, between Capt. Walter Neal, the agent of the Portsmouth settlement, and Capt. Thomas Wiggin, the agent of the Dover settlement. The name came at length to denote all of Dover's territory on the south side of the Pascataqua river, and is retained as the name of the point to this day. Whitehouse's map of Dover, in 1834, has *incorrectly* placed Bloody Point on the north side of the Pascataqua, viz., on Dover Neck.

BRANSON'S CREEK. This name was given as early as 1653 to a tributary on the western side of Oyster river, near its mouth.

BRISTOL. On an old map, in 1634, the settlement at (now) Dover was called Bristol.

BUNKER'S CREEK. It flows into Oyster river, eastern side, and is near the Bunker garrison.

BUNKER'S GARRISON. Bunker's garrison, which was successfully defended in the Indian massacre at Oyster river, on July 17, 1694, and which stands to-day in an excellent state of preservation, is on the east side of the river, on the road leading from the mouth to the first falls.

CALVES PASTURE (THE). The name given to a town pasture as early as 1652, when it was laid out. It was on Dover Neck, bordering on Back river, and contained thirty-six acres in 1722, when it was divided among the settlers.

CAMPIN'S ROCKS. This name was given as early as 1660 to a high granite ledge on the western bank of the Cochecho river, about a mile below the first falls, and which by projecting into the river constitutes the "Narrows." Tradition says a man named Campin, being pursued by Indians, was obliged to jump from the ledge into the river in order to escape.

CAMPION RIVER. This name was given, as early as 1647, to what was afterwards called the Lamper-eel river, and now the Lamprey river.

CEDAR POINT. So called in 1652. It is the point of land on the west of the mouth of Back river, and lies north of Goat island.

CHARLES POINT. This name was given, as early as 1660, to a point at the entrance of Little bay, in Oyster river parish. From Charles Adams, who lived near here.

CLAY POINT. A point of land on the east side of Dover Neck, and so called as early as 1656.

COCHECHO. The Indian name of the *falls* on the river, where the city of Dover now stands. It was spelled by the first settlers in various ways,

viz., Cutt-che-choe, Co-che-cha, and Cochecho. The settlers applied the Indian name of the *falls* to the *stream* which flows over the falls and which is lost in the Newichawannock at Cochecho Point, and also to the *settlement* clustered about the falls. It is retained as the name of the stream to this day. The error of the engrossing clerk of the N. H. legislature gave the manufacturing company that built the Dover Cotton Mill the title *Cochecho M'fg Co.*, instead of *Cochecho*.

COCHECHO GREAT HILL. So called as early as 1659, and is what is now commonly, but erroneously, called Garrison Hill. See "Great Hill."

COCHECHO LOG SWAMP. Thus named as early as 1659; it was between Cochecho and Belloman's Bank rivers, and above tide-water. There are good reasons for thinking it was also called "Capt. Waldron's Logging Swamp," which see.

COCHECHO MARSH. Sometimes called Cochecho Fresh Marsh. It was thus named as early as 1648, when it was surveyed and cut up into lots, and divided among the settlers. It was immediately north of the "Great Hill at Cochecho." The "cartway" which led to it was laid out as early as 1648, and is now the Garrison Hill road. The "Half-way Swamp" was on the south of the "Great Hill," on the opposite side of the "cartway" from said hill.

COCHECHO POINT. So called as early as 1655. The point of land between the Cochecho and Newichawannock rivers, at their confluence.

COCHECHO POND, or "The pond at Cochecho." This pond was thus named as early as 1674; and as early as 1650 it was called "the great

pond" in the land grants. It retains its name on all Dover maps, except the Hitchcock County Atlas of 1871. It is now commonly called Willand's pond, from two generations of Willands who resided at the head of it.

COCHECHO RIVER. The river on which the city of Dover stands, and which flows in the Newichawannock at Cochecho Point.

COFFIN'S GARRISON. On the 28th of June, 1689, Peter Coffin had a garrison on what is now Central avenue, Dover, and between Orchard and Waldron streets. It was taken in the Indian assault on Cochecho on the above date.

Peter's son, Tristram Coffin, on the same date, had a garrison on the high ground in the neighborhood of the Belknap grammar school-house on Silver street, which he successfully defended at the time of the massacre.

COMMON (THE). There was one on Dover Neck as early as 1649; another was laid out, in 1654, on the point between Fresh creek and the Cochecho river; and another was laid out, in 1675, comprising "all the land above Little John's creek, and west of the path that goes to Belomye Bank to be a common forever." The name soon after 1675 came to embrace all the ungranted lands in the town, which lands were divided among the inhabitants in 1732.

CURRIAL POINT. So called as early as 1720, and it was situated between St. Albion's cove and Quampheagan, on the west side of the Newichawannock river.

DAME'S POINT. The point between Fresh creek and Cochecho river, at their confluence. Dea. John Dame had the first grant there.

DIRTY BROOK. So called as early as 1694; it flowed into Oyster river, near the second falls.

DOMPLINE COVE. *So called as early as 1652. It was in Little bay, Newington side. Was it bad spelling for Dumpling? and was it thus shaped?

DOVER. The name given in 1639 to the Hilton Point settlement. When the Rev. Thomas Larkham, who had resided in Northam, England, came to Dover in 1640, the name of the settlement was changed to Northam; but on his leaving, in 1641, the settlers changed the name back to Dover.

DOVER NECK. The high ridge of land lying between the Newichawannock and Back rivers.

DOVER POINT. The point at the extremity of Dover Neck, formerly Hilton's Point.

DREW GARRISON. It stands half a mile east of the Back River road, and is in a good state of preservation. The date of its erection is unknown, and it is on the farm owned by the late William Plaisted Drew.

EEL WEIR (THE UPPER). Situated in Cochecho river, above Reyners's brook, and so called as early as 1700.

FAGGOTTY HILL. The hill on the road leading from Garrison hill to Cochecho pond. The name was commonly given to the hill some forty years ago; but it is now known by the name of Gage hill.

FRANKFORT. An island in the Pascataqua river, about two miles below Dover Point, and lying near the eastern bank of the stream. It is an elevated gravel knoll, with sides descending precipitously to the water. It has furnished many vessel loads

of ballast, and will finally disappear in this manner.

FIELD'S GARRISON. On Field's Plains in 1694, and owned by Lieut. Zacharias Field.

FIELD'S PLAINS. The name given as early as 1680 to the broad, elevated, sandy plain lying on the Back River road, about one mile below the head of tide-water, viz., below Sawyer's mills, and it derived its name from Lieut. Zacharias Field, who had a garrison there as early as 1694.

FIRST CHURCH MEETING-HOUSE. It was erected in 1634, on Dover Neck, a little below the second house, the location of which is well known, and which was one mile above Hilton's Point, now Dover Point. A careful examination of Winthrop's Journal, and of Belknap's History of New Hampshire, makes it evident that the church was organized within a few days "immediately" following Dec. 13, 1638.

FORE RIVER. The name given as early as 1652 to the Newichawannock river which flowed in *front* of the settlement on Dover Neck, and in contradistinction to the river, which, lying *behind* the neck on which was the settlement, was called Back river.

FOX POINT. The name given as early as 1652, to a point of land on the south side of the Pascataqua, and lying south-west of Goat Island. Little Bay was on the south side of this point, and Broad Cove on the side next Bloody Point. It is the north-west angle of the present town of Newington, where Little Bay and the Pascataqua river join. It is about half a mile long, ending in the river, and forming a prominent headland on that side of the bay. Tradition

tion says the name originated from the use formerly made of this point to snare foxes. "Reynard, being once driven there, could not escape his pursuers without swimming the river or bay, much too wide for his cunning."

FRENCHMAN'S CREEK. This name was given as early as 1656 to a creek running into Back river on the western side. It was the next creek above Rayal's cove.

FRESH CREEK. This name was given as early as 1648 to a tributary of the Cochecho river, which it joins on the eastern side at a point two miles below the city hall. The name is retained until this day.

GAGE HILL. The hill between Garrison hill and Cochecho pond on the Garrison hill road, and some forty years ago often called Faggotty hill.

GALLOW'S HILL. Gallows hill, "commonly so called" in 1699, was a little above the second falls of Oyster river. The second falls are about one mile above the head of tide-water.

GARRISON HILL. The name was first given to the hill which the road ascends at the foot, and west of the present Garrison hill. John Heard's garrison stood on this small hill on the west side of the road. The name was not given to the "Great hill," *alias* the "Great Cochecho hill," *alias* "Varney's hill," until after 1834. There was never a garrison on the latter, which now goes by the name of Garrison hill. Whitehouse's map, in 1834, calls it Varnay's hill.

GARRISON HOUSES. There were five garrisons at Cochecho, that is to say where the city of Dover now

stands, at the time of the Indian massacre on June 28, 1689. They were John Heard's, Richard Otis's, Richard Waldron's, Peter Coffin's, and Tristram Coffin's. It is doubtful whether Thomas Paine's house, on now Portland St., was or was not fortified. In other parts of the present city of Dover were John Gerrish's at Belloman's Bank river, as early as 1689; Lieut. Zacharias Field's on Field's Plain, as early as 1694; Clement Meserve's at Back river, now tumbling down; Drew's at Back river, which is in an excellent state of preservation; Pinkham's at Dover Neck, which was said to have been fortified, and which was taken down in 1825; and Lieut. Jonathan Haye's at Tolend, which was pulled down in about 1810.

In Oyster River parish, in 1649, there were twelve garrisons which Belknap mentions, and afterwards there was another near the second falls of Oyster river. In the present town of Lee there were at least two garrisons,—one near the Cartland farm, and Randall's, near the Hale farm, which has been taken down recently.

GERRISH GARRISON. Capt. John Gerrish had a garrison at Belloman's Bank river, probably near his mill, which he successfully defended in the Indian massacre at Cochecho on June 28, 1689.

GERRISH'S MILL. Capt. John Gerrish's mill was on Belloman's Bank river, one mile below the forks of the same, and north-west of Barbadoes pond, where the road crosses the stream.

A JAIL ADVENTURE.

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

It was towards the close of a beautiful day in the latter part of September. The great multitude of happy people who had thronged the county fair-grounds during the day had quietly dispersed to their homes in the villages and upon the hillsides. The last loiterer outside the enclosure, the itinerant traders, the men with air-guns and lifting machines, the unprincipled speculators who trap the unwary by methods of questionable character, the horse jockey who roamed at large in search of a customer for "a perfect animal," and the dealer in gingerbread, had vanished like the recollections of a dream, and all that remained were the temporary occupants of tents and booths, and a party of newspaper men who had been compelled to tarry for the purpose of copying premium lists.

The members of this party, Knights of the Pencil,—Thomas McVeigh, John Thomas Bragg, Richard Callington, Samuel Robinson, and William Henry Hamilton,—were covered with dust and hungry for food, but for all that they neither made offensive remarks nor exhibited impatience. In fact, they sauntered along the highway towards the railroad station in the most indifferent manner possible, and, upon reaching the depot, seated themselves upon baggage trucks, trunks, and boxes. They then, in the most mechanical manner, did just what any similarly situated party of gentlemen would have done under the same circumstances, viz., compared time by their watches, computed the

number of minutes they must spend in waiting for the train, lighted fresh cigars, and relapsed into silence and a review of their note-books.

At the end of half an hour they began to get restless. One member of the party complained of the poor accommodations; another, of the folly of elaborating reports of such events; still another, of machine work; and—well, the ice was broken, hail fellowship came with relaxation, their tongues were loosened, and mirth prevailed.

They chatted about the exhibition, and magnified the events of the day; they criticised the people whom they had met; they laughed about the belles and beaux, the sights and scenes they had witnessed, and embellished some of the incidents which they had noted by quotations grave and gay. They also debated at some length and earnestly the ins and outs of farming, and made wise and unwise observations concerning things they knew nothing about.

Following a pause, during which they were informed by the station agent that the train was more than an hour late, the conversation drifted to the busy world in which each had an interest and played a conspicuous part. They discussed the latest novels and fashions; they criticised society plays and the actors who performed them; and they dissected in an unfavorable light every prominent profession but their own. They expressed their disgust of picnics, the national game, parlor skating rinks,

amateur theatricals, and kindred amusements. They agreed that they were bored by fashionable weddings and the interviews of aspiring statesmen. They were mildly enthusiastic over lectures, operas, concerts, balls, and parties, and unanimous in praise of social events at which a feast was spread. They discoursed on politics and religion briefly, and, like the same number of persons in any other calling, they disagreed. In a few words, they touched lightly on many other themes of public moment, fired random and witty shots at each other, and finally took refuge from *ennui* in personal reminiscences.

For a while the conversation drifted carelessly.

At length Thomas McVeagh, a Pennsylvania Bohemian, who had strayed East in hope of obtaining fame and fortune, was urged by Robinson and Callington to relate incidents in connection with his first experience among the New England provincial members of the guild. They had heard, so they said, somewhere, that it was as entertaining as romance.

McVeagh declared that some one had deceived them.

Mr. Bragg boldly proclaimed that they had not been deceived. He suggested that the facts should be given in detail, and assured McVeagh that they would prove interesting to every member of the party, except possibly himself.

McVeagh finally admitted that he had suffered considerable hardship "once on a time" at the hands of some of "the boys," but inasmuch as they had long since made the *amende honorable*, he thought he ought to be

excused from exposing them and humiliating himself. And, besides, he feared that if the story got abroad, some indiscreet brother would eventually blazon it in cold type—a disaster which he devoutly wished to avoid.

The party unanimously decided that his point was not "well taken," and therefore, after several urgent appeals and much coaxing, he finally consented to "make a hero and martyr" of himself rather than have it said that he was "a disobliging fellow." He thereupon lighted a fresh weed (the gift of Mr. Callington), crossed his legs with mechanical precision, pulled his hat over his eyes with marked indifference, and began the story of "A Journalist's Experience in Jail" with marked solemnity.

"To begin with, I confess myself a failure as a story-teller. I have tried it orally and in type, and I am as certain as I am of my existence that I shall never succeed in making myself interesting. For this, and many other reasons which might be given if necessary, I had faithfully agreed with myself never again to be guilty of the high crime and misdemeanor of inflicting a barrowing tale upon unoffending readers or a party of innocent people.

"Gentlemen, I yield to your generous and unanimous invitation with many misgivings. Like the *post prandial* speech-maker, who makes life burdensome for an hour, 'I am unprepared.' Permit me to say, however, that when I shall have reached the *denouement*, my happiness will be enhanced by your assurance that you have been highly edified, and a vote

of thanks. Gentlemen, I beg of you to keep in mind that in addressing you on this painful, I may say inauspicious, occasion, I make a fool of myself by special request. You are earnestly requested to bear in mind that the story is not only true but painfully melancholy, and therefore refrain from interruptions, applause, hisses, and laughter."

To all of which the party agreed.

"It happened," continued McVeaigh, "at a time when a distinguished party of gentlemen was travelling in New England, and was 'all the rage' with the people. I was ordered by the managing editor of the paper on which I was then employed to report at an inland city on a certain day and at a certain hour, for the purpose of wiring specials concerning the reception and entertainment incidental to the celebration. You may be sure that I put in an appearance promptly at the place indicated, and was anxious to meet the great expectations of my employers.

"You will now permit me to remark that I very soon discovered that my knowledge of the habits, customs, and manners of the interior members of the profession was decidedly limited, and that I had not come among them at the proper time to improve upon it. The reason was obvious. 'The boys' were engaged in reporting the tour of greatness for their own papers, and, as the saying goes, were turning an honest penny by sending special despatches to the metropolitan journals. Under these circumstances they very naturally looked

upon poor me as an interloper; as a non-resident; a man who could not exhibit a tax-bill with the receipt of the collector of their borough upon it, or something of that sort, who had no moral or legal right on their territory. They were therefore cold, distant, formal, and reserved. They were not disposed to give away any facts or particulars; neither were they inclined to mention the names of any of the prominent local personages who figured conspicuously in the events which were transpiring.

"Gentlemen, I took in the situation without being prompted, and made up my mind intuitively that unless I kept my wits about me I should get into serious trouble. You observe that I had a presentiment.

"The first annoyance I experienced came from an unexpected source—the police department. Everywhere I went I found an officious guardian of the peace and dignity of the state at my elbow, and at every place where I sought admission to public assemblage, hall, or hotel, this man in uniform remarked, 'No admission, young man.'

"His attention grew monotonous, and I got terribly out of patience with him. In fact, he worried me till I could have done something desperate. However, I controlled my feelings, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, was as mild and polite as a boarding-school Miss. I said to him,—

"My dear sir, your intrusion upon me is unwarrantable. I am not, as you evidently suppose, a pickpocket. I am a member of the press party.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOOK NOTICES.

THE GOLDEN WEST; AS SEEN BY THE RIDGWAY CLUB. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.75. In this charming book of travel the author departs from the conventional track which has been trodden so deep and hard by those who have written in past years for the entertainment of juvenile stay-at-homes, and instead of having one object in view, she has had two—to entertain and to teach. The Club whose experiences are narrated is made up of the Ridgway family—father and mother, Winthrop and Lois, thirteen and fifteen years old respectively; Archie, Patty and the baby; Aunt Penelope Larned, and two young friends of the family—Miss Bettine Martin and her brother Dudley. Mr. Ridgway, a merchant of means, is suffering from nervous prostration and weak lungs, and the family physician insists that he shall drop all business at once and go to Southern California for a few weeks. At first he objects, but, the doctor insisting, he finally consents, and the party is speedily formed. Aunt Penelope is the “guide, councillor and friend of the family,” and after the start is fairly made, brings order out of chaos by getting the members agreeably distributed in the Pullman, and giving them something to think of. Her plan is to form a club for the purpose of making a special study of the route to be passed over, each one jotting down in a notebook the various bits of information they can pick up, or remember from their reading, regarding the various cities, towns and States through which they pass. An hour each day is to be devoted to comparing notes and discussing what has been written. As she explains:

In the first place, as we cross into a new State, it is something like entering another world. The people may apparently be just like us, the manners and customs the same, the climate very similar, and the progress of civilization just as advanced; still, we must bear in mind that all the circumstances concerning the founding of that State may have been wholly different. We must also remember that just as each person in a family is distinct from every other member of the family, so has every State in the Union each its individual characteristics, its resources, its capabilities and its power for influence. And so we approach it respectfully, as a new world, and we gather up every bit of information we can about it before we step in to possess the land.

The first Club hour is held on the train between

Boston and New York, and the plan explained. The next morning finds the party on the way to Philadelphia, and that city furnishes the topic for the day's discussion, with a talk by aunt Pen about the railroad system of Pennsylvania. From Philadelphia the route lies through Pittsburg, where they stop over night, and learn a great deal about the smoky city; then on to Indianapolis, where a Sunday stop-over is made; then to St. Louis, where the party make a hurried tour of the city—long enough to see most of the important points, however; from St. Louis they speed through Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, and into California, bringing up at San Francisco. Here they unpacked their trunks for a stay, if continual moving about, with excursions about the country, can be called staying. Every day the Club held its meeting, and every day its members had something new to tell and something new to learn. The record of the journey is delightfully written, and to the young reader will be almost as interesting as the real journey itself. It is profusely illustrated, many of the illustrations having been made expressly for it. It is bound in two styles—one in elegant cloth covers and the other in boards, with handsome chromo designs on the front and back.

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE. By Laura D. Nichols. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. Hundreds of readers will remember those two charming books, *Overhead* and *Underfoot*, which give under the guise of fascinating stories a deal of real practical instruction in astronomy and geology. The volume whose title prefaces this notice is the third of this series, and from the pen of the same author. It has been written with the same intent as the others—to entertain, and at the same time to teach. It is a genuine out-of-door book, full of sunshine and air, and the children who read it will get close to the heart of nature. In one way it is a continuation of *Underfoot*, as some of the characters are the same, and the scene of the story is the delightful New Hampshire farm at Hickory Corners. The summer experiences of little Nellie Marlow on the farm, the acquaintances she makes, her rides and picnics, and walks, her conversations with Dave and Abner and Wealthy, what she sees and does and learns, all furnish a lively amount of material for the author who has worked it up in admirable shape. The book is delightful from cover to cover.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY.

It would require much more space than we have at command to quote all the kind and flattering things the press has said of the publications of D. Lothrop & Co. And it is matter of just pride to the publishers to feel that every word of it is deserved. Below are appended some of these opinions from standard critical sources :

Five Little Peppers and How They Grew. (MARGARET SIDNEY.) A charming little story of the home life of a poor but happy family, whose members, from the mother to the youngest child, are full of the spirit of helpfulness and of love for each other.—*New England Farmer*.

The affection, happiness and goodwill prevailing among the members of the humble family living in the "little brown house," as narrated by the author of this charming volume, cannot but have a beneficial influence on the disposition of every little reader.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

Five Little Peppers and How They Grew is a good title, and no mistake, and Margaret Sidney has made a thoroughly readable and instructive story of which it is the name.—*Boston Congregationalist*.

Of all books for juvenile readers which crowd the counters of dealers this season, not one possesses more of these peculiar qualities which go to make up a perfect story. It ought for the lesson it teaches, to be in the hands of every boy and girl in the country. It is finely illustrated and bound in handsome form, and it will find prominent place among the higher class of juvenile presentation books the coming holiday season.—*Boston Transcript*.

A capital story for young readers.—*Eastern Argus*.

Magna Charta Stories. A real bright and healthy little volume, showing excellent taste and judgment on the part of the editor and compiler.—*Philadelphia Times*.

These stories will, we doubt not, be found stimulative of a love of history, which is the chief design of the author. It contains a great deal in a small compass.—*Cincinnati Farmer*.

The style of each narrative is picturesque and easy, and all may read these pages with pleasure and profit.—*Christian Advocate*.

Boy Life in the United States Navy. This is a right wholesome story of a Maine boy who enlisted for service on the United States training ships. The book gives a clear and full account of the rules, usages, and course of study and discipline in this department of the naval service. It depicts in a lively way life on a man-of-war and contains much information regarding other lands. Boys are sure to read such a book as this, and to read this book can have no influence but for good.—*Maine Sunday-School Reporter*.

The entire account is a very interesting one, but we are especially pleased with the information imparted as to the character of instruction given the boys entering the United States naval training service. In this book that is so fully explained that every reader need have no question to ask in relation thereto. It tells just how far one can receive promotion in this line of the service. It is a

very interesting book and one with which boys will be especially delighted.—*Boston Sports and Pastimes*.

Very graphically told, and the boy who reads it gets a clear and actual idea what a boy must go through on board a man-of-war before he can graduate as an "able-bodied seaman." The writer shows a thorough acquaintance with everything on board ship, even to the minutest details.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*.

Told in a manner to enlist the sympathy and admiration of all boys, who, however, learn from the book that the life of a sailor is not all sunshine.—*Brattleboro' Household*.

How We are Governed. (ANNA LAURENS DAWES.) Although this book is written in a simple and explicit manner intended for the comprehension of young people, many who are not young would be greatly benefited by studying it. In short it is a political history, thorough and complete in its way, and one which should be read by every voter who is not already acquainted with the details of government.—*Cleveland Leader*.

It would be an excellent text-book for our high schools and academies, as well as a very useful and attractive addition to the family library. It will refresh the mind of any reader, however experienced he may be, and add to the clearness of his comprehension of the present processes of government, to read this comprehensive and admirable treatise.—*Zion's Herald*.

The specific merits of the book are the clear way in which the underlying principles upon which our government is founded are kept in view in explaining its form and laws, and the simplicity and familiar phraseology in which this information is conveyed. Young people—and old ones, too—can learn from Miss Dawes' book what it means to be an American.—*St. Paul Pioneer and Press*.

The whole style of the author is simple and helpful, and the book ought to be welcome everywhere and preserved for frequent reconsideration. It is especially commended to young people and such as have not read the professional writers on the same subject.—*Boston Beacon*.

Wild Flowers and Where They Grow. (AMANDA B. HARRIS.) Just the book that every young person, or old person, too, for that matter, who is interested in wild flowers, should have in hand. It is not a text-book, neither is it an essay about flowers, but it is a bouquet itself, with bits of description, and the very information that one wants. Miss Harris's style is fascinating, and there is a freshness in this book of the dew and the wind of springtime.—*Chicago Advance*.

It is a real pleasure to accompany Miss Harris in her rambles through fields and woods, where wild flowers grow, and the pleasure is heightened by the faithful illustrations contributed by Miss Humphrey.—*Chicago Journal*.

China. (R. H. DOUGLAS.) A good book, which cannot fail to do much good, as it is eminently suitable for popular circulation. The work is particularly well written, amply illustrated, and remarkably accurate. It ought to dispel forever the idle illusion that China is a barbarous country.—*Boston Beacon*.

Like every book that comes from the press of D. Lothrop & Co. it is of a high order, paper and print superior, and a neat as well as useful addition to the library.—*Elmira (N. Y.) Husbandman*.

Alaska. (Miss R. SCIDMORE.) A well written and exceedingly interesting volume. Miss Scidmore's descriptions of the various places she visited and the curious things she saw are vivid and picturesque, and one can learn more of both from her pages than from all the official reports that have been published. It is a book that ought to have a wide popularity. It is well illustrated and contains a map reduced from the last general chart of Alaska published by the Coast Survey.—*Lancaster (Ohio) Gazette.*

The author has a bright and pleasant style, and has the advantage of describing regions which are little known and ill understood. There are numerous illustrations.—*Boston Journal.*

A pleasant book, well suited for popular circulation and a people's library; thoroughly entertaining as well as instructive.—*Boston Beacon.*

Dean Stanley with the Children. The beautiful book now in hand will make a good many children and young people familiar with the name and work of the good Dean of Westminster.—*Chicago Standard.*

The sermons here given are full of exquisite tenderness, and form admirable models for discourses of like character. Canon Farrar says that there was not one sermon ever preached by Dean Stanley which did not contain at least some one bright, and fresh, and rememberable thing. Mrs. Humphrey's sketch not only gives us an excellent idea of the man himself, but also tells us many interesting things about the great English public schools.—*Zion's Herald.*

In this charming book the author makes us feel the presence of that character so dear to all who know him—Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Even from his gentle childhood his life was devoted to Christian truth and Christian history, and this volume with its information concerning the illustrious dead, who lies in Westminster, and its sermons to children is one that every Christian mother will delight to read with her boys.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

An admirable gift book for young people is Mrs. Humphrey's volume entitled *Dean Stanley with the Children.*—*Boston Advertiser.*

The book has a singularly beautiful moral influence which commends it to parents.—*Boston Globe.*

Every mother will be glad to add this little book to the children's library, for the record it contains of the life of a strong and noble character.—*New Bedford Standard.*

It is in every sense a timely as well as excellent contribution to biographical literature.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Mrs. Humphrey's book *Dean Stanley with the Children*, is a book so winsome that old and young readers cannot fail to find it fascinating.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Pettibone Name. (MARGARET SIDNEY.) If the publishers had offered a prize for the brightest, freshest and most entertaining picture of home that fiction could give, they could not have been more successful than in securing *The Pettibone Name*, for the story is one that deserves a wide and enthusiastic popularity.—*Hartford Courant.*

It is always a pleasure to read a well-written story of every-day life—one whose characters appear to be faithful types of humanity. Such is *The Pettibone Name.*—*Chicago Times.*

The story is written with great simplicity, but with many touches of pathos, and it is not often that Calvinism is made as touching and attractive as it is in some of the religious passages.—*Boston Budget.*

Unless our judgment be at fault, *The Pettibone Name* will create a decided sensation in the world of fiction. It is so thoroughly free from weak and sickly sentiment, the characters are so finely and sharply drawn, and the whole impression so good, that its success is beyond all question.—*Lutheran Observer.*

The story is not only entertaining, but incidents of New England life and manners are wrought in, that will give the book more than a transient interest.—*Advance.*

"The Pettibone Name," by Margaret Sidney, is a realistic picture of New England rural society, has the details of a photograph. Its pages are often mirth provoking, and yet under them all runs a current of sober meaning that is impressive. Samantha Scarritt and Dr. Pilcher are equal to Mrs. Stowe's best New England delineations; and Bobby Jane is as thoroughly alive as they. Indeed, the whole characterization has crispness and individuality, and is strong with the flavor of humanity.—*Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.*

"One of the finest pieces of American fiction." Its two ministers are well drawn. Its village gossips are "racy of the soil," and in Judith Pettibone, the Puritan woman with intense family pride and stern reticence of life, finds a fitting representative.—*Sun.*

How They Went to Europe. (MARGARET SIDNEY.) The story is illustrated and well told, and is suggestive.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

This is a charming fresh story of young girl-life, presented in Margaret Sidney's most attractive style.—*New Bedford Standard.*

Margaret Sidney is one of the best and brightest story writers we have. Her books are just such as we would place in the hands of every story-loving boy or girl; pure, bright, fresh and interesting. *How They Went to Europe* is no exception to the standard maintained by her other works. In it a new and entirely practicable plan for interesting the young in profitable and stimulating mental culture is developed. The book is full of valuable and suggestive ideas, and, withal, is a very good story.—*Presbyterian.*

If any author knows how to write for children, Margaret Sidney does. She can feel and sympathize with them; all that she writes about is natural and real, and pervaded by such a spirit as should eminently recommend it to Christian homes.—*Southern Sun.*

This admirable little volume has all the sprightliness and attractiveness of Mrs. Sidney's other books, and this is saying a good deal in the way of praise. Although written primarily for the younger class of readers, it will have an equal charm for the older folks.—*Christian Advocate.*

It is a delightful book, the story is told in a sprightly way, and is thoroughly wholesome.—*Chicago Advance.*

ART FOR YOUNG FOLKS. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$2.00. This large and elegantly bound volume is made up of two distinct parts, although the subjects of both are akin. In the first the author describes the visit of two New York boys, John Angelo and Teddy Landseer, to the water color exhibitions in that city, and the story of what they saw and thought worthy of special notice is very fully and beautifully illustrated. Following this is a chapter in which "the Professor" gives full instructions as to what young students in art need to begin with—pencils, crayons, colors and brushes; and sets forth some general rules as to perspective, landscape, animal and figure drawing, with hints as to what books to study, and information concerning the best schools for the study of art. Supplementary to this chapter is an account of a novel art school for children in New York City, called "The Children's Hour," founded in 1878 by Miss Mary Cook, and superintended by Miss Alice Donlevy. The second part consists of twenty-four biographies of well-known artists, such as George L. Brown, Samuel Colman, George Inness, David Neal, John Lafarge, Daniel Huntington, E. L. Weeks, and others. Each article is accompanied by a portrait of the artist, with a view of his studio and a reproduction of one of his pictures. For one interested in art, young or old, the volume will have deep and permanent interest. It is printed on heavy paper, and is handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and is enclosed in a paste-board box.

EGYPT. By Clara Erskine Clement. Ill. Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History. Edited by Arthur Gilman. New Edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50. The popularity of the series of which the present volume forms the first issue, is shown by its large sale and by the popular demand, which increases year by year. The intent of the publisher was to present in these volumes an entertaining history of the countries selected, and in doing so to avoid those features which make such works too often tedious and unprofitable. There is in them no piling up of useless statistics, and no obtrusion of irrelevant matter. Everything is condensed, and yet no salient point is left untouched or unmentioned.

The author of Egypt is well known by her other literary productions. She was especially fitted for its preparation by personal acquaintance with the country as well as by thorough reading and study. Beginning with the earliest times—the Memphian period, 3000 or 4000 B. C., she gives a clear account of the condition of Egypt and the character of its inhabitants. She describes the every day life of the people, their habits and customs, their social and political institutions, the peculiarities of their religion, and traces the development and changes of the people and dynasties down to the year 1879.

The volume is very fully illustrated and handsomely bound. The full list of the series will be found in Lothrop's Catalogue of Standard and Illustrated Books, which will be sent to any address upon application.

WONDER STORIES OF SCIENCE. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 1.50. To improve as well as to amuse young people is the object of these twenty-one sketches, and they fill this purpose wonderfully well. What boy can fail to be interested in reading an account of an excursion made in a balloon as a race with a thunder-storm? And is there a girl who would not enjoy an afternoon in the Christmas card factory? It is a curious fact that only one hundred and thirty years ago the first umbrella was carried in London, much to the amusement of the ignorant, and now there are seven millions made every year in this country. And who would believe it possible that there was a large factory full of women who earned their living by making doll shoes. A bright girl or boy who insists to know something about the work done in the world, who does it, and how it is done, cannot fail to enjoy these stories. The writers are all well-known contributors to children's periodical literature, and the book will be a welcome addition to any child's library, and might be used with advantage as a reading book in schools.

WIDE AWAKE. New Volume T. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. This volume includes the six numbers of WIDE AWAKE from December, 1884, to May, 1885, inclusive. The best critics of juvenile literature long ago gave the passport to WIDE AWAKE as the best magazine for young folks published either in this country or in Europe, and it has gone on, year after year, constantly increasing in literary and artistic worth, although reading one number it has been difficult to see how the next could improve upon it. The publishers have spared neither money nor pains to make what it is. The best authors of the country have been drawn upon as contributors, and nearly every article in its pages has been illustrated by artists of the highest standing and reputation. The present volume contains as special features Charles Egbert Craddock's famous story, "Down the Ravine," and the not less interesting serials, "The Bubbling Teapot," by Lizzie W. Champney, and "In Leisure Times," by Elbridge S. Brooks. There are, besides stories by Rose Terry Cooke, Susan Coolidge, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Margaret Sidney, Mary Wilkins, Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont, and others of high reputation, with poems by Celia Thaxter, D. Read Goodale, Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, "M. E. B. Louise Imogen Guiney, Mrs. Diaz and others. Most of these are exquisitely illustrated, and the book volume forms an attractive and valuable present to the young reader, and one which he will not fail to appreciate.

